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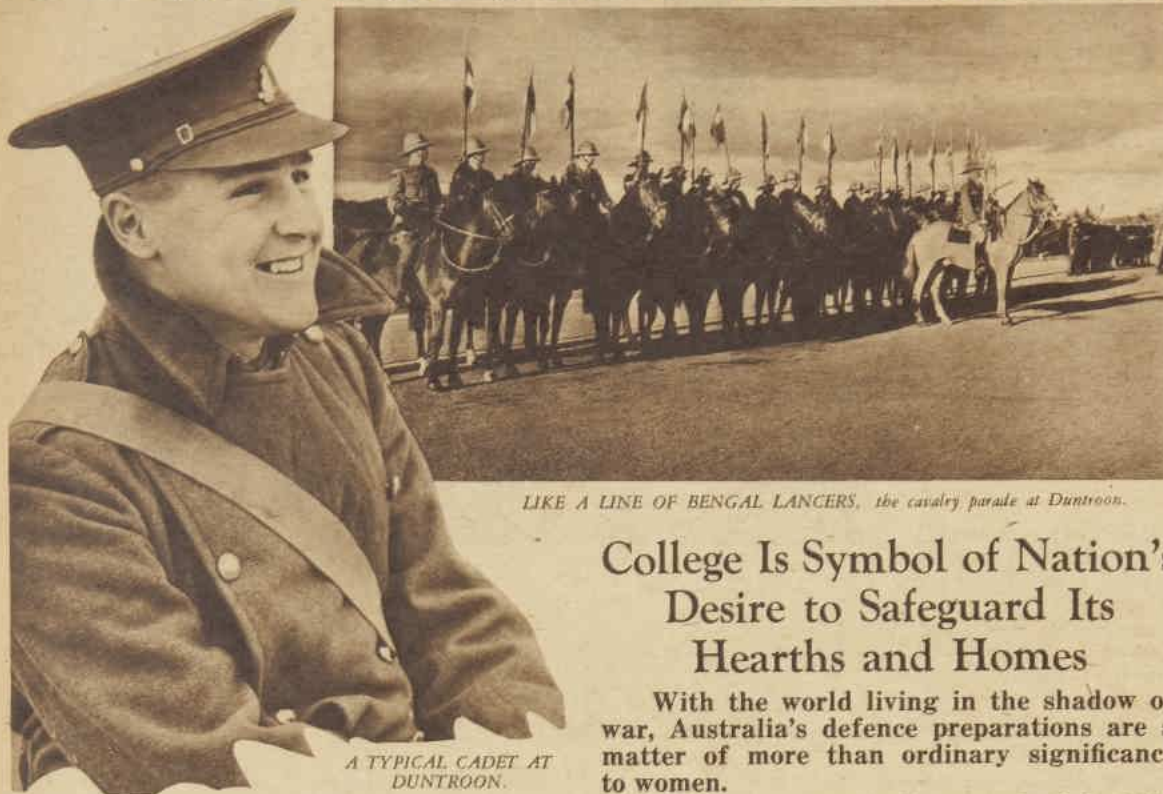
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OUR BOYS At DUNTROON



LIKE A LINE OF BENGAL LANCERS, the cavalry parade at Duntroon.

College Is Symbol of Nation's Desire to Safeguard Its Hearths and Homes

With the world living in the shadow of war, Australia's defence preparations are a matter of more than ordinary significance to women.

They are symbolised in the renewed activity at the Royal Military College, at Duntroon—the cradle in which is being reared the nucleus of an army that can be quickly mobilised for our national defence.

Duntroon is a symbol of our nationhood; an earnest of a peace-loving people's determination to safeguard its hearths and homes.

Cadets are given a liberal education. It is not by any means all soldiering.

For example, they must sweep and dust their rooms—each cadet has a room to himself—make their beds, sew on their own buttons and keep their uniforms in trim.

Reveille goes at 6.15, breakfast is at 7, and they parade at 8 o'clock every morning, and in this weather that means on a ground white with frost.

Parades and study occupy eight hours each day except Saturday, which is a half-day, and Sunday, which is free except for church parade.

The morning's work lasts from 8 until 12.15, and from 1.30 to 3.30 o'clock there is more study.

Each afternoon from 3.30 to 6.30 is devoted to sport, and the college teams take a prominent part in sporting fixtures in Canberra.

They play mainly tennis, football, cricket, and hockey. Horse-riding is popular also, and there is a well-equipped gymnasium.

Two hours each evening are spent in study, the day's routine finishing at 9.30. "Lights out" is 10.15. An extensive library provides reading of all kinds for spare moments.

Since the return of the college to Canberra this year, the cadets have been encouraged to enter into the life of the Canberra community.

Social Activities

At week-ends they are permitted to accept invitations to visit private homes and are also entertained at the homes of the officers at the college.

"Regulations" ensure that cadets develop frugal habits. Nominally each cadet is paid about 7/- a day, but in practice this is absorbed in meeting his maintenance expenses such as the cost of uniforms and equipment, mess, and books.

Each cadet is allowed, also by "regulations," to receive from "outside" sources up to 7/6 a week for pocket money, which does not offer much scope for riotous living.

Holidays come twice a year—one week in June and six weeks at Christmas.

It can be seen therefore that here are no gilded militarists learning to be snobs at tremendous cost to the taxpayer.

At present there are 75 cadets in training including a number from

New Zealand. It is hoped to increase the number considerably, and of course the greater the number the less the cost per head of training them.

The teaching staff comprises three professors, a lecturer, eight officers and nine sergeant-majors.

Some idea of the mental equipment of graduates is given by the extensive list of subjects in their curriculum.

Highly Trained

THEIR studies include military history, French, German, and Japanese, chemistry, mathematics, engineering, physics, bookkeeping, drill, riding, signals, administration, artillery, rifle training, map reading and field sketching, drawing, hygiene, military law, motor transport driving and maintenance, history, and tactics.

At the end of this year 10 Australians and four New Zealanders will graduate, with about the same number next year, and in 1939 15 Australians and four New Zealanders.

With greater enrolments the annual number of graduations will increase.

It is essential that this nucleus should be very highly trained, able to keep abreast of developments in the art and science of modern warfare in countries outside who might become potential invaders.

No gallantry on the part of an Australian army could compensate for any lack of knowledge or skill in modern methods and machines of warfare.

And that is what Duntroon is for. It is to meet the need for highly-skilled and trained leaders of a defending army. The naval college at Flinders, and the air-training school at Point Cook see to the other arms of the defence forces.

These youths who have dedicated themselves to the service of their country are good, average Australians leading normal lives.

They have merely adopted a highly-specialised profession in which, it may be mentioned, the pay is poor and rewards few.

Like everyone else, they hope that they may never have to put their knowledge to the test; but if they have, Australia will have cause to thank these sons of hers who will repay with bonuses all the insurance premiums now being paid to train them.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Brooklyn.

Secretary for A.W.N.L.

THE new general organising secretary of the Australian Women's National League in Victoria is Mrs. J. T. Haynes, J.P., who has been president of the Essendon branch for 12 years, a member of the League executive for ten years, and a vice-president for four years.

Small and dark and very popular, she is a gifted speaker, and has travelled most of Victoria from time to time to address members of the League at some of the 300 branches in that State.



—Barrburn.

Plant Physiologist

AFTER a year at Cambridge, doing research work into the nitrogen metabolism of pasture plants, Dr. A. K. H. Petrie has returned to Adelaide, where he holds the position of plant physiologist at the Waite Agricultural Research Institute. Dr. Petrie hopes the result of his research will be of great value in dealing with the problems of the drought resistance of plants, and that the information he gathered about tobacco growing will help the development of that industry in Australia.



—Bene Pardon.

Tutor in Dramatic Art

MISS DORIS FITTON (Mrs. Frank Mason in private life) was recently appointed by the Sydney University Extension Board as tutor in dramatic art and technique.

As director of the Independent Theatre, Sydney, Miss Fitton has done a great deal to advance dramatic art in Australia. The theatre is now in its eighth year, and has produced more than 70 plays in that period.

Babs doesn't mind telling!



LET Erasmic's unique "filmness" bring a glory and glamour to your skin.

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Erasmic Vanishing Cream—2/6 Jar, 1/- Tube.
A smooth, light powder foundation.
Erasmic Cold Cream—2/6 Jar. For nightly
cleansing and massage.

1/- PER BOX



AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

AG. 11.37.

£500 REWARD for Clever Women

Mail Your Favorite
Recipe to Us—**TO-DAY**

Rat-tat-tat! Golden opportunity is knocking at the door of the kitchen. It brings £500 for clever housewives for just a moment's thought, a minute's writing.

WRITE A RECIPE—win a prize! In a nutshell, that's the whole idea.

The Australian Women's Weekly has set going the greatest search in the Commonwealth for homely recipes—those intimate kitchen secrets on which we have built up the foundations of a great nation.

Don't think your recipe hasn't as good a chance as the next. Send it in. It costs nothing more than a postage stamp and may bring you £100 or £50.

Fortune is smiling, prepared to shower housewives with cash gifts and lots of fame.

The range of prizes offered by The Australian Women's Weekly includes £100 for one recipe, £50 each for four others, and £1 each for 200 others. **ALL TO BE AWARDED IN FOUR MAIN SECTIONS.** Never has there been a galaxy of such rich awards that could be so easily won.

The £100 for one cake recipe is a high-water mark in cooking. It brings a rich, tasty flavor to the delightful routine of cake-making.

★ ★ ★

THE cake you made last week-end or the one you intend making next may be created from a recipe worth £100.

There's one good way to find out. Enter it in The Australian Women's Weekly recipe competition and if it wins it will tickle the palate of Australia just as it has that of the family.

All entries in the competition will be considered by a special committee of cookery experts.

The quest includes recipes for items popular in every home—(1) cakes (2) dinners (3) sweets (4) jams and preserved fruits.

In every home there is a favorite recipe for one of these sections. That's the recipe that may win a prize.

If mother hasn't already sent it along, daughter can do it, or son—or even father, who knows it is good because he has tried it so often.

Thus, the whole family can get some profitable enjoyment out of The Australian Women's Weekly recipe competition.

★ ★ ★

THERE is no entrance fee. Simply write down clearly all the ingredients in the recipe, tell where you obtained it, add your name and address, cut out the relative coupon from page 40 and attach it to your entry, then post the whole thing to The Australian Women's Weekly.

It's simpler than the simplest recipe.

In addition to the £500 prizes, a weekly prize of £1 is paid for the best recipe received and 2/6 for others published. A batch of winning entries in this subsidiary section is announced on page 32. ALL entries received will be considered independently for the £500 prizes.

Thus, entries sent in NOW have a chance virtually in two competitions—the weekly cash prizes and the big £500 prizes.

Full conditions, prize list and entry coupons on page 40.

She acts twice who acts quickly, so send in your entry to-day.



BEFORE HOLLYWOOD AND AFTER—Left: Jocelyn Howarth prior to leaving Australia. Right: After she had been "glamorized" by Hollywood, and had changed her name to Constance Worth and, later, to Mrs. George Brent.

DELAYED Legal ACTION IN Brent DIVORCE

Joy Howarth Returns to Her Mother

By Cable from Our Hollywood Correspondent.

HOLLYWOOD, Sunday.

Although Hollywood is buzzing with talk about the Brent-Howarth separation, one important factor to be stressed is that neither party has yet taken any legal steps either for annulment or divorce.

Of course, some official action may have been taken before you read this.

THE news of Joy Howarth's break with actor-husband George Brent after only a few days of married life has come as a shock not only to the general public, but to those closely connected with the film industry.

Hollywood is famed for its short-lived love affairs. But even Hollywood was staggered by a romance lasting only ten days.

What really caused this smash-up none except the two principals can say. Incompatibility has been given as the reason, but this elastic word may mean anything.

According to Joy Howarth's family—at present in Hollywood with her—the separation is by no means definitely permanent.

They would not talk freely, but what was said was significant. "Joy has temporarily left Brent, and is living with mother and myself," said her sister Gwen.

From this it would appear that a reconciliation may yet be effected.

Friendly With Garbo

THE question of the annulment of the marriage has puzzled many Australians. But under Mexican divorce laws—and the Brents were married in Mexico—a divorced person on remarrying must produce a copy of his divorce papers, and both parties to the new marriage must be known to two witnesses.

Brent's first wife was Ruth Chatterton, and it would seem that, in talking of an annulment, he has in mind some detail of Mexican marriage law which was not complied with when he and Joy Howarth married.

BEFORE marrying Ruth Chatterton, Brent was virtually unknown. It was she who arranged a screen test for him, and had him made masculine lead in one of her pictures.

Falling in love with Brent, Ruth Chatterton divorced her then husband, Ralph Forbes, and married her discovery. She was heartbroken when

whom George Brent's name has been linked has been Greta Garbo.

Gossip, of course, has run riot on the subject of this "romance." Concrete facts, however, are that before his marriage to Joy Howarth Brent was an almost daily visitor to the Garbo home. They played tennis.

Before his surprise marriage to the beautiful Australian, it was freely rumored that Garbo might be the second Mrs. Brent. This again might or might not have a foundation in fact.

Only this can be said: Garbo's acquaintances reported that she was deeply affected and depressed when she heard that George and Joy had been wed. And since the separation Brent has resumed his daily visits to the Garbo home.

FOR Joy Howarth, to whom feeling in movie circles is sympathetic, the whole affair is tragic. Romances may spoil and fade—indeed, in Hollywood they seem doomed to do so—but to have a romance smashed so suddenly and so quickly is a blow such as may shatter even the strongest.

HEIGHT Increase Amazing NEW SYSTEM Adds Inches—NO RESULTS—NO COST!



IT is now possible to add to your height! With this remarkable method, hundreds have increased their height, at the same time improved their health and appearance. Without the use of drugs or unnatural methods this latest system will add to your stature!

HOW IS YOUR APPEARANCE?

ALL the social and business advantages of a commanding figure can be yours. You can stand up to your fellow and command the attention and respect which only tall people receive. Nothing aids you more to social and business success than a tall, commanding appearance; nothing will add more to your personality—and yet all this is within your grasp! You can NOW get this extra height or to will cost you nothing.

Test This Method NOW. NO RESULT—NO COST.

By getting at once—NOW—you can make a test in your own home of this proved method at absolutely no cost to yourself if you are not satisfied. Tall people to-day are the winners—the short person is pushed aside. Why remain short when you can be your normal height? Additional height that is rightly yours can make a world of difference to your appearance. Hundreds of satisfied people throughout Australia and New Zealand have expressed sincere amazement at their gains in height through sending for this FREE Treatise. Send the coupon TO-DAY!

"STARTLING SECRETS OF HEIGHT"—FREE!

Through reading this wonderful treatise hundreds have already increased their height; hundreds are doing so at this moment. For a short while you can get one of these treasures FREE—if you SEND AT ONCE! Get this coupon in the post NOW!

SEND NO MONEY!

1 Sydney Physical Institute,
1 Dept. Wt. Loss and Chambers,
1 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.
Dear Sir—Please send me "How to Increase My Height." I enclose 3d.
Name
Address
18/7/37



PROOF!

GAINED 3 INCHES!
"I am writing this letter in order to let you know that I have gained 3 inches since taking up your course of Height Increase, and can see I am very pleased."
L. D. LIDA,
S. N.W.

GAINED 3 INCHES IN 3 WEEKS

"I have added 3 inches to my height in 3 weeks." R. MONTGOMERY, L. N.W.
"I thank you for adding 3 1/2 inches to me."
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SYDNEY PHYSICAL INSTITUTE,
Dept. Wt. Loss and Chambers,
1 Pitt Street, SYDNEY.

This Offer is Limited
POST COUPON NOW

MARRIAGE *Experiment* PROVES POPULAR

Worried Couples Welcome Domestic Trouble-fixer as Means of Avoiding Divorce

As a hurdle between marriage and divorce, Australia's only official marriage conciliator, Brigadier-General Weir, has been welcomed by worried couples overwhelmed by domestic unhappiness.

His advice and sympathetic help have effected reconciliations in one third of the cases submitted to him. Most of those interviewed by him had been married many years.

IN Australia, roughly one marriage in 25 ends in divorce. Brigadier-General Weir's success indicates that the figures might be reduced to



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WEIR, Australia's first official Marriage Conciliator, at his desk. Here, removed from emotional and legal atmospheres, he has heard the poignant human dramas of couples who did not want their marriages to end in the Divorce Court.

INSIDE this doorway marriages are re-made. It is the entrance to Brigadier-General Weir's office.



Your Coffee - ALWAYS FRESH

TO-DAY, or many weeks ahead, you can have Coffee always fresh. The Coffee you most enjoy, Bushells Pure Coffee, is now vacuum packed.

Vacuum packing seals up the fresh Coffee with all its richness and aroma.

These tins are at your grocer's. Ask him to show you Bushells Pure Coffee in tins or glass jars, the finest and richest Coffee, vacuum packed.

Taste this new freshness in your Coffee cup. Order Bushells!

VACUUM PACKED - STAYS FRESH

one in 40 if the Commonwealth, as a whole, adopts the Idea of Marriage Conciliators.

The number of couples who have taken their problems to him in preference to the Divorce Court is equal to almost one-fourth of the State's divorce figures for the previous year.

As a basis, these figures show that one-quarter of the people whose matrimonial affairs were likely to end in the Divorce Court thought that the Marriage Conciliator would have some solution that would end their domestic troubles and enable them to "live happily ever after."

This, in itself, is an excellent indication of the popularity of the idea of marriage conciliators.

It proves that worried couples, overwhelmed by problems that threaten their married life, readily turn to an independent, unbiased party in the hope of effecting a reconciliation before considering the final irrevocable step towards divorce.

As marriage conciliation becomes better established, divorce experts expect to see a bigger swing away from the courts towards the mediation and hope of reconciliation afforded by the scheme.

While Brigadier-General Weir's work has been confined to South Australia, other States are watching its results, and may appoint their own marriage conciliators.

The idea would be particularly welcomed in N.S.W. and Victoria, which hold the yearly divorce records for the Commonwealth.

Any criticism of the scheme is chiefly for the reason that it does not go far enough.

But the work, so far, has been in a small way and largely experimental, and should assume more definite form from now on.

Many regard it as the best means of doing something to reduce the divorce lists by making marriage happier.

Works in Secret

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WEIR himself feels that the experiment warranted the work he has put into the scheme.

"I think that as a number of reconciliations have been effected in Adelaide there is no reason why the other States should not be able to effect them, too," he said.

"I think this would do a lot toward reducing divorce figures."

Brigadier-General Weir, who has always treated with the utmost secrecy and privacy all work and facts connected with the Marriage Conciliation Scheme, released to The Australian Women's Weekly a few facts concerning it.

"I think a great deal of the success," he said, "is due to the fact that work has been conducted away from a legal atmosphere."

"There has been no Press or public to embarrass persons concerned and this has given them confidence."

"I have always interviewed husband and wife together, so that there has been no opportunity of their giving me false information."

"Interview them separately and you would find one party refusing information given by the other."

"Sometimes where necessary I have visited the homes

Divorce Made Easy!

DIVORCE in Australia is over sixty times more frequent to-day than it was in 1870.

Then, approximately, one marriage in 250 ended in divorce. Now the proportion is about one in 25.

Laws in recent years have tended to make easier the separation of the marriage tie, particularly in N.S.W. and Victoria, where the Adelaide experiment of adjusting matrimonial differences is being followed with intense interest.

of estranged couples to gain some idea of their private life, but this has not often been necessary.

"Where younger persons are concerned I have, however, often visited the parents of the parties and enlisted their help to make their children see reason."

Questioned as to whether many young couples come to him to be reconciled, Brigadier-General Weir stated that the majority were, unfortunately, middle-aged.

Middle-aged couples being the ones most likely to have young families, it would seem even more desirable to re-establish good feeling between them.

The South Australian Government is so satisfied with Brigadier-General Weir's success that it has appointed him for a further term as Marriage Conciliator.

Women Conciliators

A SUGGESTION for a woman conciliator is advanced by observers of the scheme.

The Rev. Winifred Klek, president of the Women's Non-Party Association in South Australia, said she thought Brigadier-General Weir had done an excellent work, especially as some of the cases had been referred to him from the courts, which showed that the breach between the couples had been serious.

She agreed that similar appointments of marriage conciliation commissioners elsewhere might do good, but stated she thought one commissioner for each capital enough, and added that if it were found necessary that the commissioner should have assistance she would recommend the services of a woman.

"Women are noted for their tact in this sort of work," she said.

Mrs. Amy Wheaton, Director of the Board of Social Studies in Adelaide, agreed that the experiment had been a success.

She thought it would be an even greater one if a woman were appointed as probation officer to visit the homes of estranged couples.

"Adelaide has not worked on the lines found most satisfactory in other parts of the world," she said. "In England there is a woman probation officer detailed to inquire into the home life of the parties."

"She can sometimes also get more information as to the cause of the estrangement, because often the cause arises from the couple's relationships, and a woman will seldom discuss these when she and her husband are being interviewed together."

"I should, therefore, favor a woman being appointed to work in conjunction with the commissioner."

THREE Bags FULL

A Story of the unrest in Palestine which gives a new twist to the old adage of lambs to the slaughter...



WHAT? Captain Hanson laid down his pen, and looked up at his subaltern. His face was grey with fatigue, and his eyes ringed with sleeplessness. He and the detachment had spent a weary night hiding behind rocks and fences,

By **Mary Davidson**

waiting for an expected attack on a Jewish settlement, which had not materialised.

"A couple of Arabs, sir. They want to see you. Something about a military escort for some sheep—or—or something, sir," he finished lamely, feeling that his superior officer's sense of humor was somewhat in abeyance this morning.

"Oh, well bring 'em in." Wearily Hanson pushed away the report he was writing, and wiped his brow with an already soaked handkerchief. The sun beat down with all the ferocity of May in Palestine, and the interior of the tent was stifling.

He thought longingly of the cool, foaming surf on the Jaffa sands, and hoped that no "incident" would interfere with this evening's bath. Young Mannering re-entered, followed by two Arabs, a meek little Oriental in European clothes and a tarbush, and a corporal with fixed bayonet. The Arabs salaamed, their animal brown eyes blank, as if a shutter had been drawn over them.

"Yes?" Hanson looked inquiringly at the interpreter.

"Sir, these men are shepherds. They do not wish to join with those who will not take their sheep to the market in Jaffa. They say they have children who are always hungry, they must have money to buy food."

"The other shepherds, they are very angry; they will strike these men and throw many stones if they take their sheep to the market to sell for food for the unbelievers. These shepherds say, will you send soldiers to guard them and their sheep when they come from their village to Jaffa?"

"How often?"

"Once a week—they would arrange same day always."

Hanson looked up at Mannering.

"Can we spare the men?"

"I think so, sir. Six would be enough."

"Right. Tell the Arabs to arrange which day they will attend the market, and at what time, and to let us know by to-morrow."

The Arabs received this information expressionlessly, salaamed, and left the tent.

"Odd," Hanson took up his pen again. "These fellows usually stick together, especially those from the same district. Strike-breaking doesn't sound like them."

"I believe it's the lambing season," said Mannering. "I suppose their flocks grow too large to be manageable if they don't get rid of some."

UM. Hanson was studying a typed report with a frown. The police think there's more trouble brewing. The townfolk are pretty sore about the blowing up of the old native quarter. However, they can do nothing serious without arms, and they have none to speak of.

Three weeks later Hanson left the mess tent after an unappetising breakfast, and paused to light a cigarette. Although it was only half-past seven, the heat mirage was already dancing between the camp and the distant orange groves around Jaffa. The sky was a fierce, brassy blue.

Evidence of his nose, as well as the sight of a pair of vultures hovering over the ditch by the side of the road two hundred yards away,

warned him of the presence of a dead animal.

"Smith!" His nose wrinkled in disgust as the mess waiter hurried from the tent. "There's something dead somewhere. Do something."

"Yes, sir." The invaluable Smith vanished, and Hanson knew that "something" was as good as done.

A distant tinkling heralded the approach of a flock of sheep, and round the bend in the road came two of his troops, to Hanson's momentary surprise.

They wore an air of embarrassment, probably due to the intense interest taken in the tails of their khaki tunics by the leaders of the flock. When they quickened step, the sheep followed suit.

Two more troops appeared several paces behind, on each side of the flock. The two shepherds distributed themselves impartially about the procession, while another two troops brought up the rear.

OF course! The military escort he had promised to the shepherds. The lambing season appeared to be in full swing. Most of the woolly, fat-tailed ewes were followed by long-limbed babies waverling on their unsteady legs, and filling the air with their shrill bleatings.

But it was a strange phenomenon about the mothers which caused Hanson to call yet again for the omniscient Smith.

"Smith, what on earth have those sheep got their tummies tied up in towels for?"

The soul of propriety, Smith coughed delicately.

"Well, you see, sir—it's like this, sir. The sheep can't get along if the lambs keep worryin' them for food. So they ties up the sheep's—er—milk supply, sir."

"Oh, I see, Smith. Thank you." An ingenious fellow, the Arab, thought Hanson as he made his way to the stifling orderly tent.

Little Rebecca hurried along by the side of Isaac. In one hand she carried the string bag which was to hold her purchases from the market, and in the other she clutched the pitifully thin family purse.

It seemed to grow thinner every week, and the contents never went as far as they used to when her mother had been alive to go to market, before the Arab rioters had broken up her father's little cobbler's shop.

A stray bullet—no one knew if it had been an Arab or a police bullet—had shot mother through the head. Mother had never minded going to market alone; but Rebecca, who was timid, dreaded going if Isaac could not go with her.

For over a year now Rebecca and Isaac had wanted to marry, but since a marauding party had burnt and mutilated his orange trees one night, he could barely keep himself.

Only a little money was needed to start again in a very small way, but there was no money anywhere these days.

A tinkling of bells sounded in the narrow street behind them and they drew to one side. The lambs were strong and half-grown now, their little tails widening to those fleshy lumps of fat which are such prized tit-bits among the Arabs.



Complete
Short
Story

Illustrated
By
FISCHER

very grateful for the information." A smile lit his face as he bade the young Jews good-bye.

As the faint sounds of the sheep bells carried through the morning heat a week later, Hanson, his subaltern and a small following of British soldiery strolled down to the road.

"Halt!" rang out the command, and the escort stopped, while the flock surged around them. Unemotional as ever, the two shepherds obeyed the interpreter's command to approach the officer.

"The captain would know why your sheep wear cloths beneath their bodies," said the interpreter.

"It is an old custom of this country in the lambing season," was the answer.

"The captain says," continued the interpreter, "that you have mistaken the time of year—the lambing season was over two months since. He men will relieve your animals of those cloths."

FOR a moment fire flashed in the eyes of the younger Arab. But the elder stood aside, his arms folded the picture of Eastern fatalism. Within a few minutes a pile of dirty cloths lay before Hanson—and wrapped in each cloth, a revolver and twenty rounds of ammunition.

The next day Isaac and Rebecca received a summons to the camp.

"That is for you," said Hanson handing Isaac a little bundle of notes.

"For me? Money?" Isaac fingered them, amazement in his voice.

"Yes—your reward. For information leading to the discovery of arms in the possession of unauthorized persons. We owe you a great debt of gratitude, for if you hadn't found those shepherds out there would have been a rising for which we would have been completely unprepared."

"It was Rebecca who guessed," said Isaac.

"But I imagine you'll share the reward, won't you?" laughed Hanson.

Rebecca tucked the money tenderly into Isaac's pocket, and smiled up at him. "It will buy orange trees," she said, "and a home."

(Copyright.)

Rebecca pressed back to save her clean frock as the sheep went by.

The cloths which protected the ewes' udders were stained and dirty with the filth of the road.

Rebecca pressed back against the wall, trying to save her clean frock from contact with the greasy wool as the sheep struggled past. A puzzled frown crossed her face and she turned to clutch Isaac's arm and paused again to scan the flock with an alert, intense gaze.

Then she spoke hurriedly, urgently, while he listened, amused at first, then serious.

"We will go to the police," he said, making to move as the rearguard tramped by.

"No, no," she cried with a quickly-controlled shudder. He knew of her deep horror of the police, ever

since the riot in which her mother had been killed.

"We will go to the camp," she went on. "We will speak to the officer—he will help us."

"Well?" Hanson looked at the couple before him. More complaints he supposed. Most of this day was spent in listening to Jewish complaints.

Isaac began to speak rapidly, with the occasional help of the interpreter who had finished Hanson had lost his air of patient weariness. He turned to the interpreter with some sharp questions.

"Well, it's too late this week," he concluded. "But it shall be looked into next week without fail. I'm

The FOUR MARYS

Concluding
Chapters Next
Week...

"I THINK I'll go right on up," said Mimi. Her knees were shaking under her.

"Did you have a nice time in town?" asked Judy. She fixed a bland, sweet gaze on Mimi's almost colorless face.

Mimi said:

"Rather stupid, thanks." She got away as fast as she could. Climbing the stairs, she clung to the railing. Her feet seemed made of lead.

Meg was sitting at a small table which she had moved from her own room into Mimi's, with her portable typewriter before her. She looked up when Mimi came in, sat back in her chair. "Hello, darling," she said absently. Her mind was still on Lucy Cowan. When she had looked at Mimi a moment longer she got to her feet quickly. "My child—what on earth—"

"Nothing," said Mimi—or began to say it; broke off in the middle of the word with a sob rising in her that choked all utterance.

"You're ill," said Meg. She took Mimi's coat and hat from her and dropped them on a chair. Then she caught Mimi's shaking hands and held them steady while she looked into Mimi's eyes. "Tell me," she said. "You can tell me anything."

"There isn't anything to tell," said Mimi in a broken husk of her cool gay voice. She tore herself free and flung herself face downward on the bed, where she lay sobbing her heart out.

Meg sat beside her, patting a slender shoulder till the storm died down. "Elizabeth?" she asked at length quietly.

Mimi nodded without lifting her tear-drenched face.

"I was afraid of that," said Meg. "What's happened, darling?"

Mimi told her, haltingly at first. Forcing herself to speech. There

SONG CLASSICS

"Du Bist Die Ruh"

Schubert, 1797-1828.

MY peace thou art, thou art
my rest;
From thee my pain, in thee so
blest:
Enter mine eyes, this heart draw
near,
O come, O dwell forever here.

Enter, and close the door, and
come,
And be this breast thine endless
home;
Shut out all woe, all lesser care
and woe,
I would thy hurt and healing
know.

Clear light that on my soul hath
shone,
Still let it shine from thee
alone.

Franz Peter Schubert was born in the little village of Lichtenthal, north of Vienna, in 1797.

This extraordinarily gifted Austrian composer, whose career was pitifully brief, marks an epoch in lyrical expression through music.

had never been a great amount of confidence between her and Meg. "I was playing it as straight as I knew how," she said over and over. "I swear I was. That's why I went to her—about the divorce."

"He was never good enough, Mimi," Meg said gently.

"He's good enough for what he's got," said Mimi. She laughed with terrifying bitterness. "Don't be afraid. I've had my lesson. I don't know what it will be like without him—we've been that way so long—"



Mimi remembered how kind Jimmy had been about it all.

Illustrated
by
FISCHER

but I'll get by somehow."

"How did Elizabeth know—about this afternoon?" asked Meg.

"Oh, Jimmy Kilmartin told me to tell you something," said Mimi. She had cried till her head ached dreadfully. She stumbled once or twice in repeating what she had told Kilmartin about Alan's letter.

"I see," said Meg when she had finished. Color was beginning to show on Meg's cheekbones. "Now I'm going to put you to bed, darling, with a hot bath and an aspirin." When she had seen Mimi settled between cool linen sheets she turned off the light and kissed the top of that shamed red head as she used to kiss a baby's red-gold curls.

"Good-night, my lamb," she said. Directly Meg was gone she began to cry again. "I wish I were dead—I wish I were dead and buried!" she sobbed into her hands, flung up over her face to hide it from a world, ruthless even in the dark.

As for Meg, she went quietly down the stairs and into the sitting-room. Raymond was still playing the radio. Judy was still absorbed in her solitaire.

Judy looked up at the sound of Meg's footsteps. "Well, how's the

prodigal daughter? Isn't she feeling well, or something?"

"Quite well, thank you," said Meg. "Raymond, would you mind turning that off and sitting upstairs? I have something to talk over with your mother." There was a note of authority in her voice which neither of them had heard before. Raymond switched off the radio and started for the door, annoyed but not knowing what else to do.

"Well, what's the matter now?" said Judy after Raymond had gone. She poised the queen of hearts, resenting disturbance but remaining determinedly polite about it.

"Can't you let that wait for a moment?" said Meg. She drew up

THE STORY SO FAR

Meg Swift, successful journalist, ex-wife of VIVIAN SWIFT, also a writer, has refused to marry BROOK AVERY, an Englishman, because of her family responsibilities. Her beautiful daughter, MIMI, has caused her much anxiety by her association with ALAN WYTHE, a married man.

Mimi begs Elizabeth, his wife, to divorce him, but she refuses. Later Elizabeth finds them together and succeeds, through Alan's weakness, in making him break with Mimi.

Disillusioned, Mimi returns home to discuss the situation with her mother, careful to keep all knowledge of her affairs from JUDY DAVIS, her mischief-making aunt, who is visiting them. NOW READ ON.

a chair facing Judy across the card table, sat there looking at her. "Judy, someone has been tampering with the mail that comes into this house."

The queen of hearts bent almost double in suddenly tightening fingers. "For pity's sake—what makes you think so?" said Judy.

"Mimi," said Meg coolly, watching Judy out of deep-set dark eyes, "lost a letter just a short time after she got it."

"Lost?" said Judy, honestly astounded. Astonishment melted nicely into incredulity. "She probably stuck it away somewhere and forgot where she put it. Was there money in it or something?"

"No, there was no money."

"Then why worry? It can't be very important."

"She tells me it was," said Meg. "I can't tell you more than that, since she didn't show it to me and I don't read other people's letters." She saw the blood rise under Judy's paper-thin skin. She said relentlessly: "Judy, I have to know what became of that letter."

"Well," said Judy, "it seems to me, then, the first thing to do is to try to think where she was when she got it, and what she could have done with it, h'm-m?"

"She was in the garden," said Meg. "Yesterday morning. She took it from the postman herself."

"Oh," said Judy, "yesterday morning? Why, now that you speak of it, I remember calling down to her to ask if there was anything for me."

"You've lost none of your letters from Freemantle?" asked Meg.

"I never lost a letter in my life," said Judy warmly, "and I never knew anybody else that did. That's why I think maybe Mimi made some sort of mistake about hers. Couldn't she have put it in the pocket of her coat or something?"

"I don't know that she had on a coat," said Meg.

"But she did," said Judy quickly. "Because I saw her, when I leaned out of the window to call down. She had on that old tweed coat of hers and that brown wool dress with pockets on the skirt. Now there's an idea, Meg. Look in the pockets of the dress, too. Seems to me I saw her shove something into one of those. Might have been just a handkerchief, of course."

"Then you did see where she put the letter," said Meg. "That's what I wanted to know, Judy." She spoke with detachment.

"What do you mean?" said Judy. Her color deepened furiously.

"I think," said Meg, "that I have said quite enough to let you see what I mean. You used your knowledge of that letter to make trouble for Mimi. I don't know just how you did it, but that doesn't matter."

"Oh, doesn't it?" said Judy. She jumped up, knocking over the card table and spilling the cards upon the floor.

"Well, since you know so much, I'll tell you how I did it; and you ought to thank me on your bended knees for keeping that daughter of yours out of a worse mess than she's in now." She was breathing hard and her voice was high. Meg stood with one hand gripping the back of the chair, waiting.

"I let the Wythe woman know," said Judy, enraged beyond discretion—"oh, yes, we're going to use names—I let her know just what was going on—just where to look at a certain time, I've avoided a public scandal for my husband's

people—that's what I've done—and my conscience is as clear as a child's, because if I hadn't done it nobody else would."

"You're quite right about that," said Meg contemptuously.

"I've done my duty by the family," said Judy, "whether you like it or not, Meg Swift."

Meg said: "Perhaps, then, since that's accomplished, you won't mind bringing your and your son's visit to an end as soon as possible. I am afraid Mimi will not care to see you now, and I am certain that I don't."

"I'm your brother's wife! You can't say such things to me!" cried Judy hysterically.

"If you were my brother himself," Meg told her, "you could not do the abominable thing you have done to my child and remain under my roof." She was rigid with a cold, inner violence. When Molly spoke her name from the doorway she turned, frozen.

"Meg!" said Molly. "Judy! What's all this I hear? I can't believe my senses." She was holding a worn, cream-colored cashmere shawl tightly across her breast above her dressing-gown and nightgown, and her silky white hair was braided in a scanty pigtail. She looked very frail and old and tired, but her eyes were piercingly alive. "I was on my way downstairs when I heard the card table go over. After that I listened. Judy, is it possible that you could so far demean yourself—"

JUDY'S shrill laughter carried a hint of tears. "Did you hear what she said to me, Mother Davis? I may have been too anxious to help—about Mimi—I may not have done just the very wisest thing, but did you hear Meg tell me to leave?"

Meg looked at her mother in silence. She thought, "Now, do I have to fight her, too?"

Judy went over and laid a clinging hand on Molly's arm. "I was never so insulted in my life, Mother Davis."

Molly said slowly, "I'm sorry, Judy. You forget. This is my daughter's house." There was something oracular and withdrawn about her.

Judy turned on her too-high heel and went out of the room. There were real tears on her plump cheeks as she climbed the stairs.

Raymond was waiting for her just inside the door of Meg's bedroom, where Judy's cot still stood. "Gosh!" he said in an awed whisper. "What's been going on? Who kicked over the furniture? I was just getting ready to call to you when I heard grandma going downstairs."

Judy sat down on Meg's low white bed. She sobbed convulsively.

"What's the matter, lit' mamma?" He went to her and knelt down beside her, putting his arms around her waist. "You just tell me and I'll go down there and clean up the place."

Judy sobbed again. "Take me away from here, Raymond. I won't stay another day."

"What did she do to you, lit' mamma? Tell Raymond."

"It wasn't what she did to me," said Judy. She relaxed into healing sniffles against her son's shoulder. "It's what I did to her. I told her just what I thought of her and her precious Mimi and the whole pack of 'em. We can't stay here after that, Raymond. It would be too awkward."

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Continuing Our New Serial

COUNTERFEIT COIN

By DORNFORD YATES

Illustrated by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES



AS a young man, having lost all my fortune, I obtained work in London, where I met a man of some fifty summers. After two years' acquaintanceship I was called one day to his death-bed where he told me a remarkable story, briefly, that he was Rudolf Virgil, ninth Count of Brief, in Austria, and that by a trick his younger twin brother had wrested the title from him, condemning him to live out his life in penury and exile. His only daughter, Caroline, now twenty-four years old, had been too young to know that the man whom she now called father was in reality her uncle. There was but one way to prove this, the House of Brief having a secret known only to the count and his heir.

"Listen," he gasped, "the tower of Brief—there is a doorway which no one would ever find. You must go up, counting your steps. And when you have—"

He got no further.

Two days later I learnt that I had been left a large fortune and need no longer worry about my work.

It was a strange coincidence that brought Virgil's story back to my mind. Staying in the same hotel as I was one Percy Virgil, a somewhat unpleasant young man I later discovered to be the Lady Caroline's cousin and son of the usurping Count of Brief.

I decided to go to Austria and find out things for myself, and so help the Lady Caroline should she need help. In Austria I met another Englishman named John Herrick. He was a likely-looking chap for

such an adventure. I took him into my confidence and we talked the matter over. Now read on.

IT was when we had dined that night and were sitting above the river, which hereabouts seemed to be a gigantic race, that I told him Gering's story and gave him the statements to read. Then I spoke of Percy Virgil and finally of the business which I had set out to do.

"And now," I concluded, "we come to the water-jump. I need a companion in this, an Englishman who can speak German, a man that I can talk to, who's willing to work with me if there's work to be done. In a word, I want you. Your expenses, of course, would be mine from beginning to end, and, if you say 'Yes,' I shall pay your fee in advance."

"I don't want any fee," said Herrick.

"I know," said I. "But I want you to feel independent; and if I've all the money, you can't. Please don't forget that I've been much poorer than you."

"All right," he said, and a hand

went up to his brow. "I'm on, of course. I'll love it. And I'm greatly impressed by this business. More than impressed. I'm dazed. You see, I know something of Gering. In fact, I was a page at his wedding. His wife, the Countess Rudolph, was one of my mother's best friends. And I've stayed at Brief. I was only twelve at the time, and I've never been back. But I still remember the house and the seven staircase-turrets which led to the upper floors. But I never was in the great tower. The Count of Brief had his rooms there, and, if I remember aright, it was holy ground."

Now my idea had been to discover some village, not very far from Brief, at which we could take up our quarters for as long as we meant to stay. From there we could make such approaches as circumstances seemed to permit, and though these excursions demanded

long and irregular hours, we should always have rest and shelter a few miles off. We could only begin, I considered, by keeping observation on Brief and thus getting to know the habits of those who lived and moved upon the estate. With that knowledge, we could go further, either by getting in touch with one of the staff or by going right up to the castle to learn what we could for ourselves.

Herrick approved these plans—if, indeed, they deserve the name, and, after two nights at Innsbruck, we left that city at six o'clock in the morning, travelling east. At nine o'clock we had breakfast some twenty-five miles from Brief, and, after that, we set out to prove the country, working, of course, by the map and aiming at finding a reasonably comfortable lodging, which was neither too near nor too far.

Neither Herrick nor Winter nor I will ever forget that day. To and

fro and round and about we went, stopping and starting and turning and losing our way, condemning this inn on sight and entering that—only to see some objection before we had tasted our beer. Some of the inns were too busy, and some were foul; this one was short of a coach-house and that had a host who was sick, and one would have done very well—but it had no roof, because a fire had destroyed it the day before.

I must confess that the country through which we ran was some of the very finest I ever saw. On all sides were forest-clad mountains, neighboring streams and pastures, and delicate woods. We climbed a majestic shoulder, only to drop to a drowsy, land-locked valley where elms rose out of deep meadows and a lazy water mirrored the drinking cows; we stole through a whispering beechwood, where the pretty speech of a brook fretted now and again by the fluting of birds, and ten minutes later we crossed a fall of water the steady roar of which could be heard for a quarter of a mile.

Now our world was a watch of summits lifting their casques of fir trees into a cloudless sky; and now it was a comfortable pleasure, where the dawn was never challenged, where husbandry and Nature had kissed each other.

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What strange
mystery was hidden
behind the walls of the secret
room in the Castle of Brief?



Illustrated
by
FISCHER

A Short Story
by the Author of
"Constant Nymph,"
"Escape Me
Never"

LOST LABOR

Nick was an idealist.
He was looking for the perfect
woman, but married someone else.



AT the age of twenty-three, Nick Chaytor began to fear that he would never find a wife. There was an epidemic of matrimony among his friends, and at each wedding he grew more pessimistic. It was dreadful, he thought, to see so many good men throwing themselves away.

On one occasion, while strolling home with the bride's brother and the best man, he broke into an angry tirade against the whole concern.

"Modern marriage," he complained, "means the perpetual subjection of the male. A man of brains and character has to sit silent while his fool of a wife airs her opinions. He has to run errands for her, live in a ghastly house which she has furnished, and pay for clothes which epitomise her bad taste. It's all wrong. Why do we put up with it?"

His companions could not tell him. They were too full of champagne and a sense of duty done to make the effort.

"It's the complacent conceit of these women which is so staggering. They've no brains. They're incurably inferior. Yet one is expected to listen, flatter them, defer to them, wait for them, take them seriously. There ought to be no question of equality between the sexes."

"You wait," muttered George Cameron, "till your time comes. You'll go quietly like the rest of us."

"Not on your life!"

"Oh, yes, you will. You're just like everybody else."

Nick frowned slightly. He did not for a moment believe that he was just like anybody else, nor had Cameron any business to believe it either. Everything had conspired to convince him that he was different and better. He was remarkably good-looking. At

school and college he had been a hero, a fine athlete, a brilliant scholar, and universally popular, despite a certain touch of arrogance. At home he was a god. He had ten thousand pounds a year, a beautiful place in Shropshire, and a widowed mother who worshipped him blindly. Her death was the only sorrow he had ever had to bear. He knew nothing of the checks, the anxieties, the disappointments, or the humiliations which are the lot of ordinary boyhood.

"My wife," he announced, "must know her place. She must have education, brains, and intelligence, of course, or she won't know what I'm talking about. And she must have taste, or she won't appreciate the surroundings in which I shall place her. But she will only give her opinion if and when I ask for it, which won't be often."

"She'd better be a deaf mute."

"She must know all there is to know about charn, and she must exert that knowledge to please me, not merely to feed her own vanity. She must be very beautiful, of course. She must be deeply religious, modest, gentle, spirited, witty

"Poor girl! Poor girl!" murmured Alan Twining hastily.

"You're drunk, old man. She won't be a poor girl at all. No, I shall treat her kindly. She'll be very happy. But she's got to know her place."

"There's no such woman," said Cameron. "You'll never find a girl who is all that. Unless," he added, "you catch her young and train her."

"That is what I mean to do."

"What?"

"I've been thinking about it for some time, and I made up my mind in church to-day. I'm going to hunt for a suitable orphan, a pretty girl of about thirteen or so, and mould her. I shall send her down to Broome St. Mary's to be brought up by my Aunt Alice, under my supervision. And if she turns out well . . ."

"I never heard of such an idea," burst out Alan, in whom the champagne was giving way to indignation. "You mean you'll keep a girl in a sort of cold storage in Shropshire . . ."

"NOT always in Shropshire. I'll have her taken about a bit to see works of art and hear good music and so on. But she shall grow up with one object in life: to please me. She shall learn nothing that I don't want her to know. I think," he said thoughtfully, "that I'll have her taught the harp. It suits a pretty woman, the harp . . ."

"Absolutely monstrous! It oughtn't to be allowed. I hope she'll play you up. I hope she'll turn out a tartar!"

Alan was so angry that he nearly walked under a taxi.

He could not take it as a joke, either then or later when Nick's search for a suitable orphan became a standing source of entertainment among his friends. For Nick turned out to be perfectly serious. His egotism was impervious to ridicule and he pursued his scheme quite openly, freely expressing indignant surprise at all the obstacles which were put in his way.

The dearth of pretty orphans infuriated him. Nobody would give him one. Guardians and wardens of institutions received him with obstinate suspicion. They should have jumped at such a chance for one of their little charges, but they grimly showed him the door. One promising offer he had of a child in Kidderminster whose stepmother was anxious to get rid of her at any price. He hastened thither, only to find that the girl had a face like a sweet pudding, wore spectacles and wished to become a missionary. Small babies were more plentiful, and occasionally, in despair, he thought of taking one. But it is impossible to be sure that a beautiful baby will grow into a beautiful woman, and, anyway, it would mean that he could not marry till he was forty.

But neither failure nor the open mockery of his friends could daunt him, and one day he toiled out to a convent orphanage in the suburbs, armed with an introduction from a Catholic friend. The Reverend Mother was engaged and he was shown into the garden to wait for her. It was a pleasant place, full of lilac, laburnum and pink hawthorn. Little paths wound in and out among the flowering thickets, leading to fountains, shrines and holy statues. And in a secluded nook dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua he found an exquisite little girl crying her heart out.

Please turn to Page 14

"You do harp about orphans, don't you?"
she said.

By . .
Margaret Kennedy

MARCH OF THE MODE by *René*

Dynamic Accents

CAREFULLY used, frills impart a lovely animation to a frock... So kind to the figure, so flatteringly feminine... Soft frills over the shoulder, a lively frill round the hem... And, for a fascinating, vivacious line, insets of pleating in a skirt... Try them.



● BLACK crinkle bequeered satin makes this graceful gown with ruffled hemline and shoulder treatment.

● GOLD LAME is used for a glamorous gown with high-draped neckline and bodice, no belt. The skirt from the knees down swings into fullness accentuated by the frill round the hemline.

● CYCLAMEN - ROSE georgette fashions a simple frock which features a pleated inset at the back of two deeper shades, a deep cyclamen and violet. These two colors are repeated round the waist and in the matching flowers.

● AN EXQUISITE model done in delft-blue chiffon. The bodice has three inverted pleats, caught together with bows of the dress material closely headed all over in chalk-white beads.

FASHIONS IN PHOTOGRAVURE

BLACK & WHITE



● **SMART** spectator sports outfit by Renville. Tailored frock of black wool. Jacket of black and white check tweed.



● **ANOTHER** snappy suit. Grey and white checks on grey ground. Black dress. Renville model.



● **ABOVE:** A sumptuous evening gown of black and white velvet. Large white roses, hand-worked in organdie, are applied to the black velvet skirt. A matching rose design is handworked on the bodice.



● **AT LEFT:** A luscious dinner gown of magnolia velvet. The unusual collar turns back to simulate the shape of magnolia leaves. Waist and sleeve bands of black velvet.



● **AT RIGHT:** Renville coat frock in a new black wool weave. Trimmed with ivory ball buttons, and collared in velvet.



The Fashion Parade *sketches by Petrov*

FLOWERS—IN Charming Ways



• ABOVE: palest pink roses are spilled with a generous hand on this deep blue crepe evening gown and practically cover the sleeves, making them like twin bouquets. The décolletage, which is cut to the waist in a "V" at the back, is moderately high and square cut in front.

• LEFT: Schiaparelli filled a black horsehair basket of a hat with all the flowers she could find—and that's what started this amusing piece of hat nonsense. Field flowers in many colors predominate with a purple clematis in front.



• A BECOMING little toque made of small field flowers, which will go happily with a trim spring suit. A matching posy gives a pretty finishing touch.



• VIOLETS are used to outline the collar, yoke and cuffs of a pale green dress. The same shy flowers, sedately distanced, adorn the sleeves.



'Tell me,

doctor . . . You know what children

are—always falling and cutting their knees and grazing their hands. Tell me, is there no efficient antiseptic I can apply at once with perfect confidence?

'Dettol' is such an antiseptic—dangerous only to germs. It is a clean, pleasant fluid—non-poisonous and non-staining—highly efficient as a germ-killer. Disinfect cuts and scratches at once with 'Dettol.' The way to prevent blood-poisoning is to kill the germs that cause it. Your chemist has 'Dettol'—price, 2/-.

DETTOL THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC



BECKETTS (OVER SEA) LTD (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT.), SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

An Editorial

JULY 24, 1937

JOY OF LOOKING
AT PICTURES

"LET'S go to the Art Gallery."

What is your reaction to that suggestion?

With most of us the idea of a visit to the Art Gallery suggests something righteous and dull—like being dragged along to see remote relatives on Sunday afternoons when we were kids.

Actually, the Art Gallery can be, and should be, lots of fun.

It is silly to think of it as "culture"; that suggests going to school over again.

Pictures are painted for people to look at, and looking at pictures is one of the most fascinating things in the world.

First, there's the interest of the subject, whether it's a portrait, a landscape, or a dramatic scene.

Then there's the bit of magic put into the picture by the artist that makes it something more than just a reproduction of objects—the same sort of magic we all of us put into any job really well done.

To wander from a wide, sunny landscape to a Parisian cafe, to stand one moment behind the biscuit boxes at the defence of Rorke's Drift, and next moment in the court of King Solomon, is as good as a ride on the magic carpet.

People are interesting; even people seen passing in the street. How much more so when you can gaze into a face, painted with all its character and expression, and try to analyse the mind that dwells behind it—or dwell there five hundred years ago.

The trouble is there's a wrong idea in our minds about art galleries, and it's largely the fault of governments which surround them with a maze of regulations, a forbidding array of warning notices, and a general atmosphere of musty bureaucracy.

Despite this lack of money, the trustees really do wonders. They reveal themselves as people combining artistic taste with a sound sense of what people will find interesting.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Happy Minds

THE psychological effect of happy surroundings is truly amazing. Welfare workers have realised this for years, and colors and illustrations in nurseries play an important part in the development of the child mind.

Now the idea has been carried a logical step forward, and in America the ceilings of hospital operating-theatres are decorated with Mickey Mouse cartoons and kindred subjects with an appeal to the child mind, to overcome the fear of operations.

This is satisfactory from every point of view. The parents are saved the unpleasant duty, until now regarded as imperative, of telling the child untruths, while the surgeon is robbed of the even more unhappy task of little patient's fear before he can get on with his job.

Now there is every reason to hope that children will face operations with smiles on their little faces, and be ushered into oblivion by the anaesthetist with thoughts of Mickey Mouse and Pop-eye the Sailor running through their minds.

Mass Hysteria

WHAT queer reactions certain people have in the face of disaster.

When Mrs. Earnhart Putnam's plane was reported lost in the Pacific, the air became jammed with false clues, alleged to have been picked up by radio amateurs all over the world.

The Stinson disaster here saw the same thing occur. People had heard the plane crash, others had seen it battling with the storm, while others again had seen it crash in flames. In the Stinson case all these people were wrong: the plane was not within 100 miles of the various places reported.

It would perhaps be unkind to say that any of these false reports came from publicity-hunters and limelighters, but it remains an ugly phenomenon which hampers the searchers and distresses the relatives concerned.

Mass-hysteria and self-hypnosis seem more of an alibi than an explanation.

LYRIC OF LIFE

THE BEST AGE

The age that's best is what we are to-day;
Childhood that sees through eyes of innocence,
Age that has ripened in experience,
And those who stand between the two, midway.

Ahead there lies the glamor, hope to fill,
Belief that's still unshaken, still serene,
Behind... what's done and what there might have been,
Memories built in life, remaining still.

New values come; the old are passed away,
The growing knowledge needs a wider scope
Than those dim dreams bounded by childish hope
And life that changes, day by rapid day.

THIS day is best, whether life's old or new,
Or torn between the challenge of the two.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

It's Not "Cricket"!

WHEN members of the Australian women's cricket team were given fried bread and bacon for breakfast on the second day of the final Test in England the fat was in the fire with a vengeance.

But when, on asking for grapefruit, they were told they would have to pay extra, the meal was even more bitter to swallow.

It seems a pity that there should have been this jarring note on a tour which has been one long series of encomiums for women cricketers generally.

Still, it's hardly playing the game to ask girls to fight out a strenuous Test match on



MANJA ULRICH, a Viennese girl, who has written the longest love-letter, on record—one of 600,000 words. (See story, Col. 4).

indifferent food. After all, sporting contests are now won in the kitchen as well as on the field.

S.P. and the Three "Rs"

SOME of the letters written by readers in the recently-conducted S.P. betting ballot by The Australian Women's Weekly drew attention to the evil of children staying away from school in order to run messages for mother to the local S.P. bookmaker.

Mr. Oliver Stanley, president of the Birmingham Board of Education, supplies a caustic angle on the same subject in England when he says: "Education is driving into the heads of more or less unwilling children the elements of the three R's in the belief that they will prove of great convenience to them when they become adults, and are able to write out their betting slips, read with accuracy the results in the papers, and calculate their losses."

So apparently the modern three R's are: Racing; Results; Remorse.

Not What It Seems

IN an attempt to overcome the wool shortage a new German decree requires human hair clippings from hairdressing shops to be collected and mixed with fibre and felt for the making of rugs.

The revelling citizen of Germany can now claim that he is still sober even when he is standing on his own head.

World's Longest
Love LetterGirl Writes Fiance a
10lb. "Book"

By Air Mail from Our London Office

How would you like to receive a love letter weighing ten pounds? What would you think about your sweetheart who built up the simple words "I love you" into a book of 600,000 words?

THIS is precisely what a 23-year-old Viennese girl, Manja Ulrich, has done, and all because her lover left her in a fit of jealousy.

Manja began to write the letter about thirty months ago, when her fiance, Karl Matzendorfer, an insurance agent, disappeared from Vienna because he had thrashed his rival and was afraid of the consequences.

The man in the case was a wealthy "play-boy," and Karl met him one night outside a nightclub with the flirtatious Manja.

A fight followed and the wealthy man-about-town was injured. The police were informed and Manja's sweetheart disappeared to evade arrest.

Manja blamed herself for having driven Karl from his country, and clung desperately to the hope that he would return.

Meantime, since she had no opportunity of explaining everything to him personally, she started to write him a letter of apology.

She told him how much she really loved him and that she had never cared for other men at all. She merely went out with the other man because she was silly enough to want to make Karl jealous.

Huge Volume

FOR two and a half years her lover remained away, but still an ardor burned in her breast to make everything right between them.

And to prove that her affections had not "gone with the wind" she wrote a love-letter equivalent to three copies of that bulky best seller.

Dr. Axel Munthe's great biography, "The Story of San Michele," is about 160,000 words long. Manja dashed off four books of the same size to her lover.

The Bible, containing the Songs of Solomon, epic of passionate prose, is about 300,000 words in length. Manja just doubled this by way of explanation to Karl for her little lapse.

Judged on the size of the average library books, she wrote seven novels to the salesman who had fled.

Now a signature has at last been put to the letter. A friend gave the girl Karl's address in Finland and at the same time told him to expect a surprise in the post.

In Three Parts

NEXT mail Karl received a bulky package. He could hardly believe that it was Manja's letter. He was even more amazed when he saw that it was only a part of the bulky budget which Manja had written during thirty months. He received the second part the next day and the third the following day.

The postage amounted to the tidy sum of 80 Austrian shillings. The three letter packages weighed 4.5 kilograms (10lb.), and came by registered and express mail.

Karl realised that Manja must love him truly indeed to have written him what is certainly the longest love-letter in the world ever received by a young man. He returned to Vienna, and Manja has now given up a "literary" career to be a good little housewife.

Who Are Enemies?

THE banning by the British Legion of Ex-Servicemen of the term "ex-enemy" as applied to our opponents in the World War comes into proper perspective when regarded in connection with the war in Spain.

When that trouble is over, what will neighbor call neighbor?

Surely not ex-enemy, when brothers and even sisters have taken different sides.

Anyway, the term is a silly one. A man's ex-wife is his wife no longer, and, presumably, an ex-enemy must be a friend if the word has any significance at all.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



A COMPLETE REST ... in the COUNTRY



How the Rejuvenation of L. W. Lower Was Effected

"Go to some quiet country town," they said. "Some quiet place where you can have a complete rest... and don't come back with the jitters, like you did last time."

So I went.

It was one of those places about which you say, "How restful!" on the first day, and "Isn't there anything to DO in this place!" the next day.

HAVING been shown to a room and the bags duly dumped, the bathroom located and the collar loosened, the next thing to do is to look out the window. The "useful" is chopping wood and the fowls are chasing the splinters. There are sounds of a sawmill operating about a hundred

miles away. The rest is silence.

Peace, perfect peace!

Down to the bar. There is nobody in the bar. Knocking on the counter makes no difference. A stroll out on to the verandah where two of the local lads are sitting in trance-like attitudes on the step.

"Good-day!" you remark brightly. "Day," replies one of them, after thinking it over for a while.

By **L. W. LOWER**
Australia's Foremost Humorist

"Nice day, isn't it?"

"Not bad."

This doesn't seem to be getting anywhere. "Is there anything to see in this town?"

There is no response to this. It seems that conversation is closed for the day.

"Well, I think I'll take a look around."

"They're loadin' chaff down at the siding," says one, throwing a pebble at an inoffensive dog asleep in the middle of the street.

"Thanks! I'll go and have a look."

About half an hour at the siding seems to be plenty. Back to the hotel verandah. A little conversation seems indicated.

"I suppose you've had plenty of rain up around here lately?"

"Not bad," says one.

Deep silence. Ten minutes later:

"They tell me the crick's up again."

"Yeah!"

That seems to be that.

"What time do the evening papers get up here?"

"About Thursday," replies Local Lad No. 1, "or it might be Friday. Friday isn't it, Jack?"

"Saturday," replies Jack.

A wild clamor rings out from the hotel.

"Good heavens! What's that?"

But they have already gone. It is the luncheon-bell.

I go in after them. They have already finished their soup.

The waitress arrives and chants, "Roebuck, Cornbe, Bol' mutton, Roslem."

I decide on a little rosem. It turns out to be roast lamb.

The meal is finished at last and so back to the verandah.

Under Suspicion

HALF an hour elapses and a car pulls up at the verandah. A man in a white dustcoat gets out and enters the hotel. Both my friends get up and walk in after him. One pines at the door.

"Come on! Here's a beer traveller."

A tom-tom must have sounded somewhere or some weird telepathic wave has gone forth because people seem to be coming from all directions. There is quite a crowd in the bar. Nobody says anything.

"Well, boys! What's it going to be?" says the traveller. The drinks, it seems, are "on" him.

Having finished their drinks, the crowd fades away to wherever they came from.

I am getting a bit sick of the verandah. I go up to my room and look out the window again. I wish I'd brought that magazine that I left in the train. The only thing to do is to go downstairs again. There is no one on the verandah. There is no one in the bar. All the dogs in sight are asleep. A horse tied to the store verandah post is also asleep. I decide to go and have a lie down till tea-time.

After ten minutes of lying down I get up again and go downstairs. There is nobody in the bar. There is nobody on the verandah. There is nobody in the backyard and the kitchen is as silent as the grave.

There might be something doing at the railway station. But no. The ticket-office is locked and all is deserted.

Back to the hotel. I think I'll go and have a lie down. No. I'm blamed if I will!

LAHM says he has never seen a country town like this, but it's the idea some people have of a typical centre outback.

Ah! Here comes the local sergeant!

"Good afternoon, sergeant!"

"G'day." A look of deep suspicion crosses his features. "Stranger here, eh?"

"Yes. Just arrived to-day."

"Come up from the city, eh? Well, watch yourself, that's all. We don't stand no funny business around here, see? Wot's your name?"

"Lower, sergeant."

"Humph! Well, we've had your sort up here before. Behave yourself and you'll get into no trouble."

"I suppose you wouldn't care to join me in a..."

"What's that?"

"Nothing! Nothing. I mumble to myself occasionally. I'm up here for my nerves, you know."

"Well, keep your nerves under control or I'll put you in, see? I got an idea I saw you up here last Easter. I'll keep my eye on you, me lad."

"Thank you, sergeant."

"And none of yer lip!"

"No, sergeant."

Dusk descends. A light comes up here and there. I go upstairs and sit once more on the edge of my bed and sneeze at the wash-basin.

The dinner bell goes and I don't care.

Maybe it'll be better to-morrow. I wish I was back home.

WHEN INFLUENZA GETS YOU



IMPRISONED!

So much to do and no chance of doing it—quite like being "behind bars" with the 'Flu in charge! It's a quick release one longs for! **Bonnington's Irish Moss** will ease that languid heaviness by abating dangerous FEVER, its fine demulcent properties give instant ease to a COUGH, its vapourous pungency surrounds and soothes that awful CATARRH one gets!



IMITATIONS:
None of these will do!
You need Bonnington's.
Price, 1/9 & 3/6.

For Coughs and Colds
Bonnington's
IRISH MOSS

How can you keep SLIM and Fit

YOU can be healthy, happy and attractively slim; you can keep gloriously fit and get full enjoyment out of life, if you follow the golden rule of taking Bile Beans each night at bedtime.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the digestion, purify the blood and daily remove all fat-forming residue; thus improving your health, clearing your complexion and keeping you slim and youthful.

So, remember to take your Bile Beans nightly, if you want to look and feel your best at all times.



"Bile Beans are fine for removing surplus fat and keeping the weight normal. I am exceptionally pleased with Bile Beans, for taking them regularly has given me a new zest to life, and I never felt better than I do to-day."—Mrs. W. P.

"I take Bile Beans nightly and find them splendid for keeping me healthy and full of vitality. I have felt tired or listless now, Bile Beans also keep the figure slim and to all who wish for a youthful appearance I say take Bile Beans."—Miss H. H.

BILE BEANS

KEEP YOU HAPPY, HEALTHY AND SLIM

Twelve Distinct Herbs

Proven for 70 years

Mother Seigel's Syrup is a Natural Corrective for Disordered Stomachs.

Irritability, Sleeplessness, Nerve Troubles, Biliousness, Sick Headaches, Acidity, Flatulence, Constipation and Loss of Appetite and energy are symptoms of a Sluggish Liver and Disordered Stomach.

Tone up the Liver—restore the Stomach to its normal healthy condition—with a regular course of Mother Seigel's Syrup and all your troubles will quickly vanish. Mother Seigel's Syrup has been an unequalled corrective for Stomach and Liver Disorders for more than 70 years. Countless thousands rely solely on this world famous remedy. Sold in Trial Size, 1/9; Economy Size, 3/6.

It is the special combination of extracts—found only in Mother Seigel's Syrup—which gives them their supreme medicinal value.

CLEANS & POLISHES ALUMINIUM

SteeLo

Oven it quickly... in one operation... and more easily than ever. SteeLo polishes the natural brightness and smoothness of the metal.



SKIN SPECIALIST warns against PORE-CLOGGING FACE POWDER!



—Guard your future beauty with face powder which allows Air and Sunlight to reach the growing SECOND SKIN!

SKIN RENEWED EVERY SIX WEEKS

A Second Skin is growing beneath the one you see in the mirror. In six weeks it will come through and replace your present skin.

GROWING SECOND SKIN MUST GET AIR AND SUNLIGHT

This tender Second Skin—like any growing thing—depends on air and sunlight for health. If it is to come through satiny, smooth and clear it must get these vital forces now, while it is growing.

HEAVY FACE POWDERS THREATEN BEAUTY

Heavy face powders prevent your Second Skin from coming through clear and radiant because they keep air and sunlight away from it during the vital growing period.

CALIFORNIAN POPPY FACE POWDER SO FINE IT FILTERS AIR AND SUNLIGHT

Californian Poppy Face Powder guards your future beauty because it is superfine, and allows vital air and sunlight to pass through to the growing Second Skin.

CALIFORNIAN POPPY Face Powder

Brings constant loveliness. Give your beauty into the care of Californian Poppy Face Powder. So finely spun it gives a glorious smoothness... clings lightly without clogging... imparts a soft and flattering loveliness.

In 4 Shades, Large Size Box 1/4. At All Chemists and Stores.



NEW SIZE BOX 9 D

SHE was crying, she said, because she had lost her blue ribbon. And, before she had finished explaining what a blue ribbon was, Nick was saying to himself:

"She'll do. She's the one."

Not even the ugly serge uniform could quench her charm. He had been looking for a brunette, but he changed his mind instantly in favor of gentian-blue eyes and hair the color of old mahogany. Her name, he discovered, was Sally Kerrigan. How old was she? Thirteen? Better and better! Plenty of time to get rid of that accent. But was she intelligent?

"Do you," he asked, "do lessons here?"

"Oh yes," said Sally, with a deep sigh.

"What did you learn to-day?"

"I forget." And then, seeing his face fall, she added hastily that she knew the Seven Acts of Mercy. Moreover, she recited them quite glibly, ticking them off on her fingers. He decided that she must have a good memory, and that was the main thing. But what about music? Could she sing?

She sang "Do Sirrings Make Good Mothers?" a little out of tune but with great vivacity. He felt that there were possibilities in her voice. And did she like beautiful pictures? She assured him that she was crazy about them, nor did he realize that she meant moving pictures until much later in the day, when he was too far gone to care.

They sat on a bench beneath a laburnum tree and he left off trying to gauge her mental capacities. He even, without knowing it, began to relinquish the idea of moulding her. She would almost do as she was.

Presently he was telling her about Broome St. Mary's, and the riding, and the river, and the old pictures. And then, without quite meaning to go so far, he was asking if she would not like to live there. He knew that he ought not to have done this before seeing the Reverend Mother, but he felt that he wanted to find out how the child responded to the idea. To bargain about her, without reference to her possible wishes, seemed a little

LOST LABOR

inhuman, though, oddly enough, he had never felt this about any previous orphan.

"Just alone? Just us two?" asked Sally, opening her gentian eyes very wide.

"Well, my aunt would be there. She's a dear. You'll love her."

Sally's eyes closed.

"I don't like aunts," she murmured. "I've got one. She boxed my ears once, so I often think it's injured my hearing. It makes me kind of deaf in class..."

Nick was still exclaiming over the monstrous cruelty of this when a bell began to toll and she jumped up in dismay.

"Oh my! Oh dear! That's Recreation. The Sisters will be coming out and they'll catch me. We aren't allowed in here. Quick! The little gate..."

She darted off down the path. But the little gate which led into the children's playground was locked.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried, panic-stricken. "What shall I do? I meant to get through while it was still open. Why did you keep me here talking? I shall be punished!"

"I'll explain. I won't let you be punished."

"No, no! You must help me. I can get over the wall if you help me. Quick! It's easy for a tall person. And then I can get over the playground wall. Oh come..."

She showed him a place where the ivy gave an easy foothold and explained that there was a big drop on the other side. He must go over first and catch her as she jumped. The besotted man did so and found himself in a crowded street with a kidnapped orphan and without a hat, for he had left it in the shrine of St. Anthony of Padua.

"Where's this other wall?" he asked anxiously, feeling that he ought to put an end to this eloquent as quickly as possible.

SHE showed him a stone cliff, twelve feet high, with broken glass at the top. When he exclaimed that nobody could get over that she agreed composedly.

"No. They couldn't. Let's go to Shropshire. Then I won't have to be punished."

He tried to explain that this was impossible and that he must take her round to the front door and ring the bell. Whereat she began to cry very dolefully, and he became quite sure that it was all his fault and that he was a brute. To console her he took her into a tea-shop and bought her a very large strawberry sundae over which she dried her eyes. But, as she spooned it up, she gave him such dreadful accounts of the hardship at the convent that he could hardly bear to insist on a very speedy return. It was like leading a lamb to the slaughter. And when, in their endeavors to find the front door, they passed the entrance to a Fun Fair, he was easily persuaded to a further respite. Half an hour, he thought, could not make very much difference. So they went on the swing boats, the roundabouts, and the helter-skelter lighthouse. A good time was had by all.

After a couple of hours he pulled himself together. Really and truly he must take her back. But she began immediately to cry again, very loudly, attracting considerable attention among the bystanders.

"Why can't we go to Broome St. Mary's? You asked me there. You did, so. Why can't we go? I wanna go!"

"I must ask them first."

"Then we'll never be let. Never! They'll have to write to Mum and Dad..."

"To whom?"

"To Mum and Dad. And it's ages before they can answer, because they're at Palm Beach. I wanna go right now."

"What... what? You've got... then you aren't an orphan?"

"No," said Sally, sobbing. "Did you think I was?"

"Of course I did. What are you doing in an orphanage?"

"Me? I'm not in an..."

She was so much astonished that she stopped crying. Then light dawned on her.

"Oh! You never thought... Why, I'm in the school. The orphans don't have anything to do with the school. The nuns look after them, but we never see them. The school is very, very exclusive. You never thought I was an orphan! Why, they're the commonest little things..." Just

poor children, all spotty. My goodness!"

He was too much discomposed to rebuke her for being such a little snob.

"Then you aren't poor?"

She wrinkled her delicate nose disdainfully.

"I'm the fifth richest girl in the world. My Daddy is Theodore Kerrigan."

She was deeply offended and kept him apologizing all the way back to the convent. The uproar there was something on which he never afterwards liked to dwell. He learnt that the Kerrigans had sent Sally to England expressly to guard her from kidnappers. It was of no use to explain that he had kidnapped an heiress in mistake for an orphan; everybody seemed to think that that made it worse. Also he never managed to retrieve his hat.

After this episode there was a lull in his adventures. His friends, at any rate, heard no more of them. Perhaps he had grown tired of their laughter. A rumor went round, six months later, that he found a girl in Provence and brought her to England, but nobody really believed it. George Cameron went to Kenya and Alan Twining to Australia, and it was nearly seven years before either of them saw or heard much of Nick.

Chance, however, brought them

both back to England at the same time, and he wrote from Broome St. Mary's asking them to come down for a week and renew their youth.

They accepted in a sentimental mood, remembering how good those old school holidays in Shropshire had been, and wondering what Nick had been doing with himself all these years. It seemed that he had never married. They were received by his gentle Aunt Alice, who now kept house for him. Nothing in the lovely, leisured old place was changed. Even the bowls of roses on their dressing-tables might have been the same roses which Nick's mother used to put there long ago. Sherry was still served before dinner in the great gallery under the staircase, and it was the kind of sherry which they would never, never be able to afford to give to their friends. They slipped it, enjoyed it, though how very lucky Nick had always been, and wondered whom the fifth glass was for. Was there another guest in the house? Why did Nick keep looking round as if he was waiting for somebody?

There was a whisper of silk skirts in the gallery above, and Nick broke off what he was saying to glance upward expectantly. She came down slowly—a girl so lovely that they gasped, a girl as slender as a poplar tree, dark as a forest pool.

Please turn to Page 16

You Can End Colds Quicker!



WITH THE 3-Minute VapoRub Massage

FIRST—rub Vicks VapoRub briskly on the throat and chest.

NEXT—rub VapoRub briskly on the back, between and below the shoulder-blades.

THEN—to strengthen and lengthen its famous double-action—spread VapoRub thick on the chest, and cover with warm flannel.

It takes so little time, and does so much, so quickly—this 3-Minute VapoRub Massage. It is so safe, too, for there is nothing to swallow, and so nothing to upset a child's delicate digestion just when all his strength is needed to fight off the cold.

No Waiting—Acts Instantly

The brisk massage starts VapoRub working through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice. Even before you finish rubbing, the chest and back feel warm and comfortable.

At the same time, warmed by the body, VapoRub releases its powerful medicated vapours. These are breathed in for hours, 18 times a minute, direct to the irritated air-passages of nose, throat, and chest.

Working in these two direct ways at once, VapoRub soothes irritation,

loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, breaks up congestion. And, with the air-passages clear, breathing becomes easy again.

Long-Lasting Double Action

Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon drops off to restful sleep. Meanwhile, VapoRub keeps on working for hours—breaks up most colds by morning.

For Grown-Ups, Too

You never grow too big to welcome the warm comfort of a VapoRub Massage, and the quick relief of its powerful, head-clearing vapours. No wonder, then, that VapoRub has become the preferred treatment, in 71 different countries, for all the colds in the family. More than 26 million jars are used every year.

Ideal for Children's Colds

VICKS VAPORUB

... Just as Good for Grown-Ups



Playing 'Mid Snow and Ice...

Exhilarating Winter Sports for Indoors and Out-of-doors



ICE AND SNOW SPORTS are more popular than ever this year, both indoors on the various skating rinks and out-of-doors on the snowy mountain rooftops of Australia. The big outdoor study shows girl ski-ers at Mt. Buffalo, Victoria, one of Australia's two favorite winter resorts. (The other is Mt. Kosciusko, N.S.W.) At both places the snow season is at its height. The ten action studies were taken by The Australian Women's Weekly's special Magic-Eye camera and show the fast action of exhibition ice skating as performed by Miss Rosemarie Stewart and Mr. Robert Dench, two visiting skating champions.

WHAT was she? Spanish? Moorish? Provençal? There was nothing English, nothing familiar, about the raven hair, the large, wild eyes, the high cheekbones, aquiline nose, olive skin, and little pointed teeth. She moved like a wave or a cloud, floating down the stairs, the stiff skirts of some rich old brocade rustling and whispering round her.

Cameron flushed scarlet and Alan Twining whitened as they watched her. They all stood silent till she reached the bottom of the stairs and then Nick, with a smile of fond pride, took her hand and led her forward.

"This," he said, "is Astrifamente." He had called her that when he adopted her, but it had been shortened to Astra for daily use. He told them all about it over the port. She was a gipsy. He had found her in a shabby little circus at Aigue Mor-

LOST LABOR

tes, and her reputed grandmother had sold her to him for five pounds. That was seven years ago.

"Of course," he said, "she couldn't speak a word of English. But that was all to the good. It gave me a free hand in moulding her. She speaks very well now, don't you think?"

They agreed. Astra had not said much during dinner, but her few gentle remarks betokened good breeding and culture. The slight foreign accent only lent them an extra touch of grace.

"She can now," boasted Nick, "speak four languages. I've taught her quite a lot of Greek, too; she's reading the 'Antigone' with me at present. Latin she doesn't get on with. It isn't plastic enough for

a woman's mind. She's read everything of importance in European literature."

"She must have worked like a galley slave," marvelled Cameron. "I thought gipsies were supposed to be incapable of concentration."

"Oh, she isn't pure gipsy. Her father, I gathered, was a Gaujo, and I expect she gets her brains from him. She has very good taste. I can almost trust her to choose her own clothes. She's very sweet tempered and docile. She can play the piano, the harp, and the guitar. And her singing—well, you'll hear it."

He took them into the drawing-room and made her sing strange, fierce, gipsy songs to the guitar. When she sang she changed subtly and became something which Nick

Continued from Page 14

could never have created. Her voice, for all its careful training, still had a trace of savagery. She threw back her little dark head and her great wild eyes seemed to see things which did not belong to Broome St. Mary's.

When the ladies had been dismissed to bed, Nick turned to his friends for a verdict. Now was the time for them to admit that he had not been foolish. Didn't they envy him? What other man had such a treasure to wife?

"What do you think of her?" he demanded.

George murmured congratulations. But Alan exploded:

"I don't see what you wanted to teach her all this Latin and Greek for. She must have been pretty well perfect when you found her."

Nick, much annoyed, began to describe what she was before he took

her in hand: a dirty little scarecrow going through hoops in a two-penny circus. But Alan interrupted him:

"You . . . you're going to marry her?"

There was a tiny pause. Nick hesitated, just for a second, before he answered:

"Certainly. It's what I've always intended."

"She knows? You've settled it with her?"

"She's been brought up knowing it," said Nick coldly. "There's nothing to settle except the date."

"What a darn shame!"

If George had not intervened there might have been a scene. As it was, they all went up to bed with ruffled tempers.

Next morning the two guests made separate attempts to find out what she was really like. George took her for a walk round the garden and Alan accompanied her up to the stables. Later they compared notes.

"It's pitiful," said George. "She isn't a real person at all—merely an echo of Nick. All this culture and education is perfectly bogus. He's amused himself by dressing her up in them. She's got no real tastes. She simply and sweetly repeats what Nick has told her."

"Oh, she's a real person all right," said Alan. "I think she's got a lot of character."

"I didn't discover it."

"What did you talk about?"

"Art and literature and all that. What did you?"

"Horses. I may tell you she does know something about horses."

Nick was very sulky all day. He felt that his great triumph had missed fire. He resented a rebuff, and it was not long before his quarrel with Alan blazed out again.

"It's so beastly selfish," stormed Alan. "You'd much better have left her alone. You've taught her nothing useful; you've never considered her happiness."

"My dear chap! She owes everything to me."

"Rubbish! She owes you nothing. Why did you sell her favorite horse? Why won't you let her hunt?"

"Has she been complaining?" asked Nick, astonished.

"Oh, no. She happened to mention it."

"I don't happen to approve of women in the hunting field."

"There you go," Alan gobbled inarticulately for a few seconds, and then was heard to say something which sounded like, "It isn't as if you were the least bit in love with her."

Nick nearly choked. "Not in love with her! Doesn't an artist love his own creation?"

"You don't know what you're talking about."

"I do. I've seen plenty of lovers. You're not . . ."

NICK turned haughtily away. He wished now that he had spoken to Astra, fixed the date of their marriage, before displaying her to his friends. He had never actually discussed it with her, preferring to remain the guardian and the tutor until her education was completed. But, of course, his aunt had seen to it that she looked forward to this marriage as her destiny.

For the last few months, indeed, he had been waiting for some tender, wistful moment which should, of its own accord, transform his relations with the girl. As far as he was concerned it might happen any time, but such a moment cannot be manufactured; it must occur. Nor was it his fault that it had not occurred yet. If it was anybody's fault it was Astra's.

And now she had complained about her horse. And Alan had been most offensive. And George went about with a perfectly inexplicable grin. It was enough to enrage anybody. Nick sulked. He became such bad company that his guests thought of going back to London before their week was up. He felt a bitter grudge against the whole world. Nobody was treating him properly, and the next person who crossed him was going to catch it.

The next person was a hiker who broke into his garden and stole his mulberries. He saw her from the library window, a halcyon, red-haired minx in shorts, swaggering about as if she had bought the place. Dizzy with rage, he burst out of the house and caught her at it.

"Are you aware, Madam—" he began.

But the minx turned calmly and said, with her mouth full of mulberries:

"Hullo! It's you!"

Please turn to Page 32



Host Holbrook says:

"I brew my Worcestershire Sauce in the good old-fashioned way, and mature it in vats of English oak. Ah! that is why it is so fragrant and appetising."

The World's Appetiser!
HOLBROOKS
WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE



CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

WRONG IDEA

IS it not a mistaken conception for a mother to feel that she is "losing" her daughter when she marries?

This age-old belief seems to me to be disproved every day. The relationship between mother and daughter is, I think, strengthened beyond measure when the daughter marries. It brings them closer together.

The mother sees herself again in her daughter, headed for similar joys and heart-aches; the daughter, now wife and mother, comes to a fuller understanding of her own mother and what she has been through.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. G. P. Armitage, 3 Leopold St., Caulfield SE8, Vic.

CRUEL OPTIMISTS

HAS anyone met the unintentionally cruel person who, in spite of evidence to the contrary, insists on buoying us up with false hopes?

It is better to go through life expecting nothing. Then one can never be disappointed, but be sure of a delightful surprise when something good does happen.

Mrs. H. Smith, 23 Tyrone Street, St. Yarra, Melbourne.

TRAIN RISKS

I AM amazed at the risks run by small children travelling to school on the railway. Just as the train comes into their stop they crowd on to the platform, where a playful push or a jerk of the train would send one or more tumbling down on to the rails.

Could not some method be employed to safeguard the kiddies? Set aside a carriage for small children travelling in school hours, to be opened by a guard or automatic control, for example.

Iris Willings, Girrawheen, Calza, via Gosford, N.S.W.

DON'T
CLIP THIS COUPON
(...if you're free from Constipation!)

If your health is ALWAYS one hundred per cent. . . if you are NEVER "off colour", or below par . . . you are the one reader of this paper who has no need to sample Nyal FIGSEN. You can forget this coupon. But if you are one of the free of thousands who realise that constipation is the root cause of the majority of physical ills—if there are frequent times in your life when nature needs aid, then you will welcome the relief and health that Nyal FIGSEN brings. Nyal FIGSEN is the one non-habit-forming laxative that does not purge or gripe. Its action is sure— but gentle and natural. It is pleasant to take, yet it never fails. Why not allow this coupon to bring you a sample? A tin of 24 tablets costs only 1/3 from your chemist.

NYAL FIGSEN
Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal FIGSEN to The Nyal Company, 41/43, Globe Pl., Ed., Sydney, N.S.W.
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Leisure As A Cause Of Women's "Nerves"

MISS HUNGERFORD (3/7/37) says the cause of nervous disorders is too much leisure.

What an unsympathetic view she has of human nature! Apparently she thinks the majority of neurotic women are just malingering.

The cure for nerves is complete rest from worry—quiet surroundings away from the modern madding crowd.

Life to-day goes at too swift a pace. Mrs. Ferguson, East St., Brampton, Adelaide.

Fancied Ills

MISS HUNGERFORD has stressed a good point. One of the main reasons for the increase of nervous disorders among the women of to-day is the fact that many of them have too much spare time on their hands, with the result that they concentrate too much on themselves and fancied ill. A busy woman has little time to think of nerves—there are too many other interesting things in the world.

Miss Anne Campbell, 24 Henrietta St., Glenferrie E2, Vic.

Overwork Does It

I CANNOT endorse Miss Hungerford's cure for nerves. A visit to some of our hospitals would be enlightening.

There you will find the capable business-woman, overtaxed with responsibilities; the nurse, who has devoted years to caring for the sick; the busy mother, who has worked herself to a standstill.

Probably many of our grandmothers were just as overworked, but nobody then considered "nerves" worth bothering about.

Jane Rice, 97 Woodland St., Balgowlah, N.S.W.

Radio Doesn't Help

A DOCTOR of my acquaintance told me that, to be happy and as free from nerves as possible in this swiftly-moving age, women should have a hobby. They should not have time hanging on their hands.

He also stated that the continuous impact of radio is wearing to the nerves. Some women have the wireless set turned on all day, and, although many of them say they enjoy it, the continuous noise and vibration tell on them in the course of time. J. G. Paynton, Garden St., Hawthorn E2, Vic.

Give Up Parties

IF women would only give up their smoking, parties, bridge, and the hectic round there would be fewer nervous wrecks.

Women are so emotional and excitable that they need plenty of relaxation and rest.

They dabble in too many things without giving themselves sufficient



breaks. No wonder there are so many nervous wrecks.

J. N. Lewis, Lanoma Street, Launceston, Tas.

Study How To Relax

I AM sure the treatment suggested by Miss Hungerford for neurotic trouble would only aggravate the complaint. Such cases need rest and quiet, not work and worry.

We are all living at high tension nowadays.

The neurotic patient should try to cultivate a happy, contented mind, and if the study of an art is indicated let it be the almost lost art of relaxation and repose.

C. Marsden, 7 Royal Arcade, Melbourne CL.

Even if Defeated, Ambition Has its Value!

MISS PAULINE CONNOLLY (3/7/37) is correct up to a point when she says that in her opinion ambition is fruitless because it brings such disappointment and discontent.

I have seen many people embittered, unable to rise out of the rut. For them ambition has brought nothing but unhappiness.

But the element that lifts us above the animals is just that driving force, the will to rise above circumstances. Without it we would be morose—mere automatons.

Doreen Bridgewater, York St., South Perth.

Negative Outlook

MISS CONNOLLY, what a miserable, defeated outlook!

Of course, ambition stimulates, gives one something to battle for. And, if one loses, think of the tremendous fun of trying, and all the experiences found on the way that go to build up a richer, more satisfying personality.

Nothing of value has ever been gained without effort, and haphazard endeavor is far less likely to lead anywhere than that which is aimed at a goal, however far distant. I'm all for ambition.

Without ambition, the world would be a much poorer place, peopled by far less interesting people. Ambition gives a fillip to existence!

Miss M. Lantry, Carina, Springfield Avenue, Potts Point, N.S.W.

Don't Let It Dominate

YES, ambition can lead to disillusionment and unhappiness.

But it is only a person who has let ambition become the dominating force

Our Private Lives Belong to All!

HOW often we hear it said that a person's private life is his own affair. But is it?

No one who mingles with his fellows can enjoy an exclusive existence. In man's relations with his fellows, the intimate affairs which concern the individual concern his associates in a lesser degree.

Mrs. P. C. McCann, 12 Franklin Ave., Flinders Park, S.A.

In his life, and who has brushed aside other joys in life, who will suffer so keenly when he falls short of his goal.

It is said there is good and bad in most things. Love, for instance, often causes suffering, yet it is love that makes the world go round.

So with ambition.

Miss Nancy H. Wilson, Warrawong, P.O., Lavington, via Albury, N.S.W.

Real Ambition

REAL ambition knows no end. Like the ocean its waves are never-ending while life lasts. It acknowledges no defeat plans thwarted merely turn activities into other channels.

With the successfully ambitious one there has been little time for dreaming—the languishing, discouraged one is merely a dreamer, not truly ambitious.

Mrs. B. A. Lierse, Plenty P.O., Vic.

Be Moderate

AMBITION, Miss Connolly, is invaluable because it encourages us to aspire to loftier heights.

Our modern inventions are not due to mere circumstances, but to the dogged determination of our fellow-men.

Of course we must observe the rule of moderation, and our ambition should never become an obsession, with no regard for anything or anyone else.

Undoubtedly, we cannot hope to realise all our ambitions, but feelings of resentment should be discouraged when our efforts meet with failure. After all, there is always another chance!

Miss E. Smillie, 18 Raglan St., Mosman, N.S.W.

Has the Modern Girl a Poor Taste in Books?

WHY is Beatie Clive so "horrified" at women's reading (3/7/37)? I worked for a time in a library. The readers were among what is termed the professional class, and I discovered to my amazement that 90 per cent. of the men read only crime, western, or adventure stories. The average housewife, though partial to romance, was also an avid reader of the better-class novel.

It is true that only about 10 per cent. of the public read anything of good literary value. It is my opinion that the average Australian reader,



male or female, lacks the courage and adventure necessary in opening up the road to better reading.

I cannot agree with Beatie Clive that "women's mental development is far behind that of man." I think both sexes are on a par.

Joan McLennan, 161 Darley Rd., Randwick, N.S.W.

What of the Men?

ONE doesn't have to be a librarian to be horrified at women's reading.

Just observe the reading of the young girls in trains and trams: silly, trashy novels predominate. Still, the average young man doesn't seem to enjoy even these types of books. He has the paper and racing guide, and his reading seems to end there.

Phyl George, Swan St., Hobart.

Hasn't Time to Read

THE average woman has never developed a taste for good books because, if not absorbed completely during the teens by a too-demanding timetable of study and sport, most girls are taken up with social life.

At home the fourteen-year-old is industrious if she makes herself a dress; if she picks up a book she's considered simply lazy.

By the time that she becomes mistress of her own leisure hours she is too old to bother developing a new taste. Hence, she takes the line of least resistance and reads lazily, and lightly.

Gertrude Stockwell, Junna, via Kilsay, Qld.

Means of Relaxation

BESSIE CLIVE takes only the obvious side in denouncing the reading taste of modern girls.

I certainly have noticed the "trashy" literature that modern girls prefer. Every day in trains, trams, and buses they may be seen literally devouring impossible detective stories, love novels, etc. Yet there is a reason for this. And by diverse investigation I have found that owing to the high pressure rate of working women's minds are overtaxed and the only relaxation and rest they get is in reading—and that of stuff that needs no concentration: To wit, literary "trash."

Robert E. Clarke, Egremont, 213 Liverpool Rd., Burwood, N.S.W.

Men Just as Bad

SUCH general statements as that of Beatie Clive are really annoying.

There is, of course, a class of people who will never "grow up" in the sense that they never develop in their reading. But why say that only girls and women read "trash"? How about the men with their adventure and mystery stories? These are no less trash than the romantic novels Beatie Clive writes about.

Mrs. Manning, Swan St., Hobart.

PAY FOR SCHOOLING?

WITH all the controversy raging at present about our educational system, I think something might be said about the question of payment for education.

The State schools, originally intended for the benefit of those who cannot pay anything towards their children's schooling, are being overcrowded by pupils whose parents could well afford to send them to Grammar Schools or Colleges, but prefer instead to let the State educate their children gratis, except for a certain amount of taxation which we all pay. Thus the man who is already paying out school fees for his own children is also bearing (at least in part) the burden of his neighbors' children's education as well.

Would it not be fairer if we had some sliding scale of charges, so that everyone paid some proportion—however small—of their income towards their children's education?

Miss D. R. Allan, 28 Leven St., Essendon, Melbourne.

OFFICE COLLECTIONS

PRESENTATIONS for all sorts of things are becoming so common in offices now that I suggest some legalised regular system!

Let's have a tax like the wages tax on everybody's salary to be devoted entirely to presentations throughout the year, the amount to be assessed according to wages and number of people in the firm.

At least, we should have a regular scheme worked out so that all will contribute in proportion to their salary.

Mrs. Smith, Kennaway St., Tummore, S.A.

TRUE HOSTESS

HAVE you noticed that the average hostess lacks even the rudiments of hospitality?

Instead of consciously exerting herself to make her guest feel at ease she expects him to fit in with the company and surroundings. If a guest is shy or nervous and is not a "good mixer," surely it is the obvious duty of the hostess to try to understand.

If hostesses were more hospitable, many more personalities would develop along happier lines.

Miss F. M. Robinson, Ryrie's Parade, Cremorne North, N.S.W.

SKIN DISEASES

FREE DIAGNOSIS FOR "WOMEN'S WEEKLY" READERS

Chemist's Remarkable Success

EVEN the most difficult cases of skin disease which have failed to respond to medical treatment have been successfully relieved by the well-known chemist, Mr. R. Richard Diamond, Ph.D., according to reports received from readers all over Australia and New Zealand.

Mr. Diamond's remarkable dermatological discovery has brought prompt relief to hundreds of sufferers from irritating and disfiguring skin conditions.

Complete relief has been given from eczema, psoriasis, acne, boils, body rash, pruritis, varicose veins, skin, tropical ringworm, germ-socket-calls, freckles, and many other skin diseases. Among reports received are the following:

"My freckles, which became infected with a germ, has responded to your treatment and is quite healed. Within a week the pain had gone."—Miss A.P.C. Hobart.

"I suffered from it for two months, and treatment from doctors and chemists had no effect. After a fortnight of your treatment, the rash and irritation completely disappeared."—R.D.A. Hobart.

"I suffered from itchy eczema on my leg for twelve years, but your treatment has completely cured me."—A.R. Wandwick.

"I suffered from psoriasis for ten years, and could not get relief. I had given up hope of a cure, but your treatment completely cured me in a few weeks."—B.M. Perth.

Hundreds of letters like the above provide remarkable testimony to the success of Mr. Diamond's treatment. CONSULTATIONS PERSONALLY OR BY POST.

Readers are invited to call or write to Mr. R. Richard Diamond, Quindlan Chemist, 95/97 Hall Street, 115 West, Bondi Beach, N.S.W. or at Diamond's New City Pharmacy, 22 Hawson Place, Sydney. (Jus access from Central Railway Station.)

MR. RICHARD DIAMOND, is a chemist, and has been given from eczema, psoriasis, acne, boils, body rash, pruritis, varicose veins, skin, tropical ringworm, germ-socket-calls, freckles, and many other skin diseases. Among reports received are the following:

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And you'll find that romance is just around the corner. To him, your stockings are just as important as the flowers in your hair... or the song in your heart. They're as clear and as sheer as the twinkle in your eye. You don't know how glorious life is till you have the thrill of wearing...

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GAY DECEIVER: A gay and silken sheer combined with cunningly concealed, long-wearing features... 6/11.

SHEER LOVELINESS: A good looking service sheer... with more wear per pair than any other stocking of this type... 5/11.

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Of course, all are manufactured under genuine Ringlo Patent.

For Sport and City wear when you like a service sheer, we recommend... **JOY.** Pure silk from top to toe... with amazing durability. It is rightly called the 'famous happy medium weight'... 6/11.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY

The Loveliest in the World

Books

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

Reality and Romance in New Remarque Nove!

A Moving Story of Comradeship

Mysticism and reality march hand in hand in the strangely beautiful country of Erich Remarque's imagination in his latest novel, "Three Comrades."

It is a curiously compounded tale of moonlight and pretzels—of despair and disillusion. The ragged edges of living for men who had lost the way.

IT is a nebulous book.

Not in the derogatory sense, that is, but because of the unusual mixture of feeling which pervades it. The blending of beer and biscuits—of melancholy and moonlight.

Soberer in treatment than "All Quiet on the Western Front," it is a book of moods and startling changes.

One moment the three comrades are talking in the cosy vernacular of the trenches over sausages and beer, and the next the poet has possessed the soldier with lines of sheer beauty.

Significant, this mixture of realism and whimsy in the development of a novelist of distinction.

Here is his description of the meeting of Robert and Patricia, the hero and heroine of his brilliant novel:

"The girl was seated between Lenz and me. She had taken off her coat and beneath it wore a grey English costume. Her hair was brown and silky, and in the lamplight had an amber sheen.

The Birthday

"HER face was narrow and pale, but the large eyes gave it an almost passionate strength. She looked very good, I decided—but I thought no more about it.

"Lenz, on the other hand, was all fire and flame. He was completely changed from what he had been just now. His yellow head of hair shone. I just had to sit by and could do little to make myself noticed even.

"Lenz suddenly clasped his hand to his forehead: 'The rum! Bob, go and fetch our birthday rum!'

"'Birthday? Is it someone's birthday, then?' asked the girl.

"'Yes, mine,' said I. 'I've been plagued with it all day.'

"'Plagued? Then you won't be wanting my congratulations, I suppose?'

"'Oh, yes,' said I, 'congratulation is another matter.'

"'Fine, then all the best.'

"For a moment I held her hand in mine and felt her warm, dry pressure. Then I went out to get the rum."

Then in another passage there is the poetry of spring seen through the eyes of a sad and unhappy man.

"Just look, Herr Lotkamp, isn't that gorgeous? Every time it's a fresh miracle."

I stood in astonishment—the old plum tree by the petrol pump had blossomed overnight.

There it had stood, bent and bare.

Books To Read

"ROYAL PURPLE." Bertha Harding. Historical novel with Balkan setting.

"BRIEF FLOWER OF YOUTH." Graham Heath. Brilliant story of pre-war Germany and the country to-day.

"TOD WILEY." Robert Darnell. London slum life graphically described.

"FRONTERA." Victor MacClure. Romance in Spain.

all winter; we used to hook up old tyres in it and stood oil-cans to drain in its branches.

It was only a few days since our newly-washed dungarees were flapping from its branches; even so late as yesterday there had been nothing specially noticeable about it—and now suddenly, overnight, it had been transformed, enchanted into a shimmering cloud of pink and white, a cloud of bright blossom, as if a swarm of butterflies had suddenly settled on our grimy workshop.

"And the smell!" said she, rolling her eyes with enthusiasm, "marvellous!—just like rum."

We have Remarque in different vein in the tragedy of the death of one of the comrades—shot in a street disturbance.

"He must have died instantly," said the doctor.

Koester straightened up. He looked at Gottfried. The doctor plugged the wounds and stuck strips of sticking-plaster across.

Gottfried's face was now yellow and fallen in. He looked at us. He kept on looking at us.

"How did it happen?" asked the doctor.

No one answered. Gottfried looked at us. He looked at us fixedly.

"He can stay here," said the doctor.

Street Fighting

KOESTER moved. "No," he replied. "We're taking him."

"Can't be done," said the doctor. "We must telephone the police. Everything must be done immediately to find the culprit."

"Culprit?" Koester looked at the doctor as if he did not understand him. "Good," said he then, "I'll drive along and fetch the police."

"You can telephone. They'll be here quicker then."

Koester slowly shook his head. "No, I'll fetch them."

He went out and I heard the car leap away. The doctor pushed a chair towards me. "Won't you sit down in the meantime?"

"Thanks," said I, and continued to stand. The bright light still lay on Gottfried's chest. The doctor pushed the lamp a bit higher. "How did it happen?" he asked once more.

"I don't know. Must have been a mistake for somebody else."

"Was he in the war?" asked the doctor.

I nodded.

"You can see that by the scars," said he. "And the withered arm. He's been wounded several times."

"Yes. Four times."

"A skunk's trick," said the stretcher-bearer. "And all these young swines were still in their cradles then."

I made no reply. Gottfried looked at me steadily.

"Three Comrades." Erich Maria Remarque. Hutchinsons.



His lips said "Darling"
but his breath said
"ONIONS"

IF you cease breathing you die if you keep breathing and your breath is unpleasant you die also (socially, that is). Nobody will enjoy your conversation if, all the time, they KNOW that you had ONIONS for dinner.

Clear your breath with a May Breath. May Breath tablets remove all trace of onions, stale tobacco, etc., in a minute. Non-scented. Antiseptic. Good for you. Carry a tin with you always—it takes up very little room.



MAY BREATH

CLEAR YOUR BREATH

1/- a tin at all Chemists



YOU have no idea how refreshing a bath can be until you've bathed with Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Wright's health-giving antiseptic lather cleanses pores thoroughly and destroys infection, while its special oils gently stimulate and 'tone' the skin. Because it helps your skin to do its work perfectly, you feel fresh and buoyant all day after a bath with Wright's. It is the toilet soap that doctors themselves use more than any other. And the only toilet soap that's gained the Blue Seal of Merit, highest award of the Institute of Hygiene.

WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar Soap



Try Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream as I did—

and you will see your skin become softer and lovelier every day

Your first jar of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream will be a revelation. No cream you have ever used will cleanse your skin so thoroughly... will penetrate into your pores so deeply... will remove every trace of grime and make-up so quickly. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream will leave your skin so clear, soft, and youthful that you will never again be without it. Start using Perfect Cold Cream... and watch your complexion grow lovelier every day.



Look your best with DAGGETT & RAMSDSELL

Real Life Stories

Readers Tell of Moments They'll "Never Forget"

Dramatic experiences with bushfires and fires in the home are the theme of the majority of incidents that win Real Life story prizes this week.

To those recounting them, the stories recall moments they'll "never forget."

IN the life of everyone is some such moment that because of its dramatic, emotional, or adventurous quality will never be forgotten.

Readers are invited to contribute them to this page, in letters of about 300 words.

A prize of £1/1/- is paid for the best story each week, and 5/- for others submitted.

Here are this week's winning letters:

Ordeal for Women

ONE New Year's Day I was staying on a station outside Binda, near Crookwell, N.S.W., run by a young couple who had just been married.

In the middle of the night someone called and asked if the husband would come and help to beat out a bushfire caused by a tramp leaving the hot embers of a fire behind him.

The men had to go about 10 miles. The fire got away and before dinner time our station was burning.

The only lead about left to cut fences so that the sheep could get away.

Despite all the care that was taken our house got on fire. We women alone had to turn round and help to beat it out, and save the home. We had to carry the water in buckets while one was pumping it.

Luckily for us, the wind eventually changed, and blew the flames in the other direction.

To make matters worse, an old man living on the station (too old to help) died of shock. He had to be buried at once, as we could not get in touch with Crookwell, over forty miles away.

If I live to one hundred I shall never forget that New Year's Day.

£1/1/- to Miss Daphney Roberts, 19 Highbury St., Croydon, N.S.W.

Play Ended Tragically

A REAL-LIFE incident which I can never forget occurred many years ago, when I was about 15.

About 300 yards from our home lived a young couple with their two little boys, aged five and two.

They had a boarder who slept in a tent in the yard, some distance from the house.

On looking out of the window one day, my cousin and I saw the tent in flames, and to our horror a small black object came stumbling out of the blaze. We rushed over, and I shall never forget the sight we saw. The eldest boy stood there moaning, and his little body was burnt black.

I could not bring myself to touch that charred body, but my cousin seized a bag and rolled him up and carried him in.

The poor mother came screaming down to find the baby, but he was dead in the tent. The mother had been inside at the washbasin and had heard nothing. The eldest boy lived three hours in agony.

It was a terrible experience, and my cousin and I could not speak for days. I shall never forget it.

5/- to Mrs. J. Dyett, 6 Elton Rd., Keswick, S.A.

Wife's Courage

ONE hot summer's day a bushfire came like the breath of doom. I rushed away with other men to fight it.

Men, almost too tired to stand, with smoke-filled eyes streaming with tears, fought to stop the bushfire's rush towards their homes.

We had no time to eat, and parched and blistered, the men fought on, for such is the spirit of the bush.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon the wind dropped and turned, and gave us a chance, and we made the most

HAVE YOU A STORY?

THESE cameos of real life in every corner of the globe are a popular weekly feature in The Australian Women's Weekly. Humor, pathos, romance, tragedy—all the human emotions are reflected in these little pen pictures.

A prize of £1/1/- is paid for the best submitted each week, and 5/- consolation prizes for any others published. All contributions must be signed by the author, and stories should include all relevant details. Post to Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address at top of page 3.

of it, making firebreaks and back-firing. Almost too soon the wind changed and blew back on us, but by that time we had turned the bushfire with the firebreaks and had it under control, that is, if a bushfire can be under control.

What a relief! What a blessing! Our homes, our stock, and our families were saved!

We sat down to watch the fire, wanting nothing more than a drink of tea and a bite to eat, when out of the smoke and fire came a woman, blackened, begrimed, and tired.

In one hand was a kerosene-tin, in the other a sugar-bag.

We all jumped up and rushed to help her and carry her things. What a surprise! For in the kerosene-tin was a couple of gallons of tea, and the sugar-bag was filled with sandwiches.

Over the burning ground, under the burning timber, for miles, in the blazing sun she had carried those things for us.

All the other men fell to eating and drinking, but I could not. The shock of seeing my wife come through the fire like that was too much for me.

5/- to Victor E. Taylor, Kuttahul, Mackay, Qld.

Saved by Mother

NEVER will I forget June 13. We all retired to bed at 10 p.m., and, being a habit of mine, I settled down to have a read before I went to sleep.

Having no electric light in my room I use a candle. To see better, I put the candle on the pillow. After reading for a short time I dozed off to sleep leaving the candle still burning.

My mother, who happened to be awake at the time, could smell something burning, and got up to investigate. On seeing a light burning in my room she opened the door to tell me to go to sleep.

She was amazed to find my pillow ablaze and my head not two inches from the flames.

Quickly dragging me from my bed she hurriedly woke my brother. After getting the fire in hand, we returned to bed, but not to sleep.

The fire did little damage, for which everyone was thankful, but had my mother been a few minutes later in rousing me my hair and face would have been badly burnt.

If my mother had not been awake at all this story would probably never have been written by me.

I have her to thank for my life, and, needless to say, there will be no more reading in bed for me.

5/- to Miss T. Field, Lang St., Kurri Kurri, N.S.W.

Value of First Aid

MY daughters having gone to first aid, I picked up our Women's Weekly and opened it at Real Life Stories, which reminded me of how my knowledge of first aid had helped me save my daughter's life.

When she was about 16 she was washing a silk dress in petrol in the kitchen.

Aware of the danger indoors, I told her to take it outside, meaning in the garden, but she took it into the laundry next to a lighted gas-ring.

I had slowly followed her out, and as I got to the door the things caught alight, and she was immediately a pillar of fire.

I scratched up a rug off the floor and wrapped her in it and smothered the flames.



REAL LIFE DRAMAS always find the telephone girl ready to play her part. This one in U.S.A. is seen carrying on her job by primitive lamplight when a strike deprived the city of electric light. Australian telephone girls have frequently proved their courage and resource in emergencies—particularly during floods and fires.

We both had a good cry after her burns had been dressed, while my son put the fire out.

Had I never learnt first aid I should not have known how to approach anyone on fire, and would most likely have been burnt myself.

In my dreams I often live that awful few minutes again and see her all on fire.

I thank God that I joined that St. John Ambulance class and got my certificate.

5/- to Mrs. R. Warten, 35 Carlyle St., Enfield.

Not Such a Joke

WHEN I was a child a friend would often, for a lark, burn a cork and blacken his face, put on old clothes that were handy, and knock at the back door of our home, which was in an isolated part of the country, and call "Gibbit bread, missus, gibbit money."

I was so used to his larks I took no

fright when one day an abo, came to the back door with a "Gibbit money, missus."

"Oh, I know you," I called, laughing, and ran in to tell mother.

He followed me in, and only when mother screamed was I alarmed.

"Gibbit money, missus," the man called, and mother pointed to an old lumber-room at the end of the verandah, saying, "My purse, it's in there."

He went in and as quick as a flash mother bolted the door.

Father arrived home two hours later to find a badly-frightened pair guarding the window, mother with a tomahawk in her hand.

The intruder we found, later on, was a poor half-wit, who was transferred to an asylum.

Whenever I see an abo, comes the reminder of a night when a pioneer woman mounted guard outside a window, a tomahawk held in her trembling hand.

5/- to Mrs. L. G. Ellis, Swan St., Mosman Park, W.A.



Whether on pleasure or business you travel more comfortably when you travel interstate by sea. You will enjoy the freedom of spacious decks and big restful lounges—the delightful cuisine—the unobtrusive service of the ship's staff. Sea travel is also the most economical because the fare includes meals, accommodation and service.

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19/7/37

Send No Money!



*Must
I always
suffer
from*

CONSTIPATION?

NO! says your doctor

"Common constipation is caused by lack of natural 'bulk' in your diet. Harsh medicines only bring temporary relief. If you take them constantly they will aggravate your condition by weakening your system. My advice is to get 'bulk' back into your diet."

*Kellogg's All-Bran supplies this natural "bulk" to your system.



**Famous
Physicians Agree**
**HARSH MEDICINES
ARE DANGEROUS**

Common constipation is caused by insufficient "bulk" in our diet. Those who try to cure it by taking a harsh medicine almost daily are courting real danger. The only safe remedy is to restore "bulk" to the diet. Unfortunately most of the foods we eat, such as white bread, milk, eggs, meat and fish contain little or no "bulk." "Bulk" is the fibrous element in certain fruit, vegetables and grains with which Nature intended to keep you regular.

ALL-BRAN SUPPLIES NATURAL BULK

Scientists have proved that Bran supplies the best possible type of "bulk." Acting upon this research, Kellogg's have produced All-Bran—a nut sweet breakfast cereal which provides the most effective type of bulk in a concentrated form. As All-Bran passes through the system it forms a soft, absorbent mass that very gently cleanses the alimentary tract. The peristaltic action of the bowels is resumed in a natural manner. Isn't this better than constantly shocking your system into action? Order some Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day.

Sold at all Grocers.



NO! says this young housewife

"Although I felt terribly ill for a long while I put off going to a doctor. However, I had to go in the end. He told me that all my headaches and bilious attacks were the result of constipation and that my system was in a seriously weakened condition as a result of constantly taking harsh purgatives. On doctor's instructions I started eating All-Bran for breakfast. Now I'm perfectly regular—and I've forgotten what it's like to have a nervy, 'headachy' day."



NO! says this business girl

"I could never understand why I was constipated because I took medicine regularly. Then a girl at the office told me how she kept well with Kellogg's All-Bran. I tried it, too. It only took me a week to realise that I had found a natural way to keep my bowels regular."

COUNTERFEIT Coin

Continued from Page 7

It was half-past five that evening, and we were beginning to wonder where we should spend the night, when for the fifth or sixth time we lost our way.

As I brought the Rolls to rest: "I decline to apologise," said Herrick. "I know I'm holding the map, but the map is wrong. Where did you get the swine?"

"It's an ordnance map," I protested. "It can't be wrong. If we'd turned to the left at—"

"If you say that again," said Herrick, "I shall tear the map into fragments and strew them about the road. I may even masticate them. D'you usually turn to the left when you're trying to get to the right?"

"Not as a rule," said I. "But from what I've seen of this country—"

"And there you're right," said Herrick. "The land's bewitched. Eighteen Inns to date—and I'd swap the lot for a supper of bread-and-milk and a truss of hay."

"To be frank," said I, "I'm not very much surprised. But you said you knew the place. And you swore that the Inns were out of the golden world."

"So they were," raged Herrick, "ten years ago. It isn't my fault they've changed. Ten years ago I stayed at an Inn by Villach some twenty-five miles from a train. I paid five shillings a day, and they served my food on silver and gave me clean sheets every night. And wept when I left."

"Well, we've two hours yet," said I. "Let's give the map a rest and go as we please."

"Every time," said Herrick, and closed his eyes. "Don't wake me when we come to a village. Just go and look at the Inn and then get back in the car. The rite must be observed—as a matter of form. But I don't want to know about it. I've had enough shocks to-day. Oh, and where's that roll I stepped on?"

Winter spoke from the back of the car.

"You gave it to the pig, sir, at Gooschen."

"So I did," said Herrick. "So I did. You know, it's almost biblical. I picked at my omelette this morning—a succulent mushroom omelette, fit for the palate of a king. And to-night I would fain fill my stomach with the crusts that the swine did eat. Learn of me, Winter—and never let me do that again."

"Very good, sir," said Winter obediently.

I let in the clutch.

For more than a mile to come we threaded a dark green forest of close-set firs, and then we passed over some ridge and began to go down between meadows of very fine grass. No signs of habitation were to be seen, but that meant little enough, for the country was very blind, and now, then once that day we had taken a bend to find before us a village which we had supposed to be yet a long way off. And then, on a sudden, there appeared a fork in the road.

As I set a foot on the brake I threw a glance at Herrick, to see him asleep, and after a moment's reflection I switched to the left. I confess that the way to the right was the better road, but that climbed up once more, while that to the left led on down, and, to tell the truth, I was more for the comfort of country that man administered than the proud domain which was ruled by Nature alone.

Before half a mile had gone by, however, I had an uneasy feeling that we were making the most of some private road, but since I could not turn round there was nothing to do but go on. Another two furlongs proved my suspicion justified, and I rounded a bend to see our way swallowed up by the shade of two mighty chestnuts which were standing, like Gog and Magog, before a substantial farm.

Now I could not turn the Rolls round without driving past the chestnuts and so right up to the house, and since, if we were observed, we could scarcely withdraw without excusing ourselves, it seemed to me that we might as well ask where we were and then endeavor to find the farm on the map. But when I put this to Herrick, he only bade me proceed and let him be, and when I said that we could no longer go on, he said he was glad to hear it and settled himself for a further and better sleep.

I decided to force his hand, and drove up to the house.

The doors and windows were open, but no one was to be seen, and I saw

at once that here was more than a farm, for the house was more important than any of those we had passed.

As Winter opened the door of the car a pleasant-looking woman appeared at the head of the steps.

I had no hat to take off, but I bowed and smiled. Then I pointed to the map in my hand and, speaking for some absurd reason, in what I believed to be French, announced that we were lost and requested the name of the house.

The woman smiled.

"I think you are English," she said. "I could hardly believe my ears, and I think my look of amazement made her laugh. Be that as it may, the two of us laughed together as though at some excellent jest, till a bright-eyed girl came running to see what the matter might be."

Her mother addressed her in German, still shaking with mirth, and the two of them laughed together before returning to me.

"My mother," said the girl, "can only speak two or three words, but I am better, sir, if you will say what you want."

"She's better than I am," said I. "And you are extremely good. Have you ever been in England?"

"Oh, no. But every summer an English family stays here. They come in August to fish. And they have been good to teach me as much as I know."

"Do you mean that they stay here?" said I. "That they lodge with you?"

"Always," said Brenda, proudly—for I later learned that that was her name. "They have made us a beautiful bathroom two years ago."

"Listen," said I. "From nine o'clock this morning my friend and I have been scouring the countryside to try to find an Inn at which we could possibly stay. We could not even find one at which we could break our fast."

Brenda nodded sympathetically.

"The Inns are no good," she said.

"Will you receive us?" I said. "We shan't be any trouble, and my servant here will do all he can to help."

The girl consulted her mother. I watched them with my heart in my mouth.

Then: "We shall be pleased," she said simply, "until the end of July."

I COULD have flung my arms round her neck. Instead, I shook hands with them both and then ran round to rouse Herrick and tell him my wonderful news.

He heard me out in silence.

Then: "Young man," he said, "from now on I shall take a back seat. I'm very much wiser than you—to turn to the left like that was the act of a fool—but you're one of Fortune's darlings, and that's worth all the wisdom in all the world. And now let's consider the flesh. I think we might prove that bathroom—as soon as we've had some beer."

As may be believed, we did no more that evening than minister to our needs and stroll in content about our heritage. The house, which had been a balliff's, was full of fine rooms; our apartments were all that two men could ever desire; and the Rolls was lodged in a coach-house which would have accepted three cars. All this was well enough, but the honest goodwill that was shown us was such as a man remembers as long as he lives. With it all, no questions were asked and we were left to ourselves.

After breakfast the following day we returned to the map. We found our bearings at once, for the farm was marked. The name of it was Raveny, and Brief lay eleven miles off. Such a distance was very convenient, for while we could have gone to the castle in twenty minutes or less, we were out of the range of such gossip as comes to a servants' hall.

The estate was large, but the castle stood to one side; and that, of course, was something for if it had stood in the middle, unless we were ready to trespass, we could have seen nothing at all. About the estate stood mountains—so much was clear. But whether by climbing one we should have a fair view of the castle was more than we could divine. Still, we carefully pencilled the roads which, so to speak, by-passed Brief on the southern side, for that was the side upon which the castle was built. And then we set out to prove them. Unless the map was lying, if Brief could be commanded from any point, that point could only be reached from one of our pencilled roads.

Please turn to Page 24

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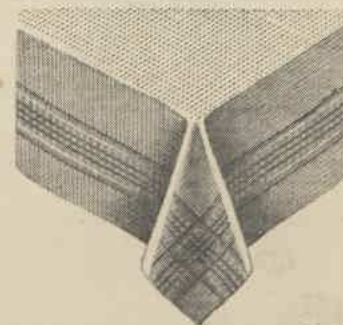
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BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES

Why Not Lady Jockeys When the Mere Men Fail?

By BETTY GEE

My betting system went all smash at Canterbury. Maxie Papworth being suspended, I couldn't follow him, and my latest jockey, Bartle, was ungentlemanly enough to get the "flu" after I'd selected him as worth following.

Three races were won by country jockeys, and two others by city riders who have been long absent from the glare of limelight which flares on the successful knights of the pigskin.

It is enough to make a girl turn jockey herself and back her own mounts. Anyhow, why don't they have lady jockeys? I understand that a Jockey Club committee has turned its face modestly against the idea.

Well, they scratched the Head Waiter's best bet, Rembrandt, and Hieronymus was scratched, too. That sort of left me suspended like Mahomet's coffin.

No tips only Kirrang, and no

Bouquet for Betty

I HAVE read many letters of appreciation of The Australian Women's Weekly, but I have not so far seen any bouquets handed out to that queen of tipsters, Betty Gee. If she goes on as she is doing, all the other tipsters will be waiting to see her tips first.

You're not always right, Betty, but you'll do me. What I lose on you once, I more than make up for next week.

Carry on the good work, Betty, and keep in well with the ice man and the head waiter.
P.J.S., Campbell St., Sydney.

jockeys, saving Willie Cook, and I will say that he won a race on Pygmalion, but that's one I'd backed until he gave me dizzy fits.

Having missed Willie on Pygmalion, I went for him on Dorsette in the Second Juvenile. Now the men punters say to miss a jockey when he wins and back him next time is courting disaster in the worst degree.

They are right, too. Willie Cook was caught in a bargain-sale scrimmage or something, and when he got Dorsette loose she flew, but it was far too late, and she was beaten into third place in a close finish.

By this time the bank was so low you could have leapt over it with sheath skirts on, and I could only afford half a note on Poverdale for the Flying Welter. Sixes to one, and Stingo Jones brought him flying along at the finish to win by half a length, bless his heart.

Missed Bartle

THEN there was Televisé all ready for a hat-trick with two wins at Rosebery in a fortnight, and I rushed him at 6 to 1 for the Canterbury Handicap.

That move cost me £1 to find out that Televisé with Ted Bartle at the helm is one thing, and Televisé with a little apprentice aboard is something less than a racehorse. He ran fourth.

I was caught in the eddy of a bargain rush for Rummage when Handsome Jock Lynch offered 2's. Mrs. Bobbie Walder had the very refined oil about this little horse.

This win really proved my undoing. I gave me £3 to put on Kirrang, but I might just as well have put it on the old draught horse who was busy pulling the roller round between races. If Kirrang had a roller harnessed to her niggardly hide, she couldn't have gone much slower.

The outcome was Verdene won easily, and Kirrang was a far-off third. She's one I think I'll drop. As temperamental as Greta Garbo, her trainer, Willie Pratt, declares.

My tip in the next race was Haughty Clare, and I heard a bookie call 7/1, and joined the rush, only to meet a polite refusal, so I turned haughtily and backed Lavage—another mistake.

If you saw a woman sobbing and bent beneath her barrow-load of sor-

row, leaving the course, that was me, Betty G., homeward bound and penniless except a bus fare.

But still, what's the use of crying over spilt milk?

The races are at Rosehill, Wednesday, this week. What a funny day to hold them, but I'll have to be there, because the Head Waiter's tip is Tonga, and I mustn't miss it.

The coal-and-coke brings me Levant, and he's not prodigal with his tips now winter's drawing to an end.

Then there's Fernacre from somebody who's had it from the girl who's been going about with one of Stan Lamond's stable-boys.

This is a hot 'un, my informant declares. It'll have to be hot, in fact, 212 degrees Fahrenheit, to get me out of my losses.

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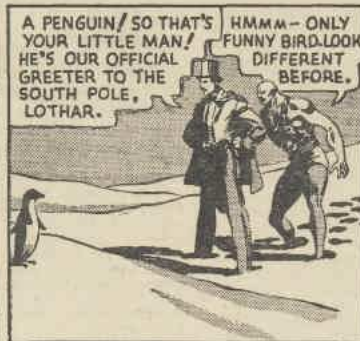
Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, visit Capetown and meet
MOLLY BRUNSWICK: Airwoman, who tells them she is
shortly making a solo flight to the South Pole. Later,
listening-in to her world broadcast from her plane,
Mandrake hears her say she is at the Pole, and that
she sees a sheet of steam rising from the earth.
Then there is silence. Mandrake, alarmed for her safety,

himself charts a plane to the Pole. When they are
nearing their objective, they run out of petrol. Lothar
leaps from the plane in the only parachute; Mandrake
jumps without one, suspending himself in the air by
magic for sufficient time to allow Lothar to prepare
a soft mass of snow for him to fall on. Lothar then
tells Mandrake that he has seen a little man with
hands but no arms, feet, but no legs. NOW READ ON.



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COUNTER FEIT Coin

Continued from Page 20

Herrick and I had strolled on, out of sound of the fall, and Winter had taken the Rolls and had caught us up.

"I want you to know," said I, "why we three are here and what we are out to do. In that castle you saw I believe there live three people. One is the present owner, the Count of Brief; the second, his only child; and the third, a nephew of his—a Mr. Percy Virgil, by name."

"The same, sir?" said Winter, shortly.

"The same," said I.

"Thank you, sir," said Winter between his teeth.

"Now though Mr. Virgil lives there, he is not the son of the House, and the castle is not his home. It is his cousin's home—and yet he lives there."

"I have reason to think that the Count of Brief prefers Mr. Virgil, his nephew, before his only child; and since the count is about as big a sweep as Mr. Virgil himself, I think it more than likely that, between the two, his cousin has a very thin time. And his cousin is a girl—the Lady Caroline Virgil, just twenty-four years old."

"Well, we are here to find out if my suspicion is just. No more than that for the moment—I may be entirely wrong."

"I'll lay you're not, sir," said Winter. "He'd cut his own mother's throat, if she stood in his way. Cold iron, he is—cold iron; an' as truly wicked a blackguard as ever I met."

"I'm inclined to agree," said I. "But we've got to make sure. And

that's not going to be at all easy, because we must not be seen. But I think the first thing to do is to keep some observation upon the castle itself. And what we are able to see may give us a line to work on."

"Mr. Herrick knows the castle—he stayed there before the war. But that is as much as he knows, and we know nothing at all. So we've all got to use our wits. We're up against a blank wall, on the other side of which is the picture we want to see. Well, we've got to climb it somehow, and if it's not to be climbed—well, curse it, we'll have to go round."

If that was as much as I said, it was more than enough to fan to a flame the embers of Winter's zeal, and from that time on he was heart and soul in the business, as I shall show.

The astonishing chance which led us straight to the viewpoint to which we had hoped to come was the only stroke of good fortune we met that day. To be sure, it was handsome enough; but the fact remains that, so far as we could discover, the bridge from which we had sighted the Castle of Brief was the one and only point on the roads we had marked from which that remarkable pile could be fairly surveyed. And this was provoking, for, while the prospect it offered was all that we could have desired, as a post of observation the bridge was untenable. Apart from drowning the voice, after a few minutes the uproar and the concussion the water made distracted the wits; the bruised and battered senses began to demand relief, and I think that no man who had stayed could have usefully given his mind to anything else.

Please turn to Page 26



VITALITY

Men and women in the making who are nourished by Saunders' Malt Extract bubble over with the joyousness of Perfect Health. Supplied by Saunders' Malt Extract with essential vitamins and minerals, young bodies develop sturdy limbs... young faces glow... young eyes sparkle. A spoonful of Saunders' Malt Extract after meals is one of the pleasantest ways to promote abounding health in a child and also induce freedom from Digestive troubles.

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AIDS DIGESTION — BUILDS THE BODY

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

What Women Are Doing

Cricket Captain

BETTY ARCHDALE, who captained the English women cricketers on their tour in Australia, has completed her law studies and is to be called to the Bar shortly.

There is a rumor among women cricketers that, like Miss Marjorie Pollard, who has been asked to stand for Parliament for the Liberal Party, Miss Archdale may devote herself to politics.

Harmonises Songs for Choir She Founded

HARMONISING the greater proportion of the 200 songs in the repertoire of the St. Cecilia Ladies' Choir has occupied most of the spare time of its leader, Mrs. W. J. McDonnell, during the seven years since she founded the choir.

The choir was formed originally by old scholars of the Convent of Mercy, Angas St., Adelaide, to give numbers at a Mrs. McDonnell school celebration, but since then it has enlarged its scope until it is now one of the best known ladies' choirs in South Australia.

Mrs. McDonnell always tries to select songs that are well known, and, as it is difficult to get those in parts for women's voices only, she has found it necessary to do most of the harmonising.

Jubilee Year Of Queen's Fund

MRS. M. ANDERSON was recently elected secretary for the twelfth successive year of the Queen's Fund, Victoria's permanent memorial for Queen Victoria's Jubilee.

This fund, initiated in 1887 by Lady Loch to mark the completion of Queen Victoria's 50th year on the throne, has now reached its jubilee year. It is managed chiefly by women for the benefit of women. Members have never held a public appeal and have never been in debt. In the past 12 months, 99 of the 110 applications received were assisted.

Woman Horse-breeder Buys New Property

A WELL-KNOWN breeder of thoroughbred horses in South Australia is Miss Norma Gunn, formerly of Chickering Station, on the west coast. Chickering is now quite famous because of the horses which have come from there having been bred by Miss Gunn.

Miss Gunn has, however, left the 75,000-acre property, and has recently purchased a smaller one at Riverton, nearer to Adelaide. She has just had all her stock, including the imported horse, Le Souris, transferred there, and will continue to breed thoroughbreds.

Melba Scholarship Winner To Study Abroad

MISS HINEMOA ROSIEUR, the first Melba Scholarship winner, intends to leave for England at the end of August.

Miss Rosieur comes from Auckland and was chosen from among sixty competitors in 1935 and granted a second year of study under the scholarship conditions in 1936.

A committee has been formed so that she may seek further experience overseas.

Her great ambition is to sing in opera, and shortly after her arrival in London she hopes to go to Germany to study.

Admirers of Miss Rosieur will have a chance of hearing her before she leaves for abroad. She will give a recital at the Assembly Hall, Melbourne, on July 26.



Miss Rosieur
—Brothorn.

Ambulance Training for Girls

THE St. John Ambulance Brigade in South Australia will soon be able to boast of a junior cadet division for girls.

A course of lectures and practical demonstrations for the junior first-aid certificate, which must be gained before the girls can become cadets, is being given by Mrs. D. Williams, a member of the nursing division of the brigade, and should be completed within three months.

When the girls, whose ages range from 11 to 16, have gained this certificate, they will be allowed to accompany senior officers on various assignments and so get practical experience in first-aid work. Home nursing, too, will be included in their training.

Ten Years' Sojourn In Eastern Countries

ACCOMPANYING her husband, who is a Major in the Indian Army, to the various stations in India and China to which he has been appointed during the last ten years has given Mrs. R. C. S. Bates a wide knowledge of Eastern life and customs.

Mrs. Bates is at present holidaying in Adelaide with her two small daughters, and in October, 1938, she will return to Lucknow with her husband, who is coming out on long leave next February. Hindustani, which she speaks fluently, is a comparatively easy language to learn, says Mrs. Bates.

They are hoping to be in Delhi for the proposed Durbat at the end of next year.

Three Girls Give Performances for Juveniles

THREE Melbourne girls are planning to give regular Saturday afternoon performances for children. They are Misses

Marjorie Kyle, Jean Davies and Alex Frankford, and their first performances arranged to be held in the Little Theatre, Martin St., South Yarra, on July 17 and 24, were three one-act plays by real players and two puppet shows, "Punch and Judy" and "St. George and the Dragon."

This is a spare-time job for the three girls. Miss Frankford, who teaches at Pimonia, and has also shown a class of small girls there how to make and manipulate puppets, is handling the business side of the venture.

Miss Davies, who is busily studying art and costume design during the day, has designed all the scenic effects and costumes for the plays, and in addition has made and clothed most of the puppets.

The third of the trio, Miss Marjorie Kyle, teaches drama and speech training at the Presbyterian Ladies' College. She supplies all the voices as well as all the actions for the puppets. This calls for considerable agility and much practice in synchronising actions and words, but Miss Kyle has had that practice. For the last three years she and Miss Davies have spent their summer holidays in a caravan, taking their puppet shows to seaside places all round Victoria.

Encouraging Our Artists and Writers

ARTISTS and literary people of Adelaide have gathered together to form a club, the object of which is to encourage the work of Australian artists and writers, to help them to meet each other on friendly terms, and to make Australia realise that the publication of so much syndicated matter in magazines is not helpful to young authors.

A provisional committee, including Miss Cathrine Brownhill and Miss Agnes Dobson has been elected, with Mrs. H. G. Wilson as secretary. Mrs. Wilson is perhaps better known as Miss E. Giles, who acted in W.E.A. plays, and who writes some very good poetry. There are also some well-known male writers, actors, and artists as members of the club.

Youthful Woman Barrister of Sydney.

ON August 29 a new name will appear among the brass plates in Phillip Street, Sydney—that of Miss Jean Malor, who will set up in practice as a barrister.

Miss Malor, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Malor, of Darling Point, graduated as a Bachelor of Arts before taking her degree in Law. She is no book-stocking, having been successful as a swimmer, and represented Sydney at the inter-varsity swimming carnival in Adelaide in 1933.

She had a brilliant career at Sydney University, and, on graduating in Law this year, did so with first-class honors. She tied for first place in the final examinations last year with a male student, and in 1935 she came first in the third year's examinations.

Miss Malor is revivifying Perth. She was born in the western State, but left it when nine months old, and is now making her first return visit. In Perth she is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Perry, and Miss June Perry. She will return to Sydney by the Manunda, arriving on July 25.

Taking Advantage of Exhibition Week

JUST before Exhibition Week in Brisbane the Queensland Country Women's and Playground Associations hope to raise some money. In the City Hall an airflight revue and mannequin parade will be staged. Mrs. Forgan Smith is taking a keen interest and giving much assistance.

The sixteen mannequins are busy making themselves evening frocks, for which there will be a prize. Vivienne Taylor, a well-known member of the Repertory Society, is prominently associated with the revue.

Concluding Commonwealth Broadcasting Tour

DURING the last week of July Miss Beatrice Tange, the Australian pianist, will return to her home in Sydney

on the completion of a 13 weeks' tour of the Commonwealth, under engagement to the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

In Perth Miss Tange played as soloist at the celebrity orchestral concert conducted by Professor Schneevogt, and will have visited all the capital cities before the end of her tour.

Besides concert and broadcasting work Miss Tange has made a number of records, and can claim the honor of being the only Australian pianist recorded on His Master's Voice. Earlier in her career she spent two years on the Continent studying with Professor Teleman, of Leipzig, and is hoping to go abroad again next year to England and America.



Miss Jean Malor



Miss Marjorie Kyle
—Brothorn.



Miss Tange
—Rembrandt.

To Adjudicate at Various Competitions

MRS. MAIE HOBAN, Melbourne, who has been appointed educational adjudicator for the forthcoming competitions at Rutherglen and Ivanhoe, Vic. and the Railway Institute Elsteddod in Sydney, is a great worker for young Australian writers. She hopes gradually to establish a school of Australian drama and literature in Melbourne.

With this aim in view she recently conducted a playwriting competition and presented a prize of £5/5/- to the winner. She hopes to increase the prize-money each year and make it an annual event.

Four years ago Mrs. Hoban established the Unnamed Players, and has produced numerous plays, mainly for charity.

After the Sydney competitions she leaves for England and will attend the English festival, study the methods of the producers, and also give a series of lectures.

Working for Mentally Deficient Children

TRAVANCORE special auxiliary has a busy time working to provide all manner of things, from wireless sets to slippers, Christmas trees to day outings, for the little people at Travancore, Melbourne, which is the only school for mentally deficient children in Victoria.

The hon. secretary, Mrs. G. E. K. Mann, and her co-workers have just raised £400 to furnish a new dormitory and are waiting for the Government to build it. They are also concerned with the problem of the children who must leave the school at 14, but are quite unfitted to find employment in the outside world. The auxiliary is working towards the formation of a colony at Janefield, where the 14-year-olds can be sent to learn all classes of work and be self-supporting.

Mrs. Mann, who has been hon. secretary for four years, has many other interests. She is a vice-president of the Federated Mothers' Clubs of Victoria, a probation officer for the Children's Courts at Collingwood and Richmond, and president of the Richmond branch of the Masonic Hospital Auxiliary.

Missionary on Furlough From India

AFTER thirty years as a missionary in the service of the Church Missionary Society in India, Miss Amy Nethercote, Melbourne, is at present on furlough, and will return to India at the end of December to carry on with her work as superintendent of three vernacular middle schools.

These are attended by both Hindu and Mohammedan girls.

The pupils are instructed in ordinary school subjects with the inclusion of two languages. English is taught at a slightly increased fee.

Miss Nethercote lives in a mission house, where she conducts, with the help of an Anglo-Indian teacher, an industrial school, where Mohammedan women make stockings. She started this school in 1921 to help widows and deserted wives living in purdah.

Unusual Art Display by New Zealander

AN unusual form of art is displayed in a showcase in the entrance-hall of New Zealand House, London. It is a painting by a New Zealander, Miss Cecily Ellis. She has painted Maori designs and native flowers effectively on glass cocktail sets, grapefruit bowls, and glasses. The process whereby the paint is forged on, as on china, ensures its durability.

Glad to Get Back to Sunshine

EARLY this year Miss Marjorie Carmody, of Brisbane, took up a position on the nursing staff of the Queen Alexandra Hospital at Hobart, but found the climate too severe, so is now enjoying a holiday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Carmody, in Brisbane.

Marjorie received her training at the Brisbane General Hospital and completed it early last year. Soon after she joined a nurses' club and did private nursing before going to Hobart. Her hobbies are music, drawing and commercial art, all of which she has studied. However, she finds nursing is an all-time job these days, and is eager to start work again.



Miss Carmody
—Dorothy Coleman.

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Of all Chemists and Storekeepers, price 2/6.

De WITT'S Antacid Powder

Tomorrow

"To-morrow he will write!" I say,
And tell me how the time has
passed him by
So quickly that he did not re-
alise
He has been thoughtful. One
more—one more day
Will bring a white-winged bird
to me from out the sky,
With all his words, his lovely
tender words
That rise like pyramids in bar-
ren lands.
And I will feel him lean to take
my hands across the dis-
tances.
How long have I been saying
this?
Five months, five months I think
it is.

—Yvonne Webb.

HOWEVER, we now had our bearings, and the map proving faithful once more, we never lost them again. This to Herrick's credit, for I never saw country so blind. Unless we were high, we could see no distance at all, and when we began to rise the forests clothing the mountains directly obscured our view. If clearings there were, we never came across them, and the very few "wind-dows" we found were made by other cascades and did not happen to face the way we wished. The estate of Brief itself seemed to resemble the country in which it stood, and foot-hills hid the castle from all of the lower roads.

By four o'clock that day we had compassed the property twice, and had never seen so much as the top of the tower; but, for what it was worth, we knew the lie of the land and had marked the two entrance-drives and three or four tracks which

would have accepted a car. To a great extent we had the ways to ourselves and, except in one village, called Gola, I do not think our passage excited remark. But we ran through that twice, which was foolish, and the second time, looking back, I saw a smith and his helper run out of the forge and stand staring after the Rolls, with their tools in their hands.

When I told Herrick, he sighed. "Can't be helped," he said. "But a blacksmith's forge is as bad as a barber's shop. Gossip. And that's the worst of using a notable car. We'd better give Gola a miss for as long as we can."

It was after that that we climbed again to the bridge and, berthing the Rolls beyond it, turned to the arduous business of proving the

Continued from Page 24

woods through which the cascade fell down. Excepting by entering these, we could not possibly tell whether or no they were hiding some coign which commanded Brief; for we could only survey them by looking up from below—an angle which showed us no more than a billowing quilt of leaves.

For three full hours we fought with that mountainside and, for all the good we did, we might never have left the car. We could not even reach the head of the fall, for after perhaps two hundred and fifty feet I came to a hidden cornice of blue-grey rock; and though, in view of the tales which men of the mountains tell, I hardly like to say that this could not have been climbed, I

should like to see the man who could have climbed it and, better still, the manner in which he went to work. As for finding a point of view, but for the roar of the water we should not have known where we were, and, until I came back to the road, I never found so much as a rest for the sole of my foot.

Going down, I met Winter, past speaking, clinging to the roots of a beech; but of Herrick I saw no sign till I came to a brake of brambles not more than sixty feet up. Here his hat was hanging caught up on a venomous sucker that sprang from a monstrous bush; and, since he was not to be seen, I supposed that I had passed by him in my descent. For, had he been coming down, he would not have left his hat. I therefore shouted his name with all my might, to be answered from the midst of the brambles by which I stood.

"I trust," he said gravely, "that you have enjoyed your stroll. I'm not going to ask if you've viewed the promised land—first, because I know the answer, and secondly, because I am not interested in posts of observation to which only an anthropoid ape can conveniently repair. And now, if Winter's alive, you might procure my release. I'll direct the operation. I've had nothing to do for ten minutes but work it out."

"You're not hurt?"
"No; merely disabled. If I don't breathe, I hardly suffer at all. But to move means laceration. You see, I'm embedded in something which simply must not be touched. Transgress this law, and you're savaged beyond belief." I heard him sigh. "I don't know what I've done to deserve it. I know I have certain failings; but I always thought this sort of thing was reserved for the mute of malice and people like that. Still, of course, the saints went through it. I think that's Winter coming. You might tell him to incline to the right. If he were to drop upon me, you wouldn't hear the fall for my screams, and I should go mad and kill him before I died."

SO thick and fierce were the briars, and so deeply was Herrick involved, that a quarter of an hour went by before we could haul him out; and though both Winter and I were honestly sorry for him, our sense of decency failed before the directions he issued and the bellows of pain which he let out. Indeed, we laughed so that we could hardly stand up, much less extricate his dead weight from the welter in which he lay; and if, in the end, he had not witheld his complaints, I do not believe we should ever have dragged him clear.

That was enough for us all, and we made our way home, proposing upon the morrow to assault the neighboring heights. These were hard of access, because they were not served by roads which the Rolls could use, but we were reluctant to trespass except in the last resort, and so refused to be daunted by a prospect we could not enjoy.

The burden of the next three days will hardly go into print. Enough that we fought like madmen to wrest from the mountains and forests a secret which, if they had it, they would not disclose. Such harsh and unprofitable labor I never did, and when Herrick at last declared that he would no longer abuse his long-suffering flesh, I must confess I was thankful to throw in my hand.

At four o'clock on a Thursday he leaned against a fir and stated his case.

"I do not like doing trespass, and I simply loathe doing trespass without first surveying the scene of the trespass I mean to do. But I'm not going on with these rambles, because I prefer to die in some less exacting way. A lingering illness, for instance—I am tired of unseating my intestines by efforts no goat would be such a fool as to make, and I'm sick of straining my eyeballs in an effort to see through cover which is just about as transparent as a cellar of coal. In a word, I have had my fill of futility. I therefore suggest that we should cut the rest of a prelude which I shall try to forget, scrap our attempts to rival the fowls of the air and enter the enemy's lines without further delay. I may say that this suggestion belongs to the spirit alone; if I took the advice of the flesh, I should enter a nursing-home."

With that, he began to retire by the way we had come, and Winter and I came after without a word.

Please turn to Page 31

NATURE IS *Stingy* WITH TOOTH ENAMEL
THIS BEAUTIFUL ENAMEL...ONCE WORN AWAY..
NEVER GROWS BACK — NEVER !



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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"There go the Jones twins."
"Yes, the boy is the picture of his father."
"Yes, and the girl is the talkie of her mother."



IKIE: Do you think you can float alone?
ABIE: Vat's the use talkin' business at a time like dis?



ECCENTRIC PROFESSOR (to pupils): Should I do anything incorrect in this test we might all be blown through the roof. Kindly step a little closer, boys, so that you can follow me better.



HUSBAND: My shaving brush was quite all right yesterday, and to-day it is hard and stiff.
WIFE: That's funny—it was quite nice when I used it to paint the pantry shelf.

JACK, dear, we've £400 in the bank now.
"Yes, dear."
"And, er—we're the only ones in the neighborhood who haven't a car."

"Yes, but we've got something most of them haven't."
"What's that?"
"The price of one!"

"Is it true that Jones has written a piano symphony which can be played with one hand?"
"Yes; it leaves the other hand free to ward off missiles."

"DON'T you think it's terrible for Mrs. Smith to be left a widow with two children?"
"It's her own fault. She knew he was a pedestrian when she married him."

PROSPECTIVE FATHER-IN-LAW: If I give my daughter a large dowry, what have you to offer in exchange?
Prospective Son-in-Law: I can give you a receipt.

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"I ALWAYS feel better after a good cry," said the young married woman.

"It gets things out of your system, I suppose?" replied her friend.

"No," said the first, "but it gets things out of my husband."

"THE friend you saw me with yesterday is a University-bred man."

"I know. He was the University baker the year I got my degree."

"IT must be difficult to be a doctor's wife."

"It is. Why, I've tried for three years to be a doctor's wife, and he won't let me."

GROCER: I recommend this Still-ton. It is the aristocrat of cheeses.

Sarcastic Old Lady: It's certainly high and mitey!

IS it wrong to go through your husband's pockets when he has had a late evening?"

"No, my dear, it's futile!"

Cozy Warmth AT LOWER COST

You will find that the use of Laurel in a heater is a surprisingly economical way of achieving cosiness. The use of a heater fuelled with Laurel is strongly recommended because it means inexpensive heat ANYWHERE about the house: in the laundry for "airing" the ironing; in the bathroom and bedrooms where fireplaces are rarely found. A Laurel filled heater is a boon these chilly days. Laurel is ideal. It burns without soot, smoke or smell.

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For Lighting, Heating, Cooking, Cleaning

TIGER, TIGER

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WYNNE
DAVIES

*A Gripping
Romance of
the Jungle*

By JOHN CARLISLE



Anderson picked up the unconscious figure of Eve and carried her out of the clearing.

YOUNG STANFORD moved uneasily; the rifle across his knees seemed every moment to grow heavier. Moonlight still flooded the clearing, although now the moon itself, full and silver, was dropping down towards the mass of jungle reaching up to engulf it.

The jungle was full of noises: rustlings, occasional shrill screamings as some small creature met its death at the teeth of a predatory enemy—but above all these manifestations of unseen life, and death, there still came at intervals the forlorn bleatings of the kid tethered to its stake there in the middle of the clearing. Peering down from the platform on which he crouched waiting, Stanford could see it: a dark, uneasy figure in the moonlight, still now, although earlier it had tried violently to free itself from the rope of twisted grass which held it captive.

Living bait! For a second, the thought nauseated him. Then his habitual common sense reassured itself. A fine way to think! Here

he'd been beating his neck to bag a tiger, and, first night out, he had to get all sentimental over a goat. He'd be weeping over the tiger soon. The kid bleated again. Stanford cursed it mildly and wished, for the hundredth time, that he could smoke.

He was just reconciling himself to the fact that his craving for tobacco would have to go unsatisfied for some time yet, when, behind him, Dorncroft spoke.

"Well," Dorncroft said, "we might as well light up. Don't know about you, but I'm dying for a pipe."

Stanford started slightly. Dorncroft had been so quiet, so motionless during the long hours they had spent on the platform, that he had nearly forgotten his presence.

"Smoke!" Stanford said. "But

The bamboo supporting them creaked slightly as Dorncroft moved. The latter spoke again.

"May as well. We'll see no tiger now. Too late. Can I offer you a fill?"

Mechanically young Stanford half turned and accepted the proffered pouch.

His pipe filled, he passed the to-

bacco back to Dorncroft, lit up, and waited for the latter to do the same.

"What now?" Stanford asked. "Do we call it a night, and light out for the village?"

Dorncroft expelled a lungful of smoke; it mushroomed out into the moonlight, hung for a moment, then melted away. In the dim light, the youngster saw him shake his head.

"No, too risky," he said. "I don't think Stripes is within miles of us, but we can't bet on that hunch. Have to wait for daylight."

"Oh, I see," Stanford said. For some minutes they smoked in silence. The kid was bleating again; the noise in some unexplainable manner made Stanford ill at ease; he wished that Dorncroft would say something, make some effort at conversation. It is, he reflected, one thing to sit companionably dumb with a friend whom one knows, and quite another to have to spend a silent hour or more with a man with whom one's acquaintance is of the slightest. In fact, Stanford reflected, he had met Dorncroft only once before—on the occasion when the younger man's uncle had introduced them with the remark that if Tony—Stanford, that is—really was determined to get a tiger, Dorncroft was the man for him. To-night's ex-

pedition had been arranged at that meeting.

Stanford's feeling of discomfort began to get the better of him, and he cast about desperately for some subject which might keep conversation alive until dawn should come and make possible the journey back to the village.

"Have you been out here long?" he asked, and then could have kicked himself for the triteness of the question.

"Out East," Dorncroft said, "or in the Malay States?"

"Here, the States."

"A fair time," Dorncroft answered. "About ten years."

"Oh," Stanford said, adding idiotically, "That's a fair time, isn't it?"

"Yes." There was a hint of sardonic amusement in the older man's tone now. "Any particular reason for asking?"

STANFORD had no reason for asking other than his desire to say something, anything, to break that uneasy silence between them. But he couldn't say that; already he felt that he was being politely mocked.

"No, oh no," he stammered, and even as he did so, inspiration came to him. "I just thought that praps you might have struck a man who used to be out here, fellow I've heard the gov'nor talk about. He's dead now."

"Oh!" Dorncroft's voice was as coolly uninterested as ever. "And who was that?"

"Fellow by the name of Chalmers," young Stanford said. "Clifton Chalmers."

"Clifton Chalmers. Why yes, I knew him. Everyone in this district knew him. Your uncle must have spoken of him to you."

"No," Stanford said. "Uncle

hasn't mentioned him, and, to be quite honest, I hadn't thought about him myself until this moment. Too many new things to take in, I suppose."

"I suppose so."

A match flared, and the youngster saw Dorncroft's dark, lean face in its ruddy flame as he held it between cupped hands over the bowl of the pipe. The match went out. Stanford said:

"Bit of an outsider from what I remember the old man saying—Chalmers, I mean."

"De mortuis . . ." Dorncroft began dryly. Then, quite suddenly, he said: "Poisonous is about the only word that would describe him."

He smoked for a while in silence before asking: "Know how he died?"

"No."

"A tiger got him. Made a proper job of him."

"Oh," Stanford said.

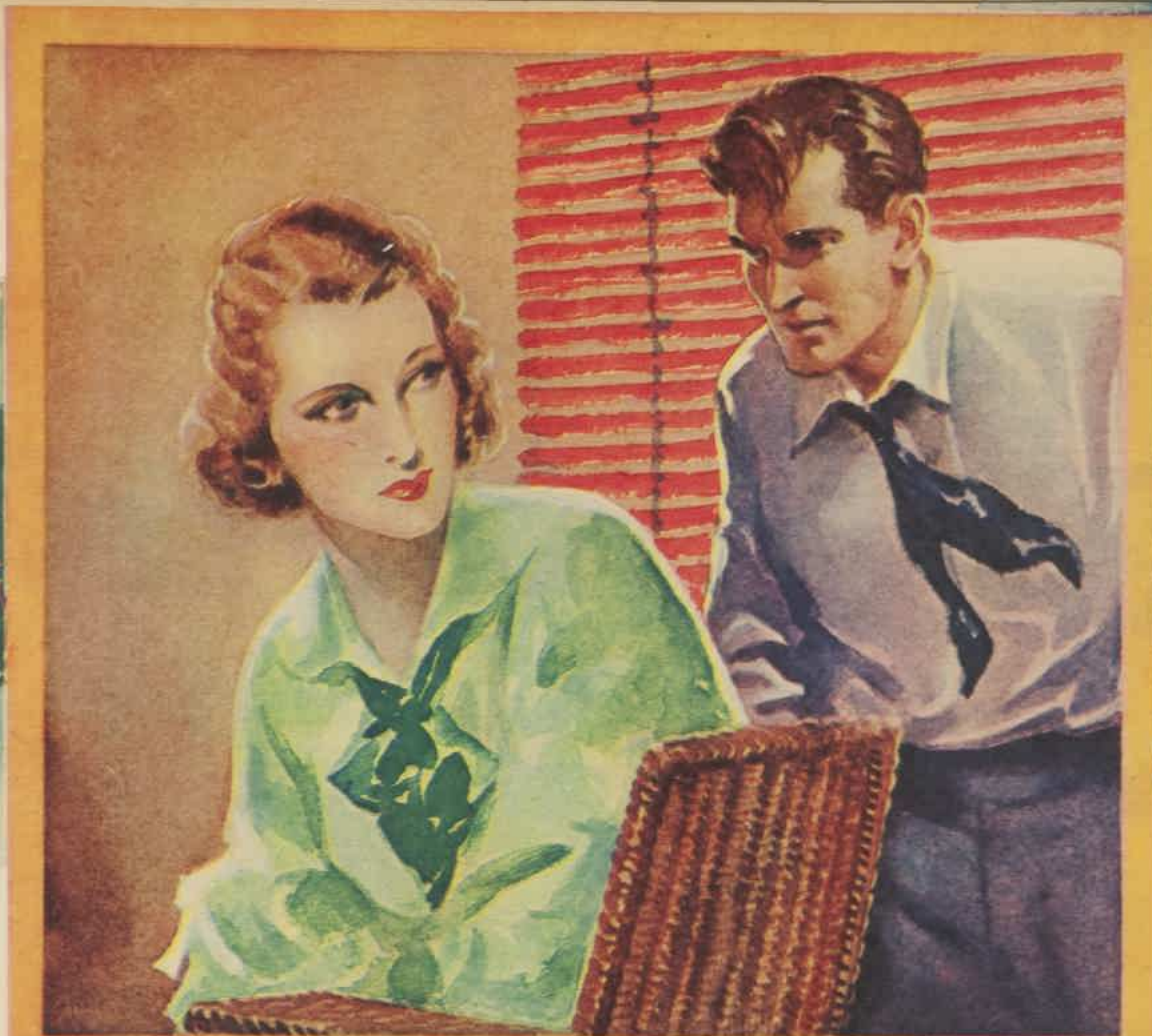
It seemed all he could say.

The jungle seemed quieter, although something must have been on the prowl still, for suddenly the kid, which had been quiet for quite a time, started to plunge at its tether, bleating madly as if terror-stricken. The outburst was soon over; in less than a minute the animal was silent again. To Stanford's surprise, Dorncroft spoke then.

"Funny, isn't it," he remarked dryly, "how scared they get for no reason apparent to us, sitting safely up here in our tree?" Stanford was about to say he thought it natural enough, when he went on, "Reminds me, somehow, of your friend Chalmers." The other was again about to speak, when Dorncroft said: "Like to hear the yarn? I'll give it to you, at any rate. You're bound to hear it before you leave from someone or other."

"I'd . . ." young Stanford began, only to find that he was not expected to give an answer. Dorncroft was speaking his voice low, cool and uninterested as ever.

"I don't know whether you know



it or not," he said, "but Chalmers was married. Nothing very remarkable in that, you'll think. Most men over thirty-five are married—even out here. But, coming fresh from England, what you can't realise is that marriage out in a God-forsaken spot like this is a different proposition to marriage back home, where, even if you don't live in a city, you're at least within jumping distance of one. And that means you're in touch with life, gaiety, change . . .

WELL, even with a normally decent man, a woman doesn't have too gay a time at an out-station here. She has to just put up with boredom, loneliness, fear of illness—all manner of things. It may be worth the candle, so long as they're in love with their husbands—I don't know, all the happily-married ones swear it is. But when the marriage isn't successful, when the man turns out to be a thorough-paced swine, then, by Heaven, it's hell. Chalmers was that kind.

"His wife was a very lovely person, and I don't mean just physically lovely. She had inner loveliness, something more positive than serenity, but yet including it. She was a tall woman. Hair the color of corn, grey eyes with a lot at the back of them. She gave you the impression that everything she did was done effortlessly. That was Eve Chalmers. How she came to marry Chalmers I can't guess—nor could any other man in the settlement.

"I don't think there's anyone but Eve Chalmers who knows what that man put her through. Some of us suspected what was going on, but the full story of her suffering will never be known.

"However, I won't dwell any longer on this preamble; I've said enough to give you a general idea of the situation as it stood when something happened that changed the whole aspect of things.

"Eve Chalmers fell in love.

"Now whether she had ever been in love with her husband, or whether some reason unknown to any but the two of them had caused her to marry him, I don't know. One

Eve and Anderson found themselves alone, and with that came the discovery that they loved each other.

thing, however, I'm sure of: she couldn't have had any love for a man like that after a month or even a week of marriage to him.

"The man—we'll call him Anderson—must, I think, have loved her from the moment he first saw her, although he failed to realise it for some months; and even when he did understand the reality of his feelings towards her he did nothing about it."

Dorncroft paused to relight the pipe which had gone out as he spoke.

"Funny thing," he resumed, "but it was Chalmers himself who threw Eve into Anderson's arms, so to speak. Mind you, he realised what he was doing—up to a point. I'm convinced that he knew the full extent of Anderson's feelings long before Anderson did. He saw deeper, too. He saw that, without knowing it, Eve was becoming more interested in Anderson than either he or she suspected. And so, after allowing the friendship to go on uninterrupted for quite some time, Chalmers seized a favorable opportunity and taunted her with being in love with him.

"In one way, the reaction was as he had anticipated: taken aback at first, by the mere suggestion of there being any love between Anderson and herself, Eve suddenly realised its truth.

"She admitted, quite calmly, to Chalmers that she did love Anderson, adding that there had been, however, nothing between them that her husband or any other person might not have seen or heard. Chalmers told her that he knew it, going on to add, with a laugh, that he knew, too, that nothing but the most innocent exchanges would pass between them.

"The swine knew that when Eve confessed her feelings towards Anderson she was not admitting to what might be just a fleeting fancy; he understood her too well for that.

"And so, things being as they were, Chalmers sat back to enjoy himself. He had two human beings to torture now; life became very pleasurable to him.

"All this, needless to say, went on

without Anderson awakening to the fact that Eve returned his love, or even suspecting that Chalmers was aware of his, Anderson's, own emotions. Indeed, if questioned, Anderson would have been willing to swear that Chalmers was far from ever dreaming of how things stood.

"Of course, things were bound to blow up sooner or later. A man and a woman, each in love with the other, can maintain a pose of friendliness for a certain period, but inevitably time, place, and their own highly-charged emotional state will combine, and after that . . . Well, after that everything depends on the code of the people concerned.

"Chalmers understood that. He thought he understood equally well the code by which Eve would be guided when the situation arose. Meantime, he began to feel a trifle impatient.

EVENTS played

into his hands. It happened that a government big-wig was including the post in his annual tour. In a place like this, where events are few and far between, any excuse serves for a party, and a dance was arranged. Everybody within a twenty-five mile radius came to it, and, naturally, every woman in the district was at a premium. Champagne was sent up from the capital, ice—all the trimmings, in fact. It was a very grand affair, with everybody doing his or her best to live up to it. Chalmers was no exception. Nobody, meeting him for the first time, could have taken him for anything but a devoted and charming husband, a gracious friend.

"Even Anderson, poor fool, was taken in; his conscience troubled him when Chalmers, pleading necessary attendance on the distinguished visitor, asked him to look after Eve."

Dorncroft's voice had taken on a slightly cynical note. It was still there when he went on.

"You can guess what happened. Any timptot novelist will give you the setting: heavily-scented tropical air, silver moon, stars, velvet

sky. Add to this a couple of glasses of champagne and the feelings aroused in both Eve and Anderson when the dancing brought them, for the first time, into close contact with each other. And your romantic novelist will describe to you better than I can what happened when, somehow, they found themselves outside, alone. They . . .

He broke off suddenly, and was silent for what was, to Stanford, a long time. The youngster noticed, with surprise, that the moon had now disappeared entirely.

"Well, there's no need for me to touch any further on that night. It was theirs; nobody else has the right to pry into it. All that concerns the story is the aftermath of their discovery of each other. It was not long in coming.

"Once Eve knew that Anderson loved her, she became another woman. Even people outside this little drama noticed the change; it was as if new life had been injected into her veins. Her mode of life did not change; she still managed Chalmers' bungalow, paid such social calls as are paid in a benighted spot like this, played tennis, and so on. But now there was a new liveliness in her carriage, an awareness in her eye. Except in her case, I have only seen that same lovely burgeoning—the only word I can think of—in young girls in love for the first time.

"Anderson, manlike, was the first to feel the necessity of doing something more. He had several talks with Eve, talks for which Chalmers gave him ample opportunity, and it was decided that the husband should be told the situation and asked to consent to a divorce. It was only at Eve's urgent request that Anderson allowed her to carry off alone this interview.

"The moment Chalmers had waited for so eagerly had come.

"I was told later that he heard Eve out to the end, giving her no help, no lead in what she had to say, making her cross every t, dot every i of her story, and, finally, refusing to understand what she meant when she asked him to release her. It was only when he had forced her to plead straight out

with him for a divorce that he indicated what he had in his mind.

"He laughed.

Laughed as if he'd just heard the funniest joke of his life. Then he told Eve that he'd never divorce her; that he was promising himself a great deal of fun watching her and Anderson suffering, and quite a lot more—

"She listened to him in silence. Whatever she had been through before, my opinion is that, until that moment, she had not realised to the full how thoroughly foul Chalmers really was.

"It was then that she spoke.

"She told him, quite calmly, that, if he would not divorce her, she intended leaving him and living with Anderson.

"Chalmers' reaction to this must have been something to witness and to study. At first he refused blankly to believe she was serious.

ON her part, she did her best to convince him that she meant what she said. Finally, seeing that talk was unavailing, she did the one thing left; she began to pack.

"Well, that set things off properly. Chalmers raved. Can't you imagine it? Not only his carefully-planned torturing of the two of them missing fire, but Eve, who had been his victim for so many years, shattering his idea of her by walking out as well. It was the end of the world to him.

"I don't know how I've told this story, or whether I've come anywhere near giving you a picture of the actors in it as they really were. I hope I have because you'd have to have a pretty fair idea of Chalmers as he really was to understand what happened then.

"As I've said, when he realised that Eve meant what she said about leaving him, he raved. But not for long, for all his broad, deep streak of cruelty he was too intelligent to waste either time or energy in long and useless raging.

"But, knowing her, he knew that there was a way in which he could get her to postpone her departure to Anderson. Once that was achieved, Chalmers thought he had a way of dealing with her.

"It worked out as anticipated. He really did understand Eve—up to a point. Pretending to see the uselessness of attempting any longer to prevent her leaving him, he asked her, nevertheless, to stay with him another month. He said he had a trip to make around the district, and any scandal, at this stage, would do him a terrific amount of harm. After that trip was over, he intended applying for furlough. Once he was out of the country, what Eve did wouldn't matter so much; the talk would be over by the time he returned.

Continued Overleaf

"EVE realised the truth in his remarks. She agreed. More, when a few days later Chalmers asked her to accompany him on his trip, urging that as she had done in the past, it would look strange if she did differently this year, she consented to that, too. If Eve had a fault, it was that she was far too fair-minded, too quick to see the other person's point of view, to be secure in a world where these qualities are very sparingly distributed.

"Finally, she and Chalmers left. They were to be away a fortnight." Dorncroft stopped. He pressed the tobacco down in his pipe and felt for his matches.

"Getting bored?" he asked. Stanford moved slightly. "No," he said. "No."

"Won't be long now, at any rate," Dorncroft assured him. "Be daylight soon. Listen to that goat."

TIGER, TIGER

Continued from Previous Page

Dorncroft shifted into a more comfortable position, and resumed.

"I've never heard the details of that last trip Eve made with Chalmers. She has never spoken of it to anyone—not even to Anderson. All I know of it, all anybody outside of Eve knows of it, is what Anderson has told. For, you see, he followed them.

"He left a few hours' march behind them, keeping in touch with their movements by one of his own Malay boys. This went on for a week and nothing happened to justify the fears which had led him to undertake the trip; Chalmers was just following the ordinary routine of his job. Anderson was beginning to scoff at himself for a fool when, in the afternoon of the ninth day, as he was pushing forward to reach

the next village where he planned to camp for the night, word came back to him that Chalmers' party had halted there, and would not move until the next day. On Anderson asking his boy whether he had discovered any reason for the departure from Chalmers' usual practice—it was his habit to put up each night with the man in charge of the plantation he was inspecting—he was told that Chalmers and Eve were staying there that night to shoot a tiger.

"The boy gave quite a lot of information about that tiger. It had been harrying the village for months. It was a devil, a giant, a man-eater! It had . . . But Anderson was not listening. He gathered only that Eve was actually going with Chalmers to try to get the brute. That was enough, since he knew that Eve was no riflewoman. She never had been; was not interested; and tiger shooting, in spite of what anyone says, isn't woman's business, not even if the woman is dead keen and a good shot. Something was rotten somewhere. Anderson didn't know what it was, but his uneasiness was strong enough to make him order a faster pace. He must reach that village as soon as possible.

"Darkness fell while he was still on the march. His boys, not knowing, of course, the reason for his haste, asked him to camp. He silenced them with a word, and drove them forward. He reached the village three hours after sundown, only to learn that Chalmers and Eve had left, were already, no doubt, somewhere in the jungle, waiting and hoping for the tiger to make his appearance.

"Some sixth sense had warned him, at the moment he had learned of the trip, that there was something deadly in Chalmers' mind, and now all the suspicions which had been lulled during the past week were alive and clamoring. He informed the village headman that he was going out after Chalmers and Eve, and demanded a guide.

"That stirred up a fine old row. The headman said that no man of his village would go out at night, possibly to be stalked and killed by a tiger which had already demonstrated its taste for human flesh. Moreover, now that, at last, the village had a chance of being rid of the monster, he would not risk spoiling Chalmers' carefully-made plans. Further still . . . He had a lot more to say, but so did Anderson.

What finally won the battle for the latter was the payment he offered to any man who would volunteer to guide him. The sum was big enough to make for life anybody courageous enough to take the risk. It served to get him his guide. Half an hour after entering the village, Anderson was on the march again, the local Malay his only companion.

"It might have been twenty minutes or twenty hours after leaving the village that the guide stopped suddenly and clutched Anderson's arm to signal caution. The clearing lay directly ahead of them; as the jungle thinned, they caught their first glimpse of moonlight; it was shining down coldly on the open space.

"THE platform on which the tiger was being awaited was, of course, hidden from view; it was somewhere on the edge of the clearing, deep in jungle shadow. But the post with the bait tethered to it was clearly discernible; the only thing was that though Anderson, peering through the undergrowth, could see it plainly, he could not, at first, recognise what it was that Chalmers was using as a lure.

"Whatever it was, it seemed to be lying down, quite motionless. Then, suddenly, as they watched, it stirred, and rose slowly. Anderson's breath whistled sharply through his throat, so quickly did he draw it in. For the live bait that Chalmers was using did not scramble up on four legs; it dragged itself upright, and stood on two.

"It was a woman!

"It seems that a very extraordinary thing happened to Anderson then. He became possessed by a raging fury, and at the same time, remained icy cool. From the moment he realised who it was tethered to that post—and being a woman in European dress, it could be none other than Eve—he did not



MR. WYNNE W. DAVIES, brilliant Australian artist, who has rejoined the staff of *The Australian Women's Weekly*. In a recent issue we recorded the return to Australia of Mr. Davies after three years in America. Since his return his work has already appeared in *The Australian Women's Weekly*, and will continue to be a feature.

take his eyes off her; his gun at the ready, he stood watching, prepared to fire immediately should the tiger be near and make his spring before a rescue could be effected.

"At the same time, he spoke rapidly in Malay to his guide. Just what he said, what explanations he gave of the staggering situation they had come on, God alone knows. What matters is that he got the man away to locate Chalmers' position. While he was gone, Anderson kept watch over that ghastly pole in the clearing.

"TIME, they say, is relative. Anderson would subscribe to that proposition. Aeons passed before the Malay returned. Nothing happened in the interim, except that Eve collapsed once more to the ground. The guide reported that Chalmers was only about fifty yards away, on the west side of the clearing. He was awake, for the Malay had heard him stirring on his platform. This was enough for Anderson; he acted.

"Treading cautiously, he reached the edge of the undergrowth. There he stopped, and gave a final command to the guide, ordering him to remain under cover whatever happened. Then in a loud voice he hailed Chalmers.

"Chalmers," he called. "Chalmers, you swine!"

"Hardly the usual greeting for one white to address to another in the middle of the Malay Peninsula, but it served.

"Who's that?" "Chalmers' voice, as he answered, was high-pitched, astonished. The reply obviously had sprung from his lips before he had realised he was speaking. Anderson spoke again.

"It's me," he said. "Anderson. Listen. I'm wasting no time with you. I'm coming out to get Eve, and I warn you that if you raise that rifle of yours, you'll be drilled before you can sight it. I've got my crowd right round the clearing, and they've got orders to let you have it if you stir a finger." His voice sank a tone. "They can't all miss, Chalmers," he added.

"Then without any further preamble he stepped out into the moonlight, rifle ready, but at the trail, crossed the clearing, and came to the post to which Eve was tethered. He found that she was tied to it by thongs from both her ankles and wrists.

Two swift slashes with a knife served to free her, and then Anderson, without another word to Chalmers, still sitting unseen on his platform, slung his rifle, and, picking her up in his arms, carried her out of the clearing. Eve Chalmers did not see her husband again."

Dorncroft's voice, which, during the latter part of his story, had taken on an excited, brittle quality, ceased. He was silent for what might have been half a minute. Then, just as if he had been telling something of no more moment than a smoking-room anecdote, he said:

"Well, that's that. We'll be able to move off in a few minutes. It's getting light."

It was. Young Stanford had been too absorbed a listener to notice. Dorncroft's tale had intrigued him, and he didn't feel that it had been finished.

"But," he asked. "What happened to Anderson and Mrs. Chalmers?"

Dorncroft shrugged. The action was quite discernible in the swiftly waxing light.

"Oh, he got her out, all right. She was very ill for months afterwards, but she recovered."

"And Chalmers?" "Ah, Chalmers! Well, as you know, a tiger got him. It got him after Anderson had left to carry Eve to the nearest station. He must have climbed down from his platform, set out to return to the settlement, and then been stalked and killed on the way by the very tiger for which he had used Eve as a lure. Poetic justice they call it, don't they?"

Dorncroft chuckledardonically as he asked the question. Stanford had no answer to it. The remaining quarter of an hour the two remained on the shooting platform, was passed in silence. This was uncomfortable because the tethered kid, hungry, no doubt, began to bleat and jerk at its rope, and Stanford was young enough for this to have quite an upsetting effect.

ABOUT a fortnight later Stanford was taking tea with his uncle, Roger Malleon, at the settlement club. The place was pretty full; it was Saturday, and Government officials and plantation men, with wives, in the case of the married ones, were in for the usual Saturday tennis and gossip.

Since his unsuccessful tiger hunting Stanford had seen very little of Malleon, for the latter, a plantation owner, had been forced to go down to the capital on unexpected business, and had only just returned. Consequently, although the queer story Dorncroft had told him had been very much in his mind, the youngster had not had the opportunity of discussing it.

At the moment, for once, he was not thinking of it. Roger Malleon was full of his trip south, and Stanford was listening with interest to his news. But suddenly, as two people came on to the club verandah, exchanging greetings with those already established there with tea or a drink, Stanford gripped the older man's arm.

"There's Dorncroft!" he exclaimed. "There was an edge to his voice which made his uncle look at him sharply.

"Well?"

"Who's that with him?"

"His wife. Why?"

Suddenly conscious of the fact that he was drawing attention to himself, Stanford relaxed and tried to speak casually.

Please turn to Next Page

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"Oh, nothing," he said. "He interests me. Told me a very queer tale the night I was out with him after that tiger."

"Oh," Roger Mallison drew deeply on his cigarette.

"He's told you, too, has he?" he said. "Funny thing about Dorncroft. It seems he has to tell that to everybody he meets. His wife—she was Mrs. Chalmers before."

"I guessed it," young Stanford said. "He told me that the man in his farm was named Anderson, but it was pretty plain it was his own story he was telling. And now—well, he described Mrs. Chalmers, you see. Corn-colored hair, grey eyes, and so on."

The boy hesitated for a moment, his gaze unconsciously seeking out the woman of whom he spoke, who was standing laughing with the wife of an important Government man. "Yes," he added quietly, "she's very

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lovely. Dorncroft was a lucky man to be able to get her out of that."

Mallison leaned forward. "Get her out of what?" he demanded quickly. "How much did he tell you?"

Briefly Stanford gave him an outline of Dorncroft's story. His uncle heard it to the end, then sat back thoughtfully, sending a cloud of blue smoke into the still air. After a few seconds' silence, he spoke.

"Well, since he's told you that much, you might as well hear the rest. You're bound to, at any rate. We all know, even the fellows in the service—although they, of course, aren't aware of anything officially. I was in on it, so this is no garbled version I'm giving you."

"When Dorncroft—Anderson, as he called himself in the tale he told you—got Mrs. Chalmers back to the village where he'd left his own men, he had to get to a white man's place just as quickly as he could. As it happened, mine was the nearest—the clearing where this drama took place is only ten miles from the very bungalow you've been living in, my lad."

"Well, I'd heard, of course, that Chalmers and Kye were in the vicinity. I'd even got rumors about Dorncroft, but you couldn't knock me over with a feather when, just after dawn, Dorncroft, looking as if he'd been through Hell, with Mrs. Chalmers in his arms, appeared at the house."

THESE was no time for questions then. We got Kye to bed, sent a boy off for the settlement doctor, and put a couple of Malay women to the job of looking after her. It was some time around noon before I got any inkling of what had happened. Even then, I didn't want to hear anything. I tried to urge Dorncroft to get some sleep. But he said he couldn't sleep. Said a couple of boys would fix him up. I was doubtful, but at any rate, I took drinks out, and we sat on the verandah, and had them. It was then he told me his story, the same as he told you."

"Well then . . . young Stanford began.

His uncle waved him to silence.

"I said he told me the story he gave you. But my position was different to yours. You'll remember, for instance, that all he says is that he left Chalmers in the clearing. Well, that meant that Chalmers should have been back in that Malay village just after Dorncroft. Two of my boys had been there that morning, and, when I questioned them, they said that he hadn't turned up. They went further, and explained that the headman was nervous; if anything had befallen the white man he was fearful lest punishment should be meted out to him and his."

"Well, that was enough for me. If Chalmers hadn't got back something must have happened to him. I told Dorncroft that I was going to look for him. He said he'd accompany me. There was nothing he could do for Kye; the women were with her and it was a case of waiting for the doctor."

"We got to the village about two, and set off right away for the clearing. A couple of villagers accompanied us; they were as brave as you like in daylight. We'd done no more than a mile when I came on the first thing that struck me as queer."

"It was a rifle, thrown carelessly into the undergrowth beside the trail. More than that, it was Chalmers' rifle; I'd seen it too often not to recognize it."

"Looks as if he's somewhere about here," I said to Dorncroft.

"The reply was very strange."

"I don't think so," he said. "We'd better get on."

"I'd have argued with him, only there was something about his face that put all argument out of the question. We went on, and made the clearing some time about three, I should say. And Dorncroft had been right. Chalmers was there."

"That's not quite right; he had been. Actually, we found him dragged out of the clearing and just into the fringe of the jungle. The tiger had been there, too."

Young Stanford could not repress a shudder.

"Good Heaven!" he said. Then, "What I can't understand is why he left his platform. He was old enough a hand to know the risk."

Roger Mallison nodded.

"He was. But, you see, the platform had been knocked to pieces. And," he added slowly, "tigers are cunning; but no tiger could have reached that platform or demolished it so scientifically and completely."

The youngster drew a deep breath.

"But surely," he said, "Chalmers must have made some effort. He had his gun."

Mallison smiled grimly.

"You forget. We found his gun just outside the village. And there was another funny thing. Dorncroft had cut Kye loose from the post. Well, when I examined it, there were still pieces of things attached to it. But the ends weren't cut. They were broken or gnawed. And one still had a hand and portion of an arm at-

Continued from Page 30

tached to it. Strangely enough, Chalmers, when we found him, was minus, among other things, a forearm and a hand. Of course, the tiger might have eaten it. Although even that wouldn't explain the scraps of rope I found attached to the remaining wrist and one leg."

Young Stanford was mopping his brow.

"You don't mean—" he gasped.

Roger Mallison signalled a boy to bring more tea.

"I mean nothing," he said when this had been attended to. "Jack Dorncroft is one of the whitest men in the Malay States. I'm telling you this simply because the thing got around somehow—you'll learn how natives gossip—and you've heard it, anyway. I prefer you to hear my story."

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SHE seemed to know him. And, in spite of the mulberry stains there was something familiar about that face. He stood gazing stupidly. She said:

"You never told me about the mulberries. They're the best I've ever struck. You told me about the river and the roses and your old pictures. If you'd mentioned these I'd have . . . I'd have gone on pretending to be an orphan."

"It's not . . . It is . . . Sally! It's you?"

"Don't say you didn't know me! Why, you haven't changed a scrap!"

"Nor have you . . . much."

"I've thought about you ever so often, all these years. Have you thought about me?"

"I . . ."

He paused. Of course he hadn't. Not once. And yet, in a way, he felt as if he had never stopped thinking about her.

"Yes, I have. Sally! Do you realise that you behaved very badly? You got me into an awful scrape. How could you!"

Her eyes danced.

"Wasn't I just terrible?" she asked blithely. "Why nobody ever spanked me!"

"Well, I hope you're sorry now."

"Haven't I come to say so? I'd have come before only I haven't been in England since I left school."

"Oh? Where have you been?"

"Just around. We're touring Britain this summer and we got to Ludlow last night. So I found Broome St. Mary's on the map and came right along."

"We?" asked Nick, a trifle uneasily.

"My father and mother. I'm not an orphan yet. Where's this river you told me about?"

"Just over there. Like to look at it?"

She came with him. Half-way

LOST LABOR

across the lawn she turned to look at the house.

"Broome St. Mary's," she said softly. "It's just like you said, Elizabethan style."

"Elizabethan!" corrected Nick.

"I know, Elizabethan style."

He had a strange sensation, delicious and agonising, as if his heart had been squeezed. He had only experienced it once before, when she sat beside him on the roundabouts.

But this was absurd.

"Tell me," he said hastily, "all you've been doing since I saw you last."

She told him, as they strolled on the river bank.

Her conversation was vague and incoherent. She could not remember the names of half the places she had been to; she had never been taught to observe and concentrate. Had he been blind or she plain, he might have noticed this. He might have set her down as selfish, spoilt, frivolous, ignorant, complacent, and lazy. But there was the old bird-song charm, and he found no fault at all.

PRESENTLY she asked if he was married. No? Engaged?

"No. Well . . . yes . . . yes, I am."

"You don't seem very sure about it."

"It's not quite settled yet."

"Haven't you asked her?"

"No. I mean yes. I have in a way . . . but . . ."

"Tell me about it. Surely to goodness you must know if you've asked her or not. Oh! Here's a gate. Let's swing on it."

Nick would have no words for any-

one else who proposed to swing on one of his gates. But he opened it for her meekly.

"Tell me about it," she repeated as she swung.

"Well . . . she's an orphan . . ."

Sally burst into a fit of laughter so violent that she nearly fell off the gate.

"You do harp on orphans, don't you? Go on!"

He went on. He expatiated upon Astra's beauty and her accomplishments. Presently Sally interrupted to ask, a little dryly, if Astra wanted to marry him.

"Oh yes. Of course. Certainly she does."

"Then why isn't it settled?"

"It isn't exactly public yet. My friends know, of course . . ."

"I see."

She sighed, and swung with less zest. Nick sighed too. An unaccountable depression had fallen upon him while he was describing Astra. She was all that he claimed for her. But . . . but . . . but . . . why had she never wrung his heart?

"I suppose I ought to be getting along," sighed Sally.

They walked back, through the garden, in silence. A queer little cloud had dimmed the morning. He meant to show her his roses, but he was detained for a few minutes by a message from the stables and she strolled on into the rose garden alone. He overtook her just as she was coming away from it again. The cloud had vanished and her eyes were dancing again.

"I've seen your old roses," she said. "And now I must really go."

Her car was parked by the gate at the end of the avenue. Its size and shape reminded him that she was the fifth richest girl in the world, and the thought was, for some reason, very unpleasant. If she had only been an orphan, instead of . . .

"Come over to Ludlow and see us before we go," she invited as she climbed in.

Before he knew what he was saying he exclaimed:

"I'd better not."

She nodded as if she perfectly understood and said:

"We're at the Three Feathers."

The car shot forward and tore away down the drive.

AT the Three Feathers, Mrs. Kerrigan was waiting in some trepidation. She was always scared to death when Sally took out the car, and anyone who had seen Sally driving would know why.

"Thank goodness," she exclaimed when she saw her daughter. "You've seen him?"

Sally nodded and told her all about it. She always told her mother everything; she had no motive for concealment since she was invariably allowed to do whatever she pleased.

"I'm crazy about him," she finished. "I don't know why. I always was. It's something about his eyebrows, I think."

"But what's the use if he's going to marry this girl . . . this . . . what's she called?"

"Aspidistra. That's all right. He won't."

"Sally, darling. It would be right down mean of you to interfere when it's all practically settled. This poor girl . . ."

"I don't have to interfere. I saw her in the rose garden. I knew it must be her, from what he said. Kind of Madonna type. She's going to marry a boy in a blue shirt with bow legs. I couldn't see his face, so that's all I know about him. But from the way she was kissing him—"

"Kissing?"

"That's what I said. So try and get Theodore to stay on here for a week till we see how things kind of pan out."

"I'll try, darling. But you know he does hate stopping places more than three days."

It took less than a week. Nick appeared at the Three Feathers next morning. It soon turned out that he wanted sympathy. He had to tell somebody, and he was sure that Sally had a kind heart. A terrible thing had happened to him. He had been jilted.

"After all these years! She wants to marry a man called Twining."

He was broken-hearted, of course. But, by his own account, he had behaved very nobly. He had released Astra from her engagement. He had told Alan that he would not

Continued from Page 16

stand in his way. It was a complete shattering of all his illusions. Never, never again would he trust any man, or any woman.

SALLY was all sympathy. In the midst of her glee she was really obliged to be a little sorry for him. It did seem hard to think that he had spent seven years and a great deal of money training a wife for somebody else.

"And it's all wasted," he moaned. "All that I've taught her. Alan never opens a book. They want to live on a sheep farm in Australia."

"Well, I think you've been terribly generous."

"Do you? I've tried to be. I knew you'd understand."

She let him talk himself to a standstill and then suggested that they should go for a walk. It might take his mind off it.

"What about going to look at the castle?" he asked.

"Ludlow Castle. Haven't you seen it yet?"

"Oh," said Sally, dashed, "you mean those ruins, back of the street?"

"They're very famous. You must see them."

"All right. Wait till I get my hat."

She left him to kick his heels in the hotel lounge. As she ran upstairs she muttered dully:

"More ruins! More old ruins! What a life!"

But she made no haste to get her hat. First she did her nails, and then she finished a letter she had begun, and then she changed her frock two or three times. Finally she sat in her petticoat, doing nothing at all and smiling at her thoughts. Even her mother was driven to expostulate.

"That poor boy downstairs. He's waiting."

"I know."

"I think it's terrible, just terrible, the way you treat him."

"But I'm going to marry him."

"You are?"

Mrs. Kerrigan looked anxiously at her daughter. Nick Chaytor was not much of a catch for the fifth richest girl in the world. But the Kerrigans were simple people and had not great social ambitions. After the appalling people Sally had threatened to marry back home, this boy did not sound so bad.

"You really mean it this time, darling?"

"I do. But I'm beginning as I mean to go on. He's got a lot to learn. I don't suppose he's ever waited for a girl in his life. I've got to . . . kind of mould him. And I'm starting right now."

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Unbearable

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Intimate Jottings *by Caroline.*

Did You Know—

That Mrs. James McLeod wore real carnations in her brown velvet hat at the Cramer Roberts-Waddell wedding? Her gown was composed of tailored chocolate brown suede crepe to tone.

Lovely Bride

YOUNG Michael Fitzgerald, son of Captain and Mrs. J. U. P. Fitzgerald, added his boyish soprano to the choir that sang at St. Mark's Church for Joan Waddell's wedding to Jack Cramer Roberts. His small sisters also had their share of fun and were in the throng on the footpath watching the very lovely bride arrive at the church.

The world and his wife were there to wish this very popular young couple the best of luck. The bride was a radiant vision in satin with a silver sheen, and the attending maids looked ethereal in all-white.

We expect that Joan and Jack will make frequent trips to Sydney from their future home, which will be in Victoria.

Contemporary Art

CAPTAIN PALMER, our G.G.'s tall young aide, was shown around the Contemporary Group of Artists' exhibition of pictures by Treania Smith on the opening day. Treania herself appears on the walls dressed in tweeds and a sporty felt hat painted by her friend, Helen Stewart, and also exhibited three oil paintings.

I can't say what they looked like, as there were so many people at the opening it was hard to view all the pictures.

The A. T. Andersons, the Ramsay twins, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Adele Younghusband, Harry Tighe, Lute Drummond, Judge Backhouse and Dr. Kokotakis were all present.

The Orama sailed on Saturday with Mollie Street on board, London bound. Also on board were thirteen young cadets of the Royal Australian Air Force being transferred to the Imperial service for five years.

Tennis with Champions

MRS. CHARLES WARREN, better known in Sydney as the pretty Winsome Halliday, is playing tennis in very "hot" circles in Queensland, where she now makes her home. I mean "hot" as to form, as she plays with Mrs. Westacott and Miss Hardcastle, two champion exponents of the game.

While the C. C. Warrens have been at Kosciuszko, Charlie and Winsome have been staying at Maranthona and the courts there are excellent.

Seeing the World

ONE does not have to be a politician to "see the world" these days. Just marry a musician who is sufficiently entertaining to be sought after in all the countries of the world. In Australia recently we have had musicians from all over Europe.

No sooner does the Budapest Quartet sail for N.Z. with their three families, all close friends, than the Comedian Harmonists arrive from Germany for the A.B.C. Four of the party of six are married and are bringing their wives with them. They comprise (the Harmonists, I mean), four Germans, one Pole, and one Bulgarian. Goodness knows how many nationalities are represented when their wives are included in the party.

Grafton Festivities

ONCE again Dr. Ted Woodward is chairman of the Clarence River Jockey Club, which holds its three-day meeting this Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday. I presume Friday is given over to resting, as Grafton on these occasions is just as gay as it is possible to be.

This year Dr. and Mrs. Eric Holland will be much missed from the festivities. They are always among the genial givers of cocktail parties, but this time they will try, no doubt, to pick a few winners from their London headquarters.

Grey and Yellow

I HEAR from Mrs. Bob Jowitt that the combination of grey and yellow is the latest American color vogue for interior decorating. She is trying out the idea in one of the reception rooms in her new home at Harrogate.

At the moment Mrs. Jowitt, Audrey Stanton to Sydney friends, is staying with Marjorie Rushworth, who came out to Australia with her cousin, Lord Barnby, last year. The visit will end when the new house is ready for the Jowitt ménage.

Of interest to this State is the presentation of Mrs. George Wilkinson at the fourth Court, at Holyrood. She will stay with her cousins, Sir James and Lady Gaw, in Edinburgh, before leaving for home, via the Panama Canal.



THIS SMILING PICTURE depicts Mrs. Robert Gaydon, formerly Miss Marjorie Wiltus, of Wollstonecraft. Her marriage was celebrated on Wednesday last at St. Thomas' Church, North Sydney. Mr. and Mrs. Gaydon will make their home in the Orange district.



Near the Thames

AIR mail news comes from Sir Leslie Wilson, Governor of Queensland, and Lady Wilson, now holidaying in London. At the end of this month they are moving from Mayfair Court to a delightful spot on the Thames, where they will remain for the next few months.

It is not difficult to imagine the cheery time that Marjorie Wilson is having in London, and her mother says she is in the best of health and spirits.

Novel Notions

LULA COLLINS thought of quite a few novel ideas for her wedding to Peter Lempriere, which takes place in Melbourne this Tuesday. Peter, of course, is well known to Sydney, and with his mother and brother Geoff. was seen at lots of our best parties in pre-engagement days.

Lula has chosen wedding raiment of hyacinth-blue with a long navy sash and an ultra-smart navy bowler hat, hyacinths in front of it, and a veil at the back.

The newlyweds will motor to Sydney for their honeymoon.

Largest Laurel-Wreath

A CONCERT-GOING neighbor at the Schipa recital last Thursday night remarked on the perfect coiffure of Mrs. Glan Satchell, seated a few rows in front. Her hair was smoothly waved, and swathed, and a rolled black velvet ribbon was tied around her head with a small bow in front. Other points of interest included a diamond tiara worn by Lady Waley, who was accompanied by her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Neville Hall.

The tenor was presented with the largest laurel-wreath I have ever seen, trimmed with red berries. A wattle-trimmed staff complete with the national colors of Italy, and a basket of luscious fruit, were also marks of appreciation.

Singer Welcomed

THAT subtle shade of pink that I search for in vain was chosen by Jessie King to wear at the "At Home" given in her honor by Mrs. Hubert Fairfax at the Forum Club last week. This frock was worn by Jessie when she was soloist for the Sheffield Choir in Sheffield. She was presented to the Duke of Kent after the performance.

Her lovely contralto voice was heard to advantage in the Club's drawing-room, where many friends were glad to have the opportunity of giving the singer a welcome home.

Jessie is in Brisbane this week, and will give two broadcasts from that city.

Jerry Bannister found time too short to see all his friends in Brisbane on his way through to Nindoombah. He dispensed cocktails en passant to all those who could accept his hurried invitation.

London Contracts

HAVE just heard that Peggy Dunbar, the Sydney contralto, who has had contracts with Noel Coward, C. B. Cochrane, and Gaumont-British Films, is due back in Australia in six weeks' time. She has been away for five years, and is looking forward to meeting her many old friends.

She was bridesmaid at Mrs. Harold Boot's wedding a few days before she sailed. Both bride and maid were soloists at St. John's Church, Wahroonga, at that time.

News from England

HERE'S news of Colonel and Mrs. Alex Forbes. Immediately after her presentation Mrs. Forbes, with Mrs. Clyde Fiskien, of Melbourne, went off to Germany and Austria for a tour. She must cross the Channel again before September, as she is due in Scotland that month.

The gallant Colonel is busy with senior officers' courses in England, and will also be attached to some crack regiment before returning home.

Have You Noticed—

The dark red brier roses of velvet, worn by Clarice Faithfull Anderson in her hair, as a vivid contrast to her evening coat of old gold?

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As we drove back to Raven, we summed up what we had learned from going about the estate, and after an excellent supper, of which we were very glad, we studied the map we had marked and laid our plans.

These were very shortly, to make for the mouth of the northern entrance-drive. There Winter would set us down and then go off for petrol, of which we were running short. If the map was true, the drive was some two miles long, but the end we had seen was flanked with fine, tall bracken, which would, at need, afford us most excellent cover from view. From the drive we could first survey and presently take to the foot-hills which neighbored the castle itself and so look down on the building we meant to watch; and though it would have been quicker to climb the foot-hills at once—for they stood close to the road running south of Brief—we should then have been unable to see ahead and might well have passed over some crest, clean into some garden or terrace commanded by every window that looked that way. How long our visit would last we could not tell, but when Winter had taken in fuel he was to return with the Rolls and berth her in one of the tracks.

With that, we went to bed early, for we were to rise at dawn, more or less content that the country had forced our hands and little dreaming of the ruffie which the morrow was to bring forth.

The day was cloudless, the world was drenched with dew and the sun was not yet upon the mountains when Winter set us down a hundred yards from the mouth of the entrance-drive. To this there were no lodge-gates, and only a board marked "Private" distinguished its rough, brown surface from that of an ordinary road.

"The first track on the right, Winter. Back her down and take her well into the wood. You may have to wait some time, but don't go far from the car and keep out of sight of the road."

"Very good, sir," said Winter, and set a hand to his hat.

Five minutes later the Rolls was three miles off, and Herrick and I were padding along the drive, one upon either side of the ill-kept road,

COUNTERFEIT Coin

Continued from Page 26

ready to enter the bracken the moment we saw or heard any sign of life.

For a furious the drive ran straight, it bent to the left and the woods upon either hand began to close in; but the bracken held on and was growing tall and thick—we could see the green flood stretching beneath the trees. And then the drive curled to the right and ran into the woods.

We had covered more than a mile and the sun was up, when, somewhat to our surprise, we heard the sound

fear, wearing black livery, sat at the wheel. A glance at the number-plate showed that this was obscured.

"The return of Percy," said Herrick, "after a heavy night. I know just how he's feeling. And I'm glad I'm not his valet, if what you tell me is true."

With his words, the car disappeared and we rose out of the bracken to hasten along in its wake.

We were now approaching the foot-hills among which the castle stood, but the drive was so serpentine and the trees by its side were so thick that we could not see what was coming for more than some fifty paces beyond each bend. We therefore took the precaution of leaving the road for the bracken before we rounded a curve, to make sure the next reach was empty, before we exposed ourselves. That we did so was just as well, for a quarter of a mile farther on I lifted my head from the bracken to see the closed car at rest in the midst of the way. One of its doors was open, and someone within was speaking with Percy Virgil, who seemed to be very angry and was pointing the way we had come.

Be sure I dropped like a stone, and Herrick, moving behind me, followed my lead.

After a moment he wriggled his way to my side.

"What do you see, Sister Anne?"

"Percy himself," I whispered, "having a row with someone inside the car. It looked to me as though he was sending them back."

As I spoke, the car began to move backwards slowly enough.

Now the drive was not wide enough to allow any car to turn round, but a track ran out of the drive some six or seven paces from where we lay. By making use of this track, any chauffeur could turn any car, and I was ready to wager that here the car would be turned. Sure enough, in a moment or two, we saw the body swing backwards into the track. For all that, I should have been wrong, for the car did not stop until it was four or five

paces clear of the drive, when the chauffeur applied his hand-brake and switched the engine off. The car had been parked.

As somebody opened a door, Percy Virgil strode out of the drive and into the track.

Here I will say once for all that throughout this tale I shall report in English such speech as was used. Much was, of course, said in German, but though, when I heard it, I did not know what it meant, Herrick translated it for me as soon as ever he could.

As he came to the car: "Where's the wire?" snapped Virgil. "Or have you forgotten that?"

"It is here," said another man. "And the change of clothes?" "Also," said a woman's voice. "All marked, as I said?" "That is so." "Then follow me," said Virgil, "and bring the wire."

CAUTIOUSLY

raising our heads, we saw the procession set out—first Virgil, then the man, then the woman, with a dog on a lead. The chauffeur brought up the rear. They passed behind the car and disappeared in the wood.

When Herrick explained what had passed, I put a hand to my head. "What on earth does it mean?" Herrick shrugged his shoulders.

"Unless," he said, "dear Percy is making a film."

"Which is absurd," said I. "But so is everything else. And where does the dog come in?"

"Nothing comes in," said Herrick. "It's all preposterous. But I'm glad to have seen dear Percy—extremely glad. And I'll tell you this, my friend—if ever we should set out to get that gentleman down, we shall have to pull our socks right over our knees. He certainly looks a blackguard, but he's not the sort of blackguard that makes mistakes. I can see him committing murder, and never turning a hair; but he'd have his alibi ready-tied up and sealed and posted, before he went after his man."

(To be Continued)

GIRLIGAGS



"CHINA WITH her three-thousand-year-old eggs has nothing on us. She is just more truthful about telling ages."

of a car. This was behind us, coming the way we had come, and at once we whipped into the bracken and knelt down among the green stems, to let it go by.

After a moment or two, a closed car, travelling slowly, slipped into and out of our sight. The blinds of the car were drawn, and a chauff-

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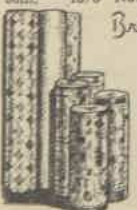
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Radio performers have their admirers and their fan mail just the same as the movie stars. In it brickbats and bouquets are judiciously blended.

A good many letters ask for something; some are critical; others are just human little notes of appreciation.

SINGERS seem to get the largest fan mail, and the greatest number of sentimental letters. Not so much the jazz singers and the crooners as the balladists.

Julie Russell, the song girl on Station 2GB, receives many letters from



TITO SCHIPA, premier lyric tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who will be heard in a radio interview with Dorothea Vautier on Tuesday, July 20, at 11.45 a.m., during The Australian Women's Weekly session from 2GB.

listeners thanking her for singing old favorites, the songs that stir the memories.

One admirer wrote recently:

"I always imagine you as singing in a garden by moonlight. There is an old-fashioned charm and freshness in your song, like the scent of beloved flowers."

Another woman wrote to Julie to tell her that her small son always refers to her as the "girl with the garden voice."

"I love getting fan mails," says Miss Russell, who, by the way, was one of Melba's pupils.

"Radio is different from the stage, where one gets audience reaction. Fan letters have something of the same effect on a broadcasting artist—you know what your listeners are thinking and feeling about your work."

Dorothea Vautier is another 2GB personality with a persistent fan mail.

Most of her letters are more businesslike than glamorous, she says, but many of her women listeners praise her voice and her sense of selection in getting only the most interesting people for her interviews at the microphone.

Jack Davey gets a lot of letters from people asking his advice on a radio career, or forwarding him "a good joke to put over the air."

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier.)

WEDNESDAY, JULY 21—11.45

a.m.: London Calling. 3.45

p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, JULY 22—11.45

a.m.: The Movie World. 2.45

p.m.: Music.

FRIDAY, JULY 23—11.45 a.m.:

So They Say. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, JULY 24—6.15

p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30

p.m.: Famous Artists.

SUNDAY, JULY 25—4.30 p.m.:

The Old Gardener. 6.10 p.m.:

Sidewalks of London.

MONDAY, JULY 26—11.45

a.m.: People in the Limelight.

2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, JULY 27—11.45

a.m.: Overseas News. 2.45

p.m.: Swing Music.

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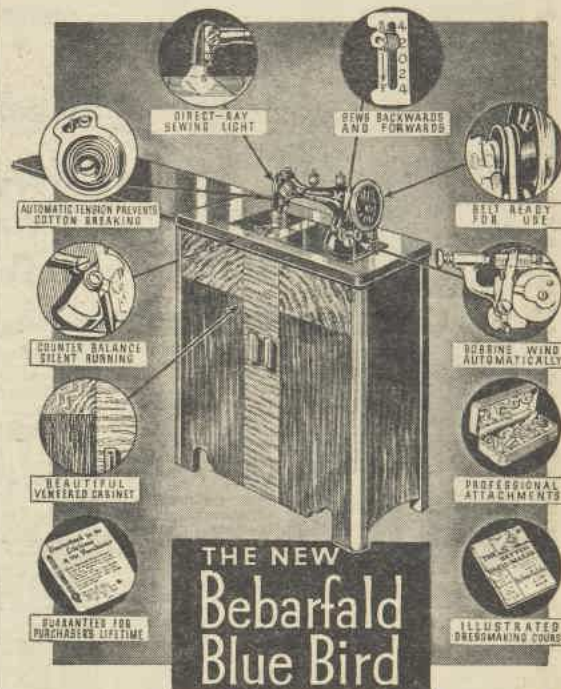
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OPPOSITE TOWN HALL—GEORGE ST.—SYDNEY.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

July 24, 1937.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

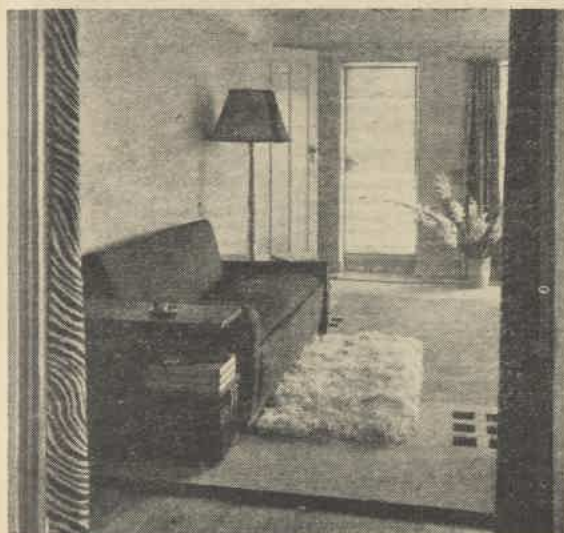
37

THERE'S MAGIC in COLOR

By Our
Home
Decorator

It Waves a Wand and Transforms Shabby, Old-fashioned Rooms into Gay, Modern Places...

One says that color is magical may sound extravagant, but when you consider that often, with the aid of color alone, you can entirely rejuvenate dull, depressing rooms and turn them into modern places full of life and glowing tone and shade, it must be admitted that color possesses the powers of a wizard.



A GLIMPSE of a lovely lounge-room decorated in cream or off-white tones with color relief in rug lampshades and pottery bowls.

THINK what the fresh color in newly-painted walls, woodwork and furniture, new hangings and floor coverings can do to a room. It entirely changes its character.

Color is, of course, the secret of interior charm, the reason for successful room decoration. Cleverly used, there is practically no effect that cannot be obtained with the use of this medium.

Rooms may be lightened or darkened, may be given a subdued character or a care-free one, may be exciting or restful, may be inspiring or just friendly—all because of the way in which color has been used in the decorative scheme.

Perhaps you have a dull-looking dining-room, a depressing place with dark walls and furniture, heavy hangings and drab floor covering. Or it may be a bedroom, that is cold and uninviting or a lounge-room that is just plain irritating.

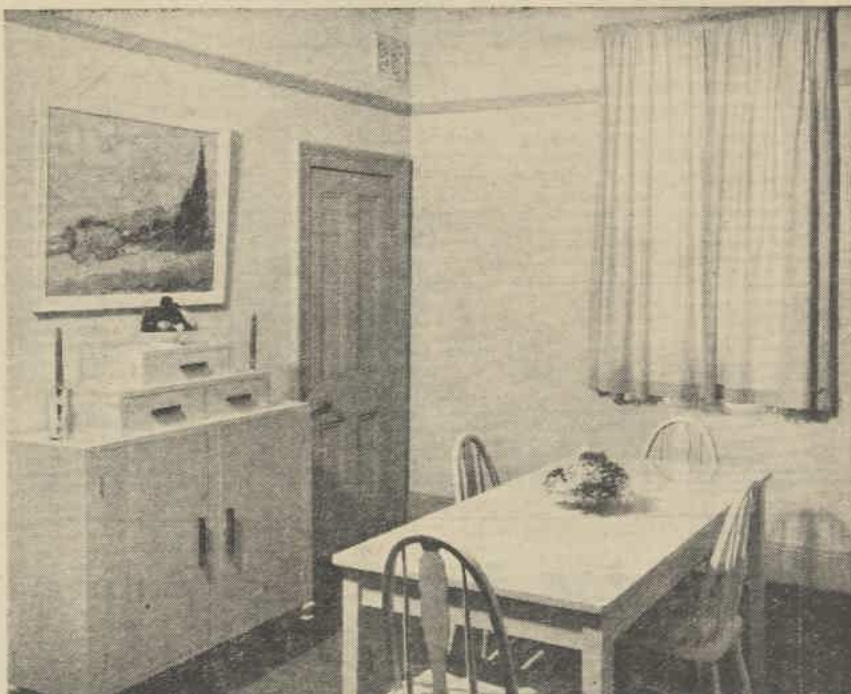
Don't put up with that room any longer. Sit down and think out a new color-scheme—something entirely different that will completely change the character of the room and make it a happy, inviting one.

Consider, for instance, the rooms illustrated on this page. At the top is a dining-room which was once old-fashioned and drab.

The dark walls, ceiling, and woodwork were painted cream. The furniture was also painted in the same shade, all of which adds to the light spaciousness of the room. Gay notes were introduced by the curtains, which are bright sunny yellow, a green rug on the floor, and the colored Van Gogh print on the wall over the sideboard.

Simplicity is also a feature of this room, the smart lines of the sideboard, and quiet dignity of the table and chairs, and absence of unnecessary ornaments and occasional pieces adding to its charm.

The centre picture gives you a



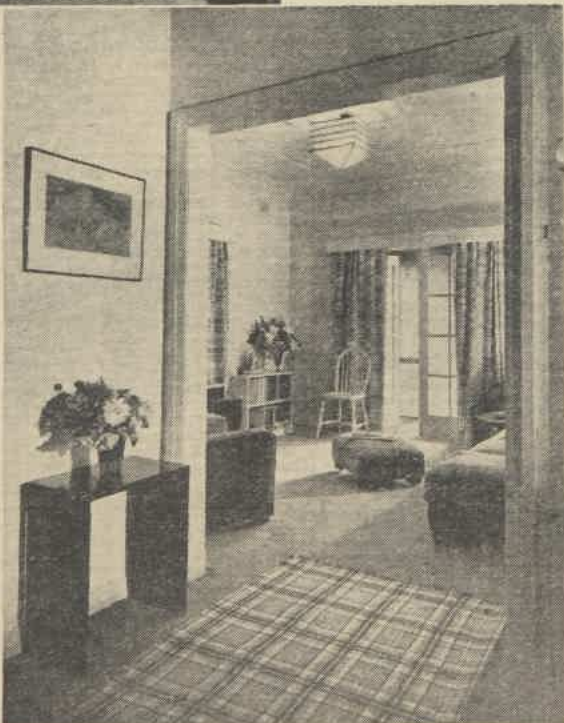
AN old-fashioned dining-room transformed with cream painted walls, woodwork and furniture, yellow curtains, and green carpet.

simple matter to paint walls and woodwork themselves—the cost is reduced to a minimum.

Painting furniture that has become too shabby for further use saves the expense of a new suite, while new curtains in a happy design and color need not be at all costly. If made plain, as is popular at present, in straight hanging drapes without pel-

lets or valances, you also save considerably on the amount of material needed.

Color schemes need not be complicated. In fact, usually the more simple they are, the more effective the result. It is better to rely on one or two clear colors than to overdo the job by using several contrasting shades.—J.K.



ATTRACTIVE hall and lounge-room decorated in a happy combination of lettuce-green, oyster and beige.

glimpse of an interior decorated in a color-scheme based on cream or off-white. In the lounge, the walls, woodwork, and standard lamp are painted light cream, while the lampshade and pottery bowl are rust-color. Notice the attractive touch introduced by the cream rug in front of the lounge.

In the lower illustration depicting a hall opening into a lounge-room, which in turn opens on to a sun porch, the color-scheme is carried out in tones of lettuce-green, oyster, and beige which is soft, cool and charming.

Redecorating rooms need not be expensive. If you do the work yourself—and some women find it quite a

Mrs. James GETS A BEAUTY HINT



WHAT A BEAUTIFUL NURSERY! I WISH I COULD AFFORD IT FOR PEGGY.

WELL I DIDN'T SPEND MUCH ON IT MARY—I PAINTED THIS OLD FURNITURE MYSELF. I GOT THE IDEA FROM ANNE STEWART'S BOOK

THERE are more ideas than this in Anne Stewart's new book, "The Colorful Home." Now you also can have a charming nursery and other lovely rooms in your house, for Anne Stewart shows you how to do painting and redecorating yourself. Send for her free book today! It's valuable!

FREE

Anne Stewart, Director, Tailor-made Home Decorating Service, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.

Dear Miss Stewart,

Please send me my FREE copy of your book,

"The Colorful Home." I enclose 3d. to cover

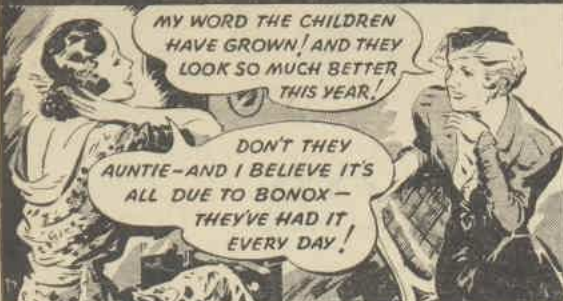
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A WELCOME SURPRISE FOR AUNTIE..



I FIND BONOX JUST AS BENEFICIAL FOR CHILDREN as it is for adults. The soluble beef extractives in Bonox are aiding in stimulating the digestive juices, thus aiding digestion and promoting a more thorough assimilation of food.

Then, too, Bonox, unlike ordinary meat extracts, contains Predigested Beef which is quickly absorbed into the system. Bonox helps you fight off winter epidemics of colds and flu and keeps you up to par—have it regularly every day! Delicious as Beef Tea or soup—sold everywhere.

FREE!

It costs you nothing to prove what Bonox can do for you. Go to your nearest Retailer and buy a 2 oz. bottle of Bonox. With it you will receive a big trial bottle, absolutely free. Use the trial bottle, and if for any reason you are not satisfied, return the 2 oz. bottle unopened, and your money will cheerfully be refunded.

LISTEN TO
THE KRAFT
MUSIC
PARADE

SYDNEY, T.W., every Tues., 8.45 p.m.
MELB., 2DR-LB, every Tues., 8 p.m.
PERTH, 6IX-WB, every Tues., 8 p.m.



COMPETITION RECIPES

These win Cash Prizes as the week's best entries in our big £500 Cooking Competition

The winner of first prize for this week has been awarded £1, while others win 2/6 each as consolation prizes.

SEND in your favorite recipes now and you may win not only a weekly prize, but one of the big cash prizes in the £500 competition.

Cake Section

AMERICAN CREAM GINGER CAKE

Cream together 1lb. butter and 1 cup castor sugar. Add 1 well-beaten egg and 1 cup of golden syrup. Sift together 2½ cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1½ teaspoons carbonate soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ground cloves, and 1 small teaspoon salt. Add 1 cup of hot water and beat all together well until smooth.

Although a soft batter, this makes a delicious cake. Bake in greased papered shallow meat-tin for about 35 minutes. Turn out to cool. Next day cut off outside edges and split cake. Fill with whipped sweetened cream to which some finely-chopped walnuts and crystallised ginger have been added. Ice top with icing made by sifting 1 teaspoon ground ginger, good pinch of ground cloves, and little cinnamon in with icing sugar. Melt small piece of butter, pour into sugar,

etc., and add sufficient warm water to mix well. Pour over cake, then sprinkle with chopped walnuts and chopped toffee. The latter is just sugar melted in a frying-pan until brown, set aside until cold, and crushed between greaseproof paper.

1st First Prize for best recipe to Mrs. J. H. Honeysett, Alt Crescent, Ainslie, Canberra, F.C.T.

BANANA WHOLEMEAL FRUIT-CAKE

Five ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, ½ wholemeal flour, 1lb. sultanas, pinch salt, 3 bananas.

Cream butter and sugar, add mashed bananas, then beaten eggs and milk gradually, then fruit, salt, and, lastly, unsifted flour. Mix lightly and evenly, bake in well-buttered cake-tin in moderate oven for 1½ hours.

2/6 to Mrs. Waller, No. 1 Robert St., Greenwich, Sydney.

Economical Dinner Section

MENU

Tripe Olives with Bacon Rolls and Fried Croustons.
Brussels Sprouts. Potatoes.
Crezy Pudding. Sweet Sauce.

TRIPLE OLIVES

One pound tripe, 1 large onion, 1 stalk celery, 1 dessertspoon butter (or beef dripping), 1 cup bread-crumbs, salt and pepper to taste, pinch herbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1½ cups milk or white stock (or milk and water), 1 dessertspoon flour, 4 strips bacon, 2 slices bread.

Prepare tripe by scraping and soaking in salted water for an hour. Meanwhile slice onion thinly and cut celery in half-inch lengths. Chop parsley. Prepare breadcrumbs from stale white bread and mix with herbs, parsley, salt and pepper.

Cut tripe into pieces about 3in. x 6in. and place seasoned breadcrumbs (moistened with a little milk) on each strip. Roll up and tie with white cotton. Melt butter in saucepan and fry chopped onion and celery for five minutes without browning. Place rolls of stuffed tripe on top, add stock or milk, and simmer slowly for an hour. Fifteen minutes before serving, thicken slightly with little flour, and leave to simmer while frying bacon strips and triangles of bread in resulting bacon fat. When ready to serve, lift tripe rolls on hot dish, pour sauce over, and garnish with bacon strips and bread triangles. Accompany with brussels sprouts and mashed potatoes.

CREZY PUDDING

Four ounces each of flour, suet, currants, raisins, and sugar; 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4oz. raw grated carrot, 4oz. raw grated potato.

Shred suet finely, grate carrot and potato, making sure that none of their juices are lost. Sift flour and baking powder and mix all ingredients well together, adding some grated nutmeg if liked. Put into well-buttered basin and steam for four hours. Serve with sweet sauce or custard.

2/6 to Mrs. C. L. Davies, 30 Maysia St., Canterbury, Vic.

ECONOMICAL THREE-COURSE DINNER (for family of four)

COLD DAY SOUP

Rib bones, 1 small carrot, 1 small swede turnip, 1 small onion, salt and pepper to taste, chopped parsley, sippets of toast.

Wash bones and place in saucepan with roughly-cut vegetables, salt and pepper, and about 1½ pints water. Simmer gently with lid on for about 1½ hours. Then add one cooked potato (cooked with potatoes for next course), and strain, pressing vegetables through sieve. Allow to cool, and remove fat. Re-heat before serving, and add chopped parsley and sippets of toast.

SAUSAGE SURPRISE

One pound beef sausages, 1 small onion, 5 potatoes (one for soup), 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste, 1 piece of butter size of walnut, and bunch spinach.

Prick sausages and stew in cup of water with onion, sauce, salt and

pepper for about 15 minutes. Grease pliedish, place sausages in bottom of dish. Pour over liquid. Cut up partly-boiled potatoes and place on top. Sprinkle with grated cheese and dot with butter. Cook in oven for 20 minutes, or until brown. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, and serve.

SPINACH

Wash spinach and place leaves in boiling water to which has been added a dessertspoon of vinegar and necessary salt. Cook in usual manner. Strain through colander, retaining water for the next day's soup. Serve with little butter and pepper. Serve with sausage surprise.

APPLE DELIGHT

Three cooking apples, 1 cup of stale white bread or cake crumbs, sugar to taste, and 1 teaspoonful cinnamon.

Cut up apples finely, place one layer in greased casserole dish, sprinkle with sugar and little ground cinnamon. Sprinkle with stale bread or cake crumbs and repeat till dish is full, ending with crumbs. Place lid on casserole and bake in moderate oven for about an hour till apples are soft. If desired, coconut can be sprinkled on when serving.

The sausage surprise and apple delight can be cooked in oven together. 2/6 to Miss E. Smillie, 10 Raglan St., Mosman, N.S.W.

Pudding and Sweet Section

EDELWEISS DATE PIE

Three-quarters pound short pastry, 1lb. minced dates, 1 pint water, 1½oz. flour, 1 lemon (rind and juice), 1 dessertspoon sugar, 2oz. shelled walnuts, 1 egg-yolk, cream to taste, dates for decorating pie.

Roll out pastry, cut a round and line a deep pie-plate, pressing pastry well to make thinner in base of plate; prick pastry with skewer and decorate with fancy edges. Now line with round of buttered paper and scatter rice on it; put in a hot oven to bake, and when nearly cooked remove paper and rice and return pie to oven to finish cooking.

PIE FILLING

Stone dates and put fruit through mincer. Put minced dates in saucepan and half the water, and heat until mixture becomes soft. Mix sugar with flour and add grated lemon rind; mix to smooth paste by stirring in gradually remainder of water; add sugar and flour mixture to dates in saucepan, also juice of half lemon; bring mixtures to boil and boil for few minutes, then take off and let cool slightly. Add beaten egg-yolk to above mixture and cook again for few minutes without boiling. Stir in chopped walnuts. When cool, turn into prepared pie-crust. Leave until cold, and then decorate longwise with one layer of whole dates laid singly, then a layer of cream forced through decorator. Repeat till top is covered. 2/6 to Mrs. H. Macinnis, 9 Hawkins Lane, Orange, N.S.W.

ORANGE PUFFS WITH WHIPPED ORANGE SAUCE

Half cup butter, 2 eggs, 1½ cups flour, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, grated rind and strained juice of 2 oranges.

Beat butter and sugar till light. Stir in eggs, well beaten, orange rind and juice, then flour sifted with salt and baking powder. Pour mixture into well-buttered cups until each is half full. Cover cups with buttered paper and steam 45 minutes. Serve with whipped orange sauce.

WHIPPED ORANGE SAUCE

Beat to a cream 4oz. butter and 6oz. sugar. Place in saucepan, add 1 cup boiling water, stiffly-beaten whites of 2 eggs, and juice of 3 oranges. Beat over fire until light and foamy. Serve hot with the puffs.

2/6 to Mrs. E. Sommers, 195 Cowper St., Waverley, N.S.W.

Jam Section

FRUIT SALAD JAM

Two large breakfast-cups diced pineapple, 6 passionfruit, 3 oranges peeled and sliced, 2 apples, 2 bananas, juice 1 small lemon. (Any fruit, of course, may be used.)

Any fruit salad left over from a meal may be made into delicious jam by adding one cup of sugar to each cup of fruit salad and boiling quickly till fruit clears and syrup thickens slightly. If sugar has been previously added to the fruit salad, 1 cup of sugar should be used to each cup of fruit salad.

2/6 to Mrs. H. H. Power, Palmwoods, N. Coast Line, Qld.

For this week's special cookery subject—Chutneys—see Page 40.

Why you buy Health

LIME

for strong teeth and bones is provided by apples in its most easily assimilated form for children and grown-ups.

PHOSPHORUS

and iron which are present in apples are a splendid brain and nerve tonic and a great blood purifier.

VITAMIN C

is needed by everybody to protect health and vitality. Apples are Nature's way of providing you with Vitamin C.

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exists in apples in its most readily digestible form. This sugar is an important source of strength and energy.

When you buy APPLES

DOCTORS, dietitians and nutrition experts throughout the world are focussing attention on the value of apples in the diet. Apples have been proved to be the most valuable of all fruits in promoting good health and preserving the teeth. An apple is a natural and delightful medicine, an excellent nerve tonic, and a needed balance to the starchy substances which form too large a portion of our daily food.

Apples which rival the world's best in quality are produced in abundance in Australia—yet Australia does not equal other nations in the consumption

of this ideal fruit. Health officers in every State agree that this represents a serious deficiency in the national diet which should be corrected.

Everybody needs apples . . . from infants to busy business men . . . and your diet is incomplete unless you EAT AN APPLE EVERY DAY!

ORDER A CASE FROM YOUR LOCAL FRUITER



Remember . . . pears are delicious too!

Issued in the interests of the health of the community by the Australian Apple and Pear Council.

A1-37

COOKING the WEEK-END JOINT

Complete Instructions for baking all kinds of meat, with recipes for special baked meat dishes.

By RUTH FURST

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

WHEN the family is home over the week-end, there's lots of cooking to be done to appease healthy young appetites.

But don't worry about it! Here our cookery expert tells you how to cook a complete dinner in the oven—delicious, nourishing, and time and work saving.

Baking means cooking in the dry heat of an oven.

It is often termed roasting, but roasting proper means revolving in front of a hot fire. The nearest approach we get to roasting is to hang the joint in the oven of a stove.

JOINTS SUITABLE FOR BAKING

BEF.—Sirloin, wing rib, rolled ribs.
MUTTON.—Leg, shoulder, loin.
LAMB.—Leg, shoulder, loin, hind and forequarter.

VEAL.—Fillet, leg, shoulder.

PORK.—Leg, loin.

OTHER FOODS—

Poultry, rabbit, milk puddings.

TIMETABLE FOR COOKING

BEF.—15 minutes to each pound, and 15 minutes over.

MUTTON.—15 minutes to each pound, and 15 minutes over.

WITHOUT THE BONE.—20 minutes to the pound, and 20 minutes over.

PORK.—25 minutes to the lb., and 25 minutes over.

VEAL.—25 minutes to the lb., and 25 minutes over.

CORN BEEF (BOILED).—30 minutes to the lb., and 30 minutes over.

PICKLED PORK.—25 minutes to the lb., and 25 minutes over.

HAM.—25 minutes to the lb., and 35 minutes over.

TONGUE.—2 to 3 hours—according to size.

METHOD

1. Weigh meat to ascertain how long it will take to cook.
2. Wipe all over with a damp cloth.
3. Trim and tie into a neat shape if necessary.

4. Place on a trivet in baking-dish with fat upon it and some in the dish.
5. Place in a hot oven for 10 minutes to set the outside and prevent the juices escaping.

6. Reduce heat and allow to cook slowly.

7. Baste frequently, that is, pouring spoonfuls of hot fat over the meat. This prevents the meat from becoming dry on the outside, as well as helping to cook it.

8. Baked vegetables are cooked under the meat.

DON'TS FOR BAKING

Don't sprinkle salt or flour on the meat before cooking or place water in the baking dish.

1. Salt softens the fibres of the meat and draws out the goodness.
2. Flour burns and spoils the flavor.

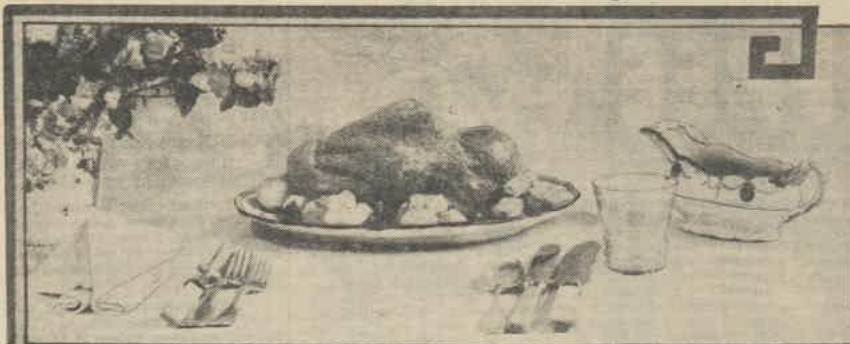
3. Water makes steam and moistens the air in the oven.

COMPLETE DINNER IN OVEN

Heat oven from 10 to 15 minutes according to the size of dinner. Put meat dish containing the meat and potatoes on rack shelf as near the top of the oven as possible. Leave heat on for 10 minutes. On next shelf place fruit in a casserole, and baked custard on the floor of the oven. Turn the heat low and allow to cook slowly the required time. Three-quarters to one hour before meat is to be dished add a casserole of vegetables on shelf with the fruit. Meat should be basted frequently.

For Casserole of Fruit: Peel, core and cut up fruit. Put into casserole with small quantity of water and

All Recipes Tested in Our Kitchen



POULTRY is particularly delicious when baked in the oven and served with baked vegetables.



LEFT: To make gravy for roasts, brown flour in the baking dish add water or stock and seasoning, return to stove and stir until it thickens. Serve in gravy boat.

a well-greased baking-tin. Mix other ingredients well together and place over slices of liver. Place strips of bacon over top and pour a little stock into the dish. Bake for 1 hour. Serve on hot dish.

STEAK AND KIDNEY PATTIES

Half-pound flaky pastry, 1 lb. steak, 1 oz. kidney, 1 dessertspoon plain flour, 3 tablespoons water, salt and cayenne, chopped parsley.

Cut steak in very small pieces, also the kidney, place in a saucepan, add flour, salt, cayenne and parsley, mix well, add water and stir over heat till it boils, then allow to cook very slowly till tender. Allow to become quite cold before using. Make the pastry, roll out, cut out with two round cutters, one two sizes larger

than the other. Line deep patty-tins with the larger rounds, fill with meat-mixture, wet round edge and place cover on. Make a hole in centre with skewer to allow steam to escape. Glaze with egg-glazing, bake in hot oven 12-15 minutes, serve on hot dish garnished with small sprigs of parsley.

STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE

One and a half pounds beef steak, 1 oz. flour, 1 dessertspoon-fat chopped parsley, 1 lb. flaky pastry, 3 sheep's kidneys, salt and cayenne, little water.

Cut steak into inch squares. Skin kidney and cut into small dice. Dip each piece of steak and kidney in flour, pepper, and salt. Place in a pie-dish, piling high towards the middle. Add enough water to come barely to the top of dish. Roll out pastry the same shape as pie-dish, but 1 inch larger. Cut a strip off all round. Wet edge of pie-dish and place strip on. Moisten strip and lay the cover on and ornament with leaves and a rose. Make 4 holes on the top to let steam out. Glaze with egg. Bake in a hot oven 1 hour, then place in cooler oven for 1 hour. Serve hot.

ROAST BULLOCK'S HEART

Bullock's heart, veal seasoning, roasting fat, gravy, currant jelly. Wash heart well, removing any

unnecessary fat, and parboil it. Then fill with seasoning and sew up. Place in baking dish, add fat, and bake from 2 to 2½ hours, basting frequently. When cooked, lift on to a hot dish. Serve with gravy and red currant jelly.

POLISH STEAK

One pound lean steak, 1 onion, salt, cayenne, 1 egg, 2 lb. potatoes, 2 oz. suet, browned breadcrumbs.

Mince steak, suet, and onion. Mix with beaten egg, salt, and cayenne. Form into roll and roll in crumbs. Place in baking-tin. Add 1 pint water. Peel potatoes and cut into quarters. Place round the roll. Cover with greased paper. Bake 1½ hours. Serve up hot with brown gravy.

BEEF ROLL

Four-pound piece of topside cut with a pocket, 2 cups fine white breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 egg, finely-chopped parsley, salt and cayenne.

Mix breadcrumbs, parsley, salt and cayenne together, rub in butter and moisten with beaten egg. Gather into one lump and place in the prepared pocket in the meat. Then join together by threading a skewer through it. Place in a baking-dish with about 3 tablespoons fat. Bake in a hot oven for the first 10 minutes, then turn the gas down low and bake slowly about 1½ hours. Serve hot with vegetables required.

ALWAYS a favourite—roast beef, which is appetising served hot or cold.

sugar to taste. Cover tightly and leave in oven while meat is cooking.

For Casserole of Vegetables: Use any vegetables except cabbage and spinach, prepare and put in casserole. Add cup of water, either hot, warm or cold, to which you have added salt, soda, and sugar and mint, if required. Cover tightly with lid and put in oven three-quarters to one hour (according to type of vegetables) before meat is ready to be dished up.

SUGGESTIONS FOR COMPLETE OVEN DINNERS

No. 1: Roast lamb and mint jelly, baked potatoes, peas, milky rice, and stewed prunes.

No. 2: Rabbit casserole, new potatoes, cauliflower and sauce, queen pudding.

No. 3: Beef roll, baked potatoes, beans, apple charlotte.

No. 4: Steamed fish and sauce, new potatoes, parsnips, cottage pudding, and jam sauce or custard.

SHARP STEAK

Two pounds rump steak, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, salt, cayenne, grated nutmeg, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon sauce, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 pint water, gherkins and capers.

Trim steak, rub well in brown sugar, salt, cayenne, flour, lay in deep dish, add water, sauces, vinegar and salt, cover with another dish. Place in hot oven, cook slowly for 1 hour. Lift on to hot dish, remove fat from gravy and strain over the meat. Garnish with gherkins (cut in strips) and a few capers. Serve very hot.

BAKED LIVER

One calf's liver, small onion, salt, pepper, chopped parsley, 3 oz. breadcrumbs, 1 oz. fat bacon. Soak liver in water, wipe dry, and cut into slices. Lay slices of liver on



Only Kellogg's know how to make Whole Wheat so tasty. It's rich in nourishment value, too! Ask for Kellogg's NEW, better tasting Whole Wheat Biscuits.

"MUMMY, I'VE JUST HAD THE LOVELIEST WHEAT BISCUITS OVER AT MARGIE'S PLACE. I ATE THEM ALL UP BECAUSE THEY TASTE CALLED KELLOGG'S NEW WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS. MAY WE HAVE SOME FOR MUMMY PLEASE? . . . THEY BETTER 'ND BETTER THAN ANY WE'VE EVER HAD BEFORE"

Order a packet from your grocer right away.



LENTHERIC

FOR LIPSTICKS

Cocktail-proof—lasting—exquisitely flattering, these new lipsticks created by the master perfumer, Lenthéric. In six smart shades that you will love



3/9—REFILLS 2/6

LIPSTICKS

LENTHERIC

FACE POWDER—COLOGNES—PERFUMES
ROUGES—NAIL POLISHES L.I.

WHO IS THE GIRL?

...and why is she always smiling?

● She is the "ninth" woman—the intelligent girl—who relies on Myzone to keep her charm undiminished by severe pain or distress

● You can easily pick her out—she is always on her toes—confident of herself—clever, witty, bright-eyed—her spirits never seem to droop during even the hardest day's work

● For Myzone's amazing new tentacled action compound spaces all such suffering and even when pain, upset or headache is most severe, or prolonged, two tablets with a cup of tea (or drink of water) will bring complete, blissful relief in 7 minutes

● Specialists say that while Myzone is twice as quick, and three times as effective, it is also new in the sense that it relieves pain without any "doping" effect. Get a box today, 2/- every chemist. Try it on your very next headache!



YOUR FUTURE!

What... Are my 1937 Prospects? What... Lottery shall I be lucky in? What is my lucky number and date? Send P.N. 2/4 full Birthdate, stamped addressed envelope for Reading by

"NARGEE" World famous Astrologer and Numerologist.
Dept. W., Box 8818V, G.P.O., Sydney.

FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

Bad Habit that Can Be Corrected

By MARY TRUBY KING

This week's article deals with a condition which is likely to cause many mothers anxiety during some period of their child's upbringing.

A WORRIED mother writes: "My little girl of six years, though well trained, has the habit of bed-wetting, and it is a source of discomfort to herself and concern to us. No amount of punishment seems to have any effect."

Incontinence may be due to several causes, and sometimes persists in spite of the usual home treatment of no fluid after 4 p.m. into the teens.

The first thing to do is to find out if there is any inflammation of the bladder. Medical examination is necessary for this.

One should realise that scolding has no effect other than a bad one, as the child cannot help making a mistake in its sleep.

The attitude of the parents should be one of helpful and cheerful encouragement.

Making the child sensitive about the condition only aggravates the trouble.

See that the bedclothes are warm, but light in weight. Try raising the foot end of the bed on blocks of about one inch, so that there will be less pressure on the bladder during the night.

The child's shoes should be damp-proof, as a chill is often the cause of incontinence. Keep the legs and abdomen warmly covered, and do not allow the child to run about barefoot.

Wake the child at midnight for a few nights. Then wake her at 11 p.m. for a few nights, and then at 10 p.m. for a few nights. Be cheerful at these times and send her off to sleep again with the feeling that everything will be all right. A confident feeling on the part of the mother at this late hour will have a very beneficial effect on the child.

Nervous Origin

THE habit of which our correspondent writes is usually of nervous origin. The mother should not get worked up about it, but try to preserve a cheerful, confident attitude, as this will help the child. Gains should cease an hour before bedtime, unless they are of a very quiet nature.

A great deal depends on the child's general health and the rhythm of her day. Late nights should not be allowed. Visits to the pictures should be a treat, not a weekly event, and even then the picture visited should have been seen beforehand by some member of the family who can vouch for its suitability.

It is a good plan not to allow fluid to drink after about 4.30 p.m. while the habit persists.

Accustom the child to cold baths daily, by way of cool and then cold showers. At first, let her stand with her feet in warm water. Gradually decrease the temperature of the shower (a novel way is to use a garden watering-can, regulating the temperature of the water with a bath thermometer), until the child can stand a quick cold shower, and later a quick cold bath plunge.

This should be followed by brisk exercise till the body glows.

In rare cases in which a child is suspected of suffering from heart weakness, the use of a cold shower or bath is not advised.

The child should be out in the fresh air as much as possible, and should get all the sun that shines in the winter months. The bedroom window should be wide open at night.

Regarding food, it is wise to cut out meat while this condition lasts. Also all rich and stimulating foods. Give a good allowance of vegetables and fruit, wholesome bread, butter, fresh eggs and milk.

Very often a change of residence effects a cure. If you can, send the child away to stay with relatives or friends who have been warned of the trouble (unknown to the child).

If the child has any tendency to a love of the limelight, bring with someone other than her parents may do her the world of good.

Sometimes more harm than good is done by over-anxious mothers; and a rest from the mother's ever-watchful eye does both the child and the mother good! This is especially so if the child goes into a home where there are other children and is not the centre of attention. A new bedroom to sleep in and a new bed all help.

The relative or friend should be asked to maintain an attitude of "ob-servant neglect," if possible, and, should an accident occur, just carry on as if nothing had happened.

When all else fails, this complete



change of environment often effects a lasting cure, providing there is nothing organically wrong.

There is no date laid down for complete control of the bladder. It varies with different children. Some time between three and four years complete night control is usually obtained, if not earlier. That is why I suggest that this little girl of six years be medically examined.

Also she should be given a good cod-liver oil emulsion daily during the winter months. This often does wonders in toning up the whole system.

SO THIS IS MATRIMONY!



ONCE you have used Old Dutch, the new-day cleanser, you will realise it is superior in cleaning efficiency to gritty cleaners, sandsaps, scouring bricks and pastes. Old Dutch is made with Seismotite, a refined cleaning and polishing material free from scratchy grit or crude abrasives. Buy two tins—one for the kitchen, one for the bathroom—and save yourself steps and time.

Prove to yourself how much further Old Dutch goes. Date the tins when you start using them, then look at the calendar when they're empty!

The Good House-keeping Institute approves Old Dutch



Old Dutch offers limited number of "Wonder" Knives with 1000 uses, each for only 1/- Windmill Panel from an Old Dutch label, and 1/- Postal Note. Made by FINER & HALL LTD., Imperial Works, Sheffield—world's premier cutlery and silversmiths. Hand-ground, stainless, match cutlery in regular offer at below. Special edge cuts tomatoes, new bread, etc., into thinnest slices.

HOW TO GET THE TABLEWARE

Send 2 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels and 3/- Postal Note for EACH unit 1 to 10. OFFER EXPIRES JUNE 30, 1938.

1. 4 TEASPOONS (value 5/- per dozen).
2. 2 DESSERT SPOONS (value 3/6 per dozen).
3. 1 DESSERT KNIFE AND FORK (value 5/6 per pair).
4. 2 SOUP SPOONS (value 1/6 per dozen).
5. 1 TABLE KNIFE AND FORK (value 4/6 per pair).
6. 2 TABLE SPOONS (value 3/6 per dozen).
7. 1 pair FISH EATERS (value 5/6 per pair).
8. 3 FRUIT SPOONS, Gold-lined bowl (value 2/6 per dozen).
9. 3 FRUIT FORKS to match the Fruit Spoons (value 2/6 per dozen).
10. 1 SERVING SPOON, Gold-lined bowl (value 8/-).

SPECIAL! CORONATION WONDER KNIFE with potent saw edge (Value 3/-).

ORDER FORM

CUDAHY & CO. LTD., Elger St., Glebe, N.S.W.

I enclose _____ windmill panels from Old Dutch labels and Postal Note for _____ for which please send me (post paid) Units number _____

Name _____

Address _____

OFFER DOES NOT APPLY IN S.A. OR QUEENSLAND. D. 85-32

FRANTIC WITH NEURITIS

Long, pain-distressed nights with little or no sleep . . . twisting and turning from side to side in bed . . . worn out and desperate with NEURITIS—that painful inflammation of the nerves which is liable to attack ANYONE.

You owe it to yourself to banish these nerve disturbances, relieve yourself of pain and regain the joy of healthy life. That "Magic Wrap," WAWN'S WONDER WOOL will speedily bring you soothing, healing, warming relief—inflammation is reduced, congestion banished, nerves become normal and life again worth living.

WAWN'S WONDER WOOL
Obtainable everywhere at 2/6 per packet

Beauty Treatment FOR YOUR SUPPER CLOTH WITH THIS RICH CROCHET



Here is napery that will delight the eye of every woman. Napkins and supper cloth in rich design of filet crochet. Such table linen is the perfect complement to your guests. You can work these filet crochet designs quickly and easily. Get your copy of the instruction leaflet at your needlework shop . . . or send the coupon below.



COATS'
Mercer
CROCHET

COUPON
To Box No. 10047, G.P.O., Melbourne, Vic.
No. 11487, G.P.O., Brisbane, Qld.
No. 10990, G.P.O., Perth, W.A.

I enclose ad. in stamps for one copy of "Supper Cloth" leaflet, 6s. Post free.

Name

Address

31.7.37

No. 2735, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

No. 11487, G.P.O., Adelaide, S.A.

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Acid In Your Blood Kills Health and Vigour Kidneys Usually to Blame

There is nothing that can so quickly undermine your health, strength and energy as an excess of Acid in your Blood. Every time you move your hand, take a step, or use even the slightest amount of energy, cells are broken down in the body and create Acids. This process goes on even when you are asleep.

Fortunately, nature has provided an automatic method of getting rid of these excess Acids. To get rid of these Acids nature provides that your blood circulates 100 times an hour through 2 million tiny, delicate tubes, or filters, in your Kidneys. It is the function of the Kidneys to filter out these health-destroying Acids, and to purify the blood so that it can take energy and vitality to every part of your body. But if your Kidneys slow down and do not function properly, and remove approximately 2 pints of Acids, Urates, and liquids from your blood every 24 hours, then there is a gradual accumulation of these Acids and Wastes, and slowly but surely your system becomes poisoned, making you feel old before your time, run-down, and worn-out.

Causes Many Diseases

If Kidney troubles cause you to suffer from Acidity, Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Disasters, Frequent Headaches, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Cries Under Eyes, Backache, Loss of Vitality, or Burning, Itching and Smarting, don't waste time worrying and waiting. The natural thing to do is to help your Kidneys with the doctor's special Kidney prescription called Cystex (pronounced Siss-Text). Cystex works directly on the Kidneys and Bladder, and helps the Kidneys in their function of washing impurities and Acids from the system and in maintaining the purity of the blood.



Dr. O. B. Knight

Don't try to overcome Acidity in your blood by taking medicines to offset the Acidity. The only way you can really get rid of the Acidity is by helping your Kidneys to function properly and thus remove the Acid from your system. The Acid is bound to stay there unless the Kidneys function properly.

Chemists and doctors in over 51 different countries throughout the world recommend Cystex for its purity and prompt action as a Kidney medicine. For instance, Dr. Geo. H. Knight, Physician of Camden, N.J., recently wrote: "Cystex is an excellent prescription to help overcome Kidney troubles. It is assimilated by the system in short order and starts its beneficial action almost immediately. Yet Cystex contains no harmful or injurious ingredients." Dr. C. Z. Rendelle, another widely-known physician and Medical Examiner of San Francisco, recently said: "Since the Kidneys purify the blood, the poisons collect in these organs and must be promptly flushed from the system, otherwise they render the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

£2,000

Money-Back Bond

If you feel older than you are or suffer from any of the dangerous symptoms mentioned, your Kidneys may be the real cause of your trouble. Get the doctor's prescription Cystex today. Put it to the test and see the great good it can do in your own particular case. Cystex is offered under a written money-back guarantee that by helping your Kidneys it will make you feel Younger, Stronger, and more Vigorous and satisfy you completely and thoroughly in 8 days, or you merely return the empty package and your money is refunded immediately. Your word is final. This written money-back guarantee is backed by a fund of £2,000 deposited by the Klox Drug Company (Pty.) Ltd., manufacturers of Cystex, with the leading banks of the world, such as Westminster Bank, London, Emu Bank of New South Wales, Sydney. You can't afford to endanger your health—you can't afford to waste time—and you can't afford to take chances with cheap, drastic, irritating drugs, which might injure your delicate Kidneys. Get the doctor's prescription Cystex from your chemist today, under the written money-back guarantee that it must make you feel well and strong and satisfy in every way or cost nothing.

... For the MODERN HOME

Needlework
Notions

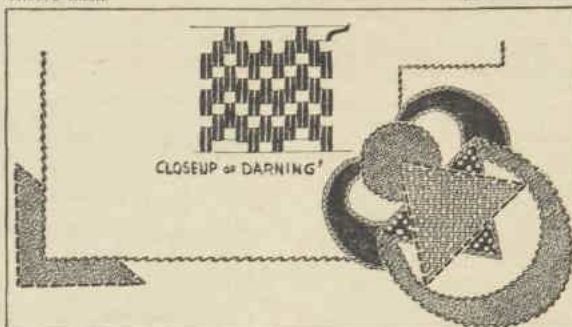
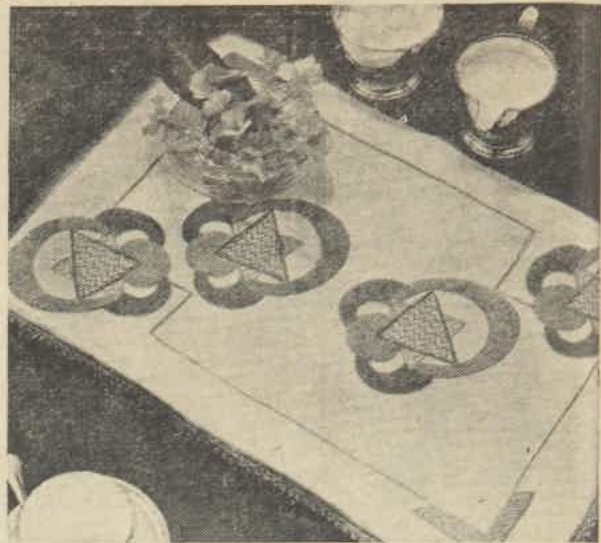
Traycloth, Tea-Cosy and Serviette Set in a Thrilling New Design.

THE original cloth shown in the photograph at the right was worked in the strikingly unusual colors of olive-green and puce on white in simple stitches, darning and stem, with french knots.

The complete set, traycloth, tea-cosy and serviette to match, can be obtained from our Needlework Department, stamped all ready for working on white or colored linen or Celine.

Materials required for the traycloth are: 12 skeins Anchor stranded cotton F.785 (olive-green); 9 skeins Anchor stranded cotton F.553 (mid puce); 6 skeins Anchor stranded cotton F.552 (puce), crewel needle No. 5; steel crochet hook No. 21.

If you decide to work the tea-cosy and serviette to match you will need a few more skeins of each color. You can also vary the color scheme, especially if you have the set in colored linen.



CLOSEUP OF DARNING

The prices are: Traced on pure Irish linen in white, cream, blue, pink, green or yellow, complete set 5/6; in Celine, 4/6.

Separately the prices are:

Traycloth, 29 by 15 inches: Linen 2/6; Celine 2/3.

Tea-cosy, 13 by 10 inches: Linen 2/3; Celine 2/-.

Serviette, 11 by 11 inches: Linen 1/-; Celine 9d.

Embroidery: Six strands are used throughout. The stitches are stem-stitch, french knots and darned fill-

ing. Follow diagram for placing of colors and stitches. It also shows the arrangement of pattern in darning. Two darning threads are worked side by side on same line, with thread of material between.

Crochet: Edging: Abbreviations: ch., chain; d.c., double crochet.

With puce work over hem 1 d.c. into space between threads, * miss 2 threads, 1 d.c. into next space, repeat from * all round, working 5 d.c. into one space at each corner. Finish off thread. 2nd Row: With mid puce

So Smart... a Black Table Centre

Worked in a lovely primrose design in varying shades of yellow and blue.

You will just love this smart table-centre.

The attractive colors of yellow combined with blues ranging from pale to royal harmonise perfectly with black.

The centre, which is size 36 by 12 inches, is made of best quality black poplin and finished at either end with a gold fringe.

Traced all ready for working, it is obtainable from our Needlework Department for 2/9.

For the embroidery the primroses should be satin-stitched in shades of yellow, and the bowl in several shades of blue ranging from a pale tone to the royal shade.



TO HOLD STRING

A HANDY bag and so useful to hang in the kitchen.

A piece of string is usually wanted in a hurry, and this string bag enables you to locate the wanted cord for tying in a minute.

Made in good quality crash or Celine, in colors of green, blue or yellow, you can obtain the bag from our Needlework Department for 1/6. The address: The Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

Interstate postal addresses on pattern page.



ABOVE: The traycloth in modern geometrical design, worked in olive-green and puce on white.

LEFT: Diagram of stitches used for working the traycloth.

work 1 d.c. into first 3 d.c., * 5 ch. 1 d.c. into same place as last d.c., 1 d.c. into each of the next 3 d.c., repeat from * all round. Finish off thread.



Ankles Swollen Twice their Size

"My ankles and knees were so swollen I looked deformed. And the pain was unbearable. Every movement was agony. When a friend suggested 'St. Jacobs Oil' I tried it only half-heartedly. One application brought immediate relief and soon the terrible soreness and swelling had completely gone."

Nothing draws out the pains of sore muscles and nerves like good old 'St. Jacobs Oil.' It's the one remedy you can absolutely depend on to relieve Rheumatism, Lumbago, Backache, Neuralgia—and it does not burn the skin. Get a bottle of 'St. Jacobs Oil' from any chemist, and see what it will do to pain!

ST. JACOBS OIL
CONQUERS PAIN

"Cream" away Superfluous Hair

Quick! Learn about the new toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in 3 minutes. Never have you known anything so easy.

This delightfully scented white cream is sold under the trade mark 'VEET'. Apply it straight from the tube—wash off. Hair falls away. Skin is left soft, smooth and white. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves, because the hair is removed below the skin surface.

The razor method is prehistoric—out of date. So are old-fashioned nasty-smelling depilatories. New 'VEET' is the newest of the new. If you are not positively delighted with it, your money refunded in full. 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

THE LATEST
BEAUTY TRICK

So Fascinating ... NEW JUMPER-BLOUSE

Knitted with a Peplum instead of a Basque, and Finished with Chic Crossover Collar

THE original was knitted with wool in the new color, Wallis-blue, a soft, powdery tone. The design itself, with its interesting diamond-like pattern, is unusually smart and dressy.

Materials: 9oz. of 3-ply wool, 2 No. 12 needles, press studs, crochet hook.

Measurements: Bust 36 inches, shoulder to lower edge 22 inches, length along sleeve seam 7 inches.

Tension: 9 stitches and 10 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; tog., together; f., forward (wool forward around the right needle); d.o., draw over (see below).

FRONT

Commence at lower part, above peplum, which is knit separately and sewn on later. Cast on 153 stitches which should measure 15 inches, and work in pattern as follows:

1st Row (right side of work): * p. 3, k. 9. Repeat from *.

2nd Row (wrong side of work): Purl the stitches that were knit in the preceding row and knit those that were pured.

3rd Row: P. 8. * K. 2 tog., k. 3, f. 1, k. 1, f. 1, k. 3, d.o. (i.e., slip 1 stitch onto right needle, k. 1 and draw slipped stitch over it), p. 7. Repeat from *.

4th Row: Same as 2nd row, except that the "forward" loops from preceding row are knit from the back as follows: Insert right needle into back part of loop from right to left and work it off as usual.

5th Row: P. 7. * K. 2 tog., k. 3, f. 1, k. 3, f. 1, k. 3, d.o., p. 5. Repeat from *.

6th Row: Same as 4th row.

7th Row: P. 6. * K. 2 tog., k. 3, f. 1, k. 5, f. 1, k. 3, d.o., p. 3. Repeat from *.

8th Row: Same as 4th row.

9th Row: P. 5. * K. 2 tog., k. 3, f. 1, k. 7, f. 1, k. 3, d.o., f. 1. Repeat from *.

10th Row: Same as 2nd row.



A CHARMING NEW DESIGN for a jumper-blouse. It is knitted with a peplum instead of a basque and finished with a neat crossover collar in an intriguing diamond-like pattern. Instructions for making are given here.

Repeat from the 1st row.

18th, 27th, 36th, 45th, 54th, 63rd, 72nd, 81st, 90th, 99th, 108th, 117th, 126th, and 135th Rows: Widen by 1 stitch on each side.

At the end of the 135th row there are 181 stitches on the needle and the work measures 10 1/2 inches. Shape armholes.

Cast off 7 stitches at beginning of next 2 rows.

Decrease 1 stitch each end of needle every other row, eight times. Work even until armhole measures 4 1/2 inches.

In the next row the yoke begins. This is knitted in stocking-stitch (1 row plain, 1 row purl), the purl side being the right side. Divide the stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately.

Decrease 1 stitch every row at neck edge until 48 stitches remain. When armhole measures 7 inches, shape shoulders.

Cast off 8 stitches at beginning of every row at armhole edge. Join wool at neck opening and work in the same way.

BACK

Follow instructions for front to beginning of yoke. Knit in stocking-stitch for 1 inch.

Divide stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately. Work even until armhole measures 7 inches, shape shoulder, cast off 8 stitches at beginning of next 6 rows at armhole edge. Cast off remaining stitches.

SLEEVES

The cuff is knit in the ground pattern, the remainder of the sleeve in the yoke pattern. Cast on 104 stitches which should measure 10 1/2 inches, and work cuff until it measures 1 1/2 inches. Change to yoke pattern.

Increase 1 stitch each end of needle in every 7th row until there are 128 stitches on the needle; when sleeve measures 7 inches from top of cuff, shape top.

Cast off 2 stitches at beginning of every row until 48 stitches remain. Cast off.

PEPLUM (LOWER PART OF JUMPER)

Cast on 306 stitches. Knit into back of each stitch. Knit in stocking-stitch for 4 inches. Cast off.

RIGHT REVER (COLLAR)

Cast on 90 stitches. Knit in stocking-stitch for 8 rows. Cast off 3 stitches at beginning of every purl row, until all stitches have been cast off.

LEFT REVER

Work the same as the right, only cast off 3 stitches at beginning of every plain row.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces with hot iron over a damp cloth, sew up side, shoulder, and sleeve seams, stitch peplum to lower edge of jumper, sew straight edge of collar to neck. Work one row of double crochet round collar and

Put An End To Those CHILBLAINS & FOOT TROUBLES With The Aid Of Zam-Buk

THIS weather is very trying. Your feet are often cold and wet, and you are liable to have painful and annoying chilblains, or maybe a touch of cramp or rheumatism in the feet. But you can be sure of healthy, comfortable feet all the time if you follow this easy treatment.

Every night give your feet a good rub over with Zam-Buk. This restores circulation and relieves

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation.

If your feet are aching and tired, or you have those troublesome corns and hard growths, before applying Zam-Buk, bathe the feet in warm water and dry thoroughly, especially between the toes.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are absorbed into the skin. Thus joints, ankles, toes, and feet are strengthened, and foot comfort is yours. Zam-Buk is equally good for chilblains on the hands.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores



"I had as many as twelve broken chilblains on one foot at once and lost work with them. But regular use of Zam-Buk now keeps me free from chilblains, and I no longer dread the winter months."—Miss M. H. Smith.

"For years I endured the misery and pain of bunions. I could not bear the pressure of my shoe. Zam-Buk brought wonderful relief; in fact, I do not mind if anyone treads on my feet now."—Mr. A. Locke.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

for Spring and Summer

Paton's "Lacette" Yarn is ideal for your fine-weather Knitteds . . . several instructions for "Lacette" are included in

PATONS & BALDWIN'S
**SPECIALTY
KNITTING
BOOK**
No. 59

Price 6d. (Posted 7d.)

Insist on getting "P & B" Specialty Knitting Books. The best designs in Hand Knitted Garments for every member of the family.

"P & B"
BRAND

MEANS

FREE SAMPLES OF NEW "P & B" WOOLS on request to Dept. 12 Patons & Baldwins Ltd., 84-94 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, C.I.; or 181 Clarence Street, Sydney

PATONS & BALDWIN'S
KNITTING WOOLS

Catarrhal Deafness may be Relieved.

A SIMPLE, SAFE, AND RELIABLE WAY THAT CALLS FOR NO UGLY TRUMPETS, PHONES, OR OTHER INSTRUMENTS.

To have catarrhal deafness is very annoying and embarrassing. People who are deaf in this way are generally mighty sensitive on this subject. And yet many catarrhal deaf folk carry around instruments that call attention to their infirmity. Therefore, people who are hard of hearing, who suffer from head noises, or who are actually deaf from catarrhal trouble, will be glad to know of a simple treatment that can be easily made up at home for a few pence cost that is really quite efficient in relieving the disagreeable deafness and head noises caused by catarrh.

From any chemist get one ounce of Paracetamol (Double Strength). Take this home and put it into a simple syrup made of 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take a tablespoonful four times a day.

This treatment should, by tending action, reduce the inflammation in the middle ear that a catarrhal condition would be likely to cause, and with the inflammation gone, the disagreeable head noises, headaches, cloudy thinking and that dull feeling in the ears should gradually disappear. Anyone who suffers from catarrh, catarrhal deafness, or head noises should give Paracetamol a trial. It is pleasant to take and is quite inexpensive.

FALSE TEETH Can Not Embarrass

Most wearers of false teeth have suffered real embarrassment because their teeth dropped or slipped at just the wrong time. Do not live in fear of this happening to you. Just sprinkle a little PASTEETH on your plates. Makes false teeth stay in place and feel comfortable. Sweetens the breath. Get PASTEETH at any chemist (large or small size).

YOUR COMPLEXION

Keep it radiantly clear by

Skin Hygiene



Health is very much in fashion nowadays. The modern idea of a beautiful complexion is a skin that glows with health and freshness. That is why the Cuticura way of caring for the skin gets more popular every day—it is the recognised method of skin hygiene recommended by skin specialists and beauty experts.

Cuticura Soap is a beautifier in the best sense of the word. Its gentle, creamy lather removes all the accumulation of tiny dirt particles and grease from the skin, and frees the pores of every trace of "foreign matter" which has been clogging them. This soap is mildly antiseptic in action, so that the skin is not only cleansed but purified. It feels soothed, too—its texture is softer and finer.

Cleanse the face twice daily with Cuticura Soap and watch your complexion get that transparent glow of health which only pore-deep cleanliness can give. Use Cuticura Ointment as needed for pimples, rashes or skin outbreaks.

Give yourself a daily treat by always using Cuticura Talcum after your bath. Most refreshing and fragrant.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.



Cuticura For Clear
PREPARATIONS Healthy Skin

KEEP YOUR YOUTHFUL FIGURE

People often spend many guineas on treatments for superfluous fat and fail to get as much benefit as a single box of Beecham's Pills would bring them. Most obesity is caused by faulty digestion or intestinal sluggishness. Beecham's remedy these troubles. They reduce your weight whilst they improve your health. They are perfectly safe, easily taken, and can be depended upon for all-round good health and fitness.

BEECHAM'S PILLS WORTH A GUINEA A BOX



WISTARIA... and Spider-Lily



YOUNG WISTARIA VINE properly pruned and trained to grow over specially built framework.

Prune the lovely wistaria vine now and plant spider-lily bulbs for late summer flowering.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

WISTARIA should be pruned immediately. Being deciduous it is always pruned at the same time—the present—as deciduous fruit trees and grape vines.

The pruning is done to increase horizontal growth. The strong main stems are not allowed to grow in a straggled formation. The best method of pruning is to select two or four leaders, and cut off all the tangled growth. Thin out the weak spindly side branches and select the good strong healthy ones, spacing them about six to eight inches apart. On these side branches shorten back the laterals to about thumb-length. These branches are then evenly spaced and securely tied, and the leaders and side limbs are nipped back two or three inches to encourage a more vigorous growth and a better flowering condition.

The flowers of the wistaria appear on spurs and can be very easily detected, the double buds being the flowers, and the single the leaves.

Second year vines are pruned by cutting the top growth, and the side

sandy loam. Plenty of leaf-mould with a little sand mixed with it is ideal for them, but see that the ground is thoroughly drained.

The best method is to trench the bed where the lilies are to grow.

The bulbs are planted from July up to August. The best method is to plant in clusters of about five or six bulbs, about two inches deep and three to four inches apart.

They flower prolifically when planted in massed beds, are quite hardy, and grow to perfection in almost any situation. They can also be left undisturbed for several seasons, but have to be well-established before they produce good-quality blooms. Sometimes they fail to flower the first season, but do not be discouraged. They will certainly repay you later on with beautiful blooms.

February, March, and April is their flowering season. If you have a bed where the bulbs have grown too thickly, June is the best month to lift and divide them.

LISTEN-IN to the gardening talks given by the Old Gardener, of the Australian Women's Weekly, from station 2GB every Sunday afternoon, at 4.30.

shoots are pruned back to two or three eyes or leaf buds.

The wistaria vine has been known in some cases not to flower. In such circumstances a severe root pruning is necessary. This is done in the following manner: A circle two spade-lengths deep is dug around the main stem. This applies to the older type of vine. For younger vines, four or five years old, with less extensive root system, the circle is made about three feet away from the main stem. Then all growth of the current season is cut back to within four feet of last year's wood, and the flowering shoots are constantly encouraged.

On no account should the vines when young be allowed to wind around each other. For instance, one often sees the new growth on the various limbs intertwine around the main stems or limbs of the plant. If this is allowed the limbs choke one another and stop the free circulation and distribution of the sap throughout the plant.

Nerine

MOST gardeners are familiar with the nerine or spider-lily. These lilies are members of the Amaryllis family, and come to us from South Africa.

The flowers are most graceful and are borne in clusters right on the top of the erect, slender stem. There is quite a range of colors, dazzling scarlet, white, rose, pale pink, and deep pink.

Nerine revels in soil made up of



"She Cut Her Teeth

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—Thanks to Kruschen

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SHADOWS were lengthening across the lawn. A little wind had sprung up, edged with a biting chill. While they talked the drifting spray of cloud clotted and curled in the west so that after a while the sun showed through only fitfully.

"I'm going to take you inside," Swift decided. "Can't have you getting a fresh cold."

"I'm all right," said Mimi, without stirring, but he stood up and made her stand up too.

Her immobility frightened him. She seemed at moments to forget that she was not alone.

"Where's your mother?" Swift asked her suddenly. "Gone into town, I suppose."

"No, she didn't go in to-day. She's up in her room working."

"Ask her to come down, won't you? I want to talk to her."

"They went slowly into the house together."

The sitting-room was quiet, and empty. A bowl of yellow and mauve and white freesias scented the warm air. Swift sat down in a corner of the couch, his eternal cigarette between his fingers, and Mimi went to the foot of the stairs and called:

"Mother—can you come down?"

"She hates to be interrupted," Mimi said to her father when she returned to him. "Can I get you some coffee, or something?"

"Later on, thanks," said Swift.

THE Four MARYS

Continued from Page 45

"Mimi, I am about to take a long chance."

"Have you counted ten?" asked Mimi. But she was only faintly interested. She had no notion what he was talking about. It was an effort for her to make talk. When her mother came in she looked up with an obscure sensation of relief.

"Hello, Meg," said Swift. He got up and shook hands with her, stood until she sat down in the other corner of the couch.

Meg was in an old black frock she called her working clothes. It had an open collar like a man's shirt and she had rolled her sleeves above her elbows. Her soft, dark hair was rumpled and her eyes were slightly shadowed. She had been writing for hours. Her book was almost done. Another few days might see the last word on the last page—she dragged herself with the thought of that.

"I've been trying to get this young lady to go away for a while," said Swift. There was a curious nervousness in his manner.

Meg thought, painfully startled. "He wants Mimi," she said. "Oh, she's doing very nicely now. It takes time, you know, to throw off flu. Especially if one's a bit run down to begin with. Where is it you want to take her?"

Swift got up and stood by the mantelpiece, rested an elbow on it. "Look here, Meg," he cleared his throat and hesitated.

Meg said, "I think I know what you are going to suggest." Let Mimi go somewhere a long way off with him. Let her get clean away from Meg and from what he considered Meg's mismanagement of her daughter's affairs.

"You're a fine mother!" he had once said to Meg. Now he was going to act on that.

"I doubt it," said Swift with a quick, amused stare. "Unless you're a mind reader. Here it is, Meg:

By the Underground

Ecstasy of morning, thundering of sound, Flying down to Wynyard by the underground, Station after station gaily dancing by, Inlets of the harbor, patches of the sky, Sweet suburban gardens talking of the rain, Early little children out to watch the train, Ten to nine at Wynyard, some a little late, Running down the stairway, racing through the gate, Five to nine at Central, tramp of feet that play, Sydney's early morning overture to-day.

Why don't we all three go off on a tropical binge of sorts—the family together again?

For a moment Meg couldn't speak. She felt the blood rise slowly, scorchingly to her eyes.

Then Mimi laughed, an excited, unsteady, surprised sound. "You mean remarriage, dad?"

"Make an honest man of me, Meg," said Swift. His smile was as ironic as ever, but he added directly, unsmiling: "How about it?"

"Why not, mother?" said Mimi. She leaned forward, clasped her hands between her knees. For the first time since she had been taken ill, interest showed in her. "It might not be bad—the three of us."

"You'd like it, would you?" said her father. He looked at her closely.

"It's mother's business, not mine, of course," said Mimi, but an odd, young wistfulness had come over her.

Meg's voice would not come. She opened her lips and closed them. How like Vivian to open a discussion of such painful intimacy in Mimi's presence. How like Mimi to be completely unembarrassed by taking part in it. Neither one of them allowed for any possible embarrassment on Meg's part.

"Hope I haven't startled you too much," said Swift. "I've had it in my mind for some time to talk the possibility over with you. Give Mimi a united home for her old age. After all, we're not young any longer you know—we've had some of the bounce taken out of us. I think we might make a pretty sane go of it now. No fireworks, perhaps, but a

reasonably warm hearthstone. What do you say, Meggie?"

MEG stood up. She did her best to smile. Vivian was carrying it off in the drawing-room comedy tradition; casual, cool, friendly—marriage only a matter of adjustment and convenience; but memory served her better than that.

"Come back and eat at my board, Meggie." That was what, reduced to its final terms, he was saying to her. And for all she would have liked to be as detached as he, the thought of returning to those bonds from which she had once, at the expense of such desperate unhappiness, cut herself free, chilled the blood in her veins.

She looked back at him, her dark eyes wide and frightened. "I'm sorry, Vivian—it's quite impossible. I've changed so much."

"Are you sure it's impossible, mother?" asked Mimi. She waited for Meg's answer, but only half hopefully. Her momentary flare of color and eagerness began to subside.

Meg said, "I'm sure, darling." Her low voice implored Mimi to understand, not to press her.

Please turn to Page 53



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THE MOVIE WORLD

July 24, 1937.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By BARBARA BOURCHIER and JUDY BAILEY

From Hollywood and London

Love Notes

THE friendship of David Niven and Loretta Young is rapidly advancing into the romantic stage. One is never seen at a party or night club without the other. They seem to take such keen delight in each other's company that it is not surprising that gossip already has them altar-bound.

When Jackie Coogan threw a big party on his ranch the other night,

Boyd Chooses Fifth Bride

• Grace Bradley doesn't care who knows that she is going to marry William (Two-Gun) Boyd, the Western movie star. They have filled in applications for a Los Angeles marriage licence.

Although the wedding date is indefinite because of film engagements, the exotic blonde is planning a honeymoon in Hawaii.

Boyd is 39 years old, Grace 23. This will be Boyd's fifth marriage.

and Betty Grable did not appear, everyone decided that the romance between them was dead. The next day people all over the film colony were bemoaning the fact that the attractive young pair had broken up. Finally Jackie himself heard the news. He vehemently denied there was any truth in the gossip.

Ronald Colman remains Hollywood's mystery man as far as romance is concerned. The only woman he's been seen with in recent months is Benita Hume, but friends attach little importance to this association. Colman seems to prefer the company of his cronies—his manager, William Hawks, the Warner Baxters, and Bill Powell.

Reunion At Denham

AT Denham Studios are gathered together once more several of the principals of "Fire Over England." They are Laurence Olivier, Leslie Banks, Vivien Leigh and Robert Newton.

"The quartet are working in Basil Dean's production of Galsworthy's play, "The First and the Last." Dean is also directing the picture, final responsibility being taken by London Films.



NEW FRENCH STAR

• "Wings of the Morning," Gaumont-British's fine color film, stars a French actress, new to films, Annabella. Strangely different, according to mood, are her photographs. She is the woman in all three of the pictures above. Bottom right is Henry Fonda.

Re-birth

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

is being re-born. British Cine Alliance has engaged Hans Schwarz to direct an opus which has been christened "The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel."

No, Leslie Howard is not playing the lead. In fact, the picture has not yet been cast. Script, by Arthur Wimperis and Adrian Brunel, has, however, been passed. It is said to be very good.

Schwarz is taking a big risk in directing a Pimpernel story. Fans have not forgotten the original screen story in which this character figured, and in which Howard scored such a success.

Astaire Apologises

FRED ASTAIRE insists he is the worst ballroom partner in the world. The other day he danced with Joan Crawford, which should flatter the young lady, because Fred has never been seen to dance in public with any other movie star. The next day he sent her a pair of new dancing pumps, in apology for having stepped all over her.

You can't persuade Fred to go dancing at the Hollywood night clubs. When he does show up at a cafe, he usually hides out in the cocktail room where he can't even hear the music.

fair. She has decided to offer her famous house for sale, since she and Buddy Rogers do not care to live there.

It sounds like a lot of money for any house, but most of the wonderful treasures that Mary and Doug collected on their wide travels are included in the furnishings.

And, of course, the fact that royalty and celebrated personages were entertained within those walls when Mary and Doug were king and queen of Hollywood adds to the allure of the famous estate. It was the first of the great private homes to be built in Beverly Hills.

For Sale

MARY PICKFORD

is asking the modest price of £140,000 for Pick-

FACES Only a BEAUTY Could LIVE WITH

Film Lovelies Like Rugged Looks In Their Bridegrooms

PROUD possessors of Greek god profiles who insist upon the little woman having beauty to match their own perfect pulchritude need not seek a bride among the hours of Hollywood. For, in the movie Mecca, Adonis is a dud, so far as Venus is concerned.

Hollywood is the home of handsome men. And the world's most beautiful women. Their mating would create a generation excelling the ancient Greeks in physical perfection. The acme of human beauty would be attained.

BUT somehow, save for a few rule-proving exceptions, such romance just won't jell. Hollywood has no interest in eugenics. Which perhaps is just as well.

For all the daughters would be Helens. And think how congested the harbors would get launching thousands of ships. Besides, fair is fair, and life is hard enough without the infliction of a population of male peacocks upon us.

It is indeed a benign Providence that leads the fairest femininity to fall for men whose faces frighten children. But everything may be carried to extremes. And when given an eyeful of some husbands, only a dummy can doubt that wives have a sense of humor.

Now, the Hollywood husbands are all right as husbands go. But, nevertheless, had Solomon known his Hollywood he would have found another puzzle for his list of unanswerable problems. With the naive conceit of masculinity, he'd have summoned a few thousand wives and, shaking the crumbs from his foliage, would have asked them by this and-by-that what an aluring creature like Claudette Colbert could possibly see in a bespectacled husband like Dr. Joel Pressman.

Of course, he'd never have stopped to wonder how his own ladies—of-a-thousand—and-one might could abide a bewhiskered baboon like himself. How the ladies would have answered that only Heaven knows. And later, when their love-lives were published, Dr. Pressman's name would have headed the list of adored males.

But, no fooling, why do you suppose Claudette does dote on Joel? He's kindly looking, and has a humorous little twinkle in his eye, but he's minus a cleft chin, romantic orbe, Roman nose, and patent-leather hair.

When glamorous Myrna Loy chose a mate who—or whom—did she select? Was it that virile charmer, Clark Gable? Or that tall, dark 'n handsome Cary Grant? No indeed. Though Myrna had felt both their celluloid-searing kisses—on the screen, of course—she married producer Arthur Hornblow, inconspicuous, and inclined to baldness.

Margaret Sullivan's husband, Leland Hayward, is a motion-picture agent, in which occupation he is just about tops. He represents a truly glittering galaxy of brilliant writers and scintillating stars. As, for in-



● **ANDRÉ KOSTELANEZ**. Try as you may, you can't call Lily Pons' choice handsome.

stance, Margaret herself, Katharine Hepburn, Miriam Hopkins, Charles Laughton, Ben Hecht, Donald Ogden Stewart, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers—to name but a few.

But super-salesman that he is, Leland could never talk himself into a job as a romantic screen hero. Though tall and dark, he is rather angular, and his face is lined. His most distinctive feature—if it may be called a feature—is his hair, which achieves a startling, windblown, the barber-used-the-clippers—maliciously effect.

Then there's Marian Nixon. Sort of butterfly-in-the-rain girl. And you ought to see what she picked. Big Bill Selter, who shakes chandeliers when he laughs, and tells tales between roars of merriment. Ophelia wed to Falstaff.

Merian Cooper, middle-aged producer, accomplished artist, erudition personified, can scarce be called an Apollo. He'll never be round-shouldered from the weight of beauty medals. Yet Merian persuaded lovely Dorothy Jordan to abandon a highly successful screen career in order to beautify his home.

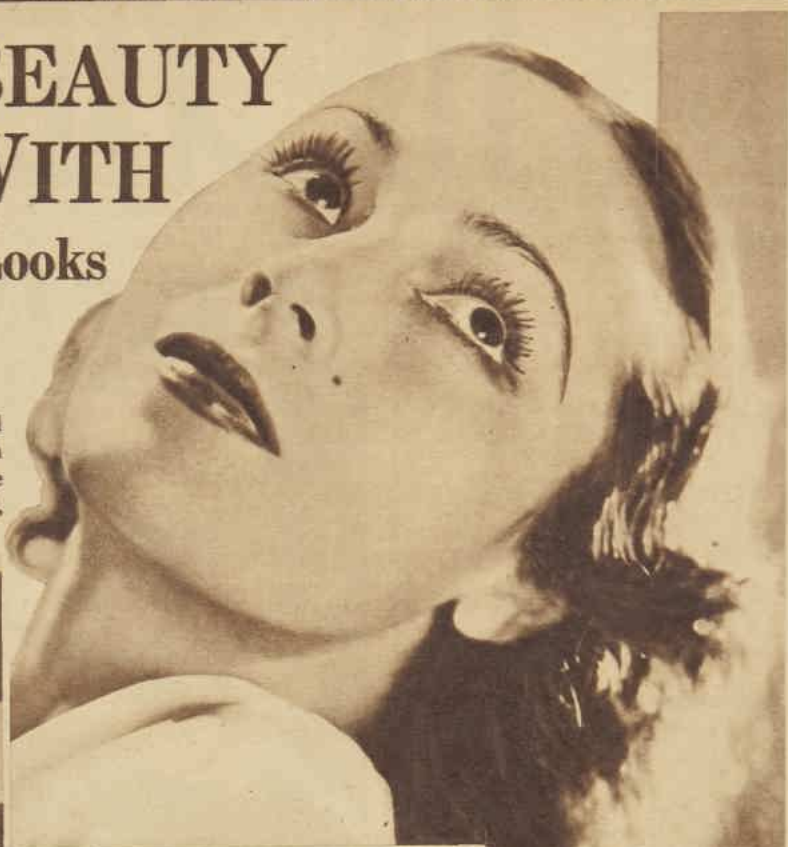
Not only has she glorified it with her presence, but has added, too, the greater glory of a child.

Another girl who, for love, voluntarily stepped out of the limelight at a time when she was getting the best breaks in her career was June Collyer.

You probably remember the time when June was the toast of the town, one of the most beautiful girls who ever graced a social event as well as a silver screen, and who made the front pages of international newspapers when Prince George, the present Duke of Kent, came visiting a.w.o.l. in Hollywood.

The Prince made no secret of the fact that he found June the loveliest of the Hollywood beauties. She was his favorite dining and dancing partner for three of the most hectic days the natives can remember. And June gave up all—screen career, social success and the admiration of celebrities—for homely-faced Stuart Erwin.

Any man with a heart in his chest and not a cube of ice would go off the



● **LOVELY** Dolores del Río. No Adonis did she choose, but homely-faced Cedric Gibbons.

calls him, though in doing so she is ignoring the taunt of a Broadway columnist who claims to have a photostat copy of the marriage certificate of the pair dated months ago.

Lily's such a dainty little person, it's hard to imagine her mated with hairy-armed André Kostelanetz, who looks very much more like a wrestler than the symphony orchestra conductor he is in reality. To look at "Kosty," as Lily fondly calls him, you'd think he was a big roughneck to whom evening clothes mean pyjamas.

Hymeneal Handcuffs

AFTER her divorce from Charles McGrew, the late Jean Harlow, one of the most glamorous and popular beauties who ever graced the film colony, frequently had to call the reserves to keep handsome suitors from cluttering up her front porch. But when the time came to slip on the hymeneal handcuffs for the second time, whom did she appoint gaoier? Paul Bern—middle-aged, quiet and undistinguished looking. And after his death, Jean married Hal Rosson, a cameraman. And there are reasons for Hal staying behind the camera.

And they keep it right up. There's Bette Davis married to a freckled-faced young fellow—one of those chaps people describe as having "such a frank, open countenance." Miriam Hopkins is trembling on the brink of matrimony with stocky, grey-haired foreign director Anatole Litvak. And so it goes all down the line.

What is this mysterious power? How do they get that way? You tell 'em, King Solomon.



● **GENE RAYMOND**, one exception to a pretty general rule. Jeanette MacDonald wedded him despite his good looks.

deep end after meeting the beautiful Dolores Del Río. She might be the Dark Lady to whom Shakespeare was writing poetry when he should have been home putting the cat out of Ann Hathaway's cottage.

Her beauty is as warm as a desert sun. She could make sheiks and sultans, potentates, and princes turn somersaults in the hope of winning a smile. Yet when Cedric Gibbons had the temerity to intimate matrimony, she just turned those midnight eyes on him and whispered "yes"—as though she were flattered.

Now, Cedric's o.k., but he lacks that certain je ne sais quel. If you get what I mean. In fact, if they cast Cedric opposite Greta Garbo, the

critics would say he wasn't the type.

You'll need more than second sight to see why Gloria Stuart became Mrs. Arthur Sheekman. Two looks won't tell you. And that debonaire charmer, Jean Arthur, is married to a snub-nosed real-estate operator, who must needs be measured by his soul if he is to equal Jean's inches. Irene Dunne picked no bargain either in the marts of beauty. Of course, Dr. Francis Griffin is an awfully nice man. But no one would ever ask him to pose for a statue of The Discus Thrower.

Then there's Lily Pons' husband. Or perhaps I should refer to him as her fiancé, because that's what Lily

ONLY AN IDEA Hollywood Doesn't Exist

By MARY OLIVIER

HERE is no such place as the town of Hollywood! Drag out your atlas and look for yourselves when you recover from the shock of hearing that your favorite romantic, glamorous spot, paradoxically, doesn't exist!

No authoritative atlas has Hollywood marked on its plates; no gazette lists it as a civic being; no railroad station proudly acclaims it to the world.

NOR has it any airport or post office (only a sub-station), although a letter addressed from any part of the globe will find the way to its destination accurately and without delay.

Hollywood is the recognised home of motion picture making, yet scarcely a studio is located within a radius of three miles. It is also the home of famous stars, but very few live any nearer than Beverly Hills, Brentwood, Malibu or over the pass in the San Fernando Valley.

In short the film city of Hollywood just doesn't exist. It is just a state of mind. Civically speaking, the cinema centre is a suburb of Los Angeles, and not a very big one at that. Nobody knows just where the boundaries begin or end, but a distinctly different atmosphere is noticeable immediately Hollywood Boulevard looms into view. Some intangible, indescribable air clings to the place, identifying it for the newcomer.

Once Was a Town

EVEN though most of the cinema life has departed from its confines, Hollywood has never lost its distinctiveness inherited from the beginnings of movie life there. For actually there once was a real, existent town of Hollywood, a separate municipality with an independent civic government, definite legal boundaries, a post office, and characteristic postmark, a spot in the postal and tourist guide, a name on the map.

It had a history and a purpose in being, and still might have been the one essential thing that it lacked. But to hear the true story, let's get back to the year 1883.

Many theories have been advanced as to how Hollywood came to be. Hollywood, the most popular being that the name was inspired by the holly trees that grew naturally in certain canyons of the extensions of the Santa Monica Mountains, which form the town's background. But like other theories, it is wrong.

Hollywood was christened by a woman. Its name arose from a casual conversation on a train travelling from San Francisco to New York.

In 1883 Horace Henderson Wilcox visited Los Angeles accompanied by his wife. One of the favorite drives with residents of Los Angeles at that time was out in a north-easterly direction towards the Cahuenga Pass, a roadway frequently travelled by wayfarers on their journey to Ventura, Santa Barbara, and other northern Californian points.

The section just at the foot of the pass appealed to Mr. Wilcox. He liked the sweep of the country down from the Cahuenga Pass to the valley below. It was an ideal spot, to build a home, a quiet place not too far from the metropolis of Los Angeles.

A year after he first saw it, Wilcox purchased an acreage centring where Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga Avenue now intersect. Mrs. Wilcox, following him shortly afterwards, struck up an acquaintance on the train with a well-to-do woman who often spoke of Hollywood, her country estate in England. The

name pleased Mrs. Wilcox so much that she decided to call their new property Hollywood Ranch.

To make the name more fitting Mr. Wilcox imported two English holly bushes and set them out near the door of the home he had built. That was the beginning of the Hollywood that we know to-day and the true story of how this renowned place received its name.

From 1885 to 1903 Hollywood was an unknown entity, sparsely populated, a show site for tourists. With the turn of the century, however, Hollywood became more closely settled, and shortly after 1903, with the glorious population of 700, Hollywood became established as a city with a fixed area, a civic government, and everything that goes with it. Even so, it was connected to Los Angeles only by a couple of very rough roads, and its main street, crude and unpaved, was a bed of dust in the summer and a quagmire in winter.

Sunset Boulevard, now a busy shopping thoroughfare, was a quiet residential road. A few small stores catered for local trade; there was one school and a couple of churches, but no theatres, cabarets or restaurants. The one lone hotel was the centre of social activity of which there was very, very little.

Hollywood was a slow-going community but a very prosperous one. Citrus growing and market gardening were the local industries em-

ploying quite a few of the residents. The rest went into Los Angeles to business.

It was the citrus orchards which proved Hollywood's civic downfall. As they extended all over the nearby countryside it became apparent that the rather primitive water supply was quite inadequate to cope with the demand not only for the land but for the growing population.

It Went Dry

JUST when Hollywood was wondering what it would do for water, Los Angeles stepped in and generously offered to share its liquid wealth with its neighbors, conditionally, of course, that they amalgamated. It was a case of give up or dry up, and Hollywood had no alternative but to accept the offer.

So Hollywood in 1910, after a brief municipal existence of seven years, became part of Los Angeles, a state which still remains. Though Hollywood merged itself with Los Angeles, it still retains the familiar old name to designate the locality which originally bore it.

Up to that time not a movie had been made

erect studios, and little or no encouragement was given to the baby industry.

In 1911 the first motion picture studio was established in Hollywood by the Horsley Brothers, who saw in the locality a virgin field—about the only one left for their purpose. They were on their way to Los Angeles to look for a likely spot, glimpsed Hollywood, liked it, and built the first motion picture studio in the old Blondeau tavern and stable on the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Gower Street.

That was the commencement of Hollywood as we know it to-day, only, of course, it was no longer a town. Its title died the same year as pictures moved in.

So although Hollywood is famous as the picture-producing centre of the world, although it is a name familiar to millions, although nobody speaks of pictures or stars without thinking of Hollywood, actually there is no such place. It is only a generic term for an indefinite locale, an entity that has no shape, no boundaries, no form or substance. Hollywood just isn't!



GALLERY OF STARS

Miriam Hopkins

Starred for comedy in "Woman Chases Man"

in Hollywood. There were motion picture studios in Los Angeles, but the industry was not regarded as one of any importance. To most people the production of shadow shapes to flit across canvas in a nickelodeon was a childish fad which would soon pass. Only on the outskirts of Los Angeles was it permissible to

WORLD'S Safest SPOTS

Are the STUDIOS

Hollywood Guards Health Of Stars And Workers

JUST t'other day, I had occasion to visit Freddie March for some material for a story which you may read some time! We strolled along past the sound stages and arrived at the laboratory where most of the cutting and developing of film is done.

A group of besmoked laboratory technicians were standing around, garning and smoking, during one of the recesses between work in the big plant.

FREDDIE grinned and nodded to two or three of the lads, then turned to me. "Look at 'em," he said. "I only wish I had half their luck, but double their judgment."

"Every ten minutes they come out for a little fresh air, yet they leave the safest and healthiest air one can breathe. In the open, they smoke, breathe dust, and suffer from the uneven humidity and different temperatures."

Now, your favorite Mr. March is something of a technician. One cannot help becoming au fait with most of what's going on after a long period in movies. He went on to explain:

"The air in the laboratory is filtered until chemically pure. Not a microscopic particle of dust can exist. The temperature is regulated to a hundredth of a degree, so is the humidity. No air in the world is so accurately conditioned."

His explanation was a revelation to me, and made me realise what is a little-known fact—one which may prove as interesting to you as it was to me when I first discovered it.

A Hollywood studio is the safest place in the world to be at any time. Yes, that's an honest-to-goodness fact! Provisions for the safety and well-being of the famous stars and players, and the host of valuable technicians in a big studio, are far beyond those taken by any city to protect its inhabitants.

Well Protected

THE average film studio has a policeman on duty for every three hundred feet of its area... as I've often discovered to my embarrassment! It has more firemen in proportion to its buildings than any city. One of the major producing plants, for instance, maintains a complete truck company and fire-fighting staff for 125 buildings, with alarm boxes within 75 feet of each other.

There is a special electrical alarm circuit that cannot be disrupted by any cause, as any damage to it would be compensated by a duplicate circuit, and, in addition, a sprinkler system, automatic in operation, is installed in every building and on every stage.

A studio physician, dentist and an emergency hospital in the studio com-

efficiently guarded. If Gary Cooper wrenches a hand, or Jeannette MacDonald develops a headache, or Grace Moore complains of a sore throat, there's always a nurse handy with remedies.

If a laborer happens to get a nail in his hand, or an electrician a burn, nurse is on the job. The studio physician arrives in an instant if the trouble is in any way serious.

All the major studios have physical instructors who watch the weight and condition of their starring charges. Well-known experts for the most part, they have their gymnasiums generally in the dressing-room building, and thereby scientifically train the glamorous ones of the screen.

The great roaring machinery shops that supply light and power to the studios are the last word in safety. No piece of machinery is ever allowed to operate without adequate safety guards installed to avoid accidents. Weekly classes in accident prevention and "safety first" are given all workers.

No electrician is allowed on a set without gloves, insulated pliers and screw-drivers, which are inspected three times a week by the chief of the electrical department. All cables

• PRINCESS KOUKA, Soudanese belle, who makes her film debut in Capitol Films' "Jericho," an English production in which Paul Robeson stars.



in the electrical and sound departments are inspected daily for efficiency of insulation.

Sound stages are all ventilated and air-conditioned.

Rigorous traffic rules and a ten-mile speed limit are enforced on studio streets, with traffic officers stationed at an average of 100 yards apart on the main arteries, 200 yards on less-travelled streets. Mirrors set at right angles warn motorists if any traffic is coming from around the corners.

Any strangers seeking to enter any of Hollywood's leading studios must pass the front gate to receive a pass if the visit is authorised, and the pass is checked by four different officers, no matter where the visitors go on the "lot." A person getting into the studio by subterfuge, and without a pass, could not get past the first of these officers.

All make-up material and tools or devices used in make-up are invariably sterilised before they are again used in the make-up department, which in appearance and operation resembles an operating-room, in so far as sanitary technique is concerned.

Bottles of distilled drinking water are installed on every stage, and in every office, with individual paper cups. No faucets are available where ordinary city water can be used for drinking purposes. First aid kits are installed not only in all shops, but in all offices and departments, and carefully checked to be sure they contain adhesive tape, gauze bandages, iodine, ammonia, and other basic necessities all ready for immediate use.

And just for good measure, a number of the studios maintain a studio dental office, osteopath and small ambulance ready for call.

As a result of these preparations, industrial accidents are practically nil, save for minor mishaps in crowd scenes. Insurance figures show accidents in Hollywood's studios are less than half of any other industry.

Never let it be said, however, that such elaborate precautionary measures are infallible. The recent death of Jean Harlow is a tragic case in point where, despite everything right on hand to diagnose her condition, and presumably able to combat it, she succumbed. Colin Clive, who died only a few days ago, is yet another instance where modern science and medicine failed.

On the whole, though, it may well be said that the nurses, doctors, and dentists on hand are an economic in-

vestment and one which amply repays the sponsorship behind it. For instance, I remember a day on the R.K.O. set a few months back when Betty Furness arrived with a face as long as the proverbial fiddle.

She gave of her best to the first few shots that were necessary to get the day's shooting under way, then suddenly burst into uncontrollable tears. Under pressure, she told her co-workers that she was suffering terribly from toothache, which only goes to show that the Glamorous Ones are human, after all!

The studio dentist was immediately advised, and he arrived on the set ten minutes later with a nurse and his little black bag. Five minutes off the set and Betty was back smiling again, minus a back molar which proved to be extensively abscessed.

Work proceeded again, with a waste of but fifteen minutes of valuable time, though I will admit that I saw the comely Betty pay furtive visits behind the cameras at subsequent intervals for an antiseptic mouth-wash.

The Metro lot, situated as it is at Culver City, which is about 14 miles outside of Hollywood, was the scene of a distressing accident a while back, and but for the attendance of a medical staff the workers concerned may have suffered more serious consequences than they actually did. One of the men was an electrician and, in pursuance of his calling, he was high up among the rafters in one of the big sound stages, focusing his lights upon those emoting beneath. Suddenly, without so much as a gasp, he hurtled down, striking a cross-beam as he fell... right on to the head of an unfortunate prop man standing just in the wrong place.

Immediately the ambulance men were summoned and the two injured men were rushed to the studio hospital. It was only a matter of minutes before both were being examined by trained men and women. It was discovered that the electrician had broken an arm and a leg, but the prop man wasn't quite so fortunate... he had a fractured collarbone and a dislocated neck, having taken the force of the blow on the top of his head.

Immediate attention thus obviated possible death for this latter, and there's no knowing what may have happened had not M.G.M. been in possession of its own clinic, thus discarding the long drive of 14 miles to the Hollywood Hospital in a bumpy ambulance.



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NAME	Age	Blue	Grey	BLONDE	Dark	Dry	Normal
ADDRESS		Fair	Dark	BROWN	Dark	Moist	
CITY		Ruddy	Black	BRUNETTE	Dark	LIPS	
STATE		Other	Light	REDHEAD	Dark	Day	
		Sun Tan	Dark	Light	Dark	AGE	

HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

From BARBARA BOURCHIER and JUDY BAILEY, Our Hollywood and London Representatives

THE bulbous-nosed film comedian, W. C. Fields, indignantly denied that his recent illness was caused by drinking two quarts of whisky a day.

"I'm horrified," said Fields, "I don't claim that I was ever a temperance man, but I never got rid of two quarts a day—not even in the good old days."

Fields made these statements depending himself in a medical-fee suit brought by Dr. Jesse Citron, who claimed that his heavy bill for a month's treatment resulted from the fact that the actor's excessive drinking made his case unusually difficult. Fields declared that £250 would have been a fair fee, but the physician used his bill on one-twelfth of the comedian's annual income, which is estimated at approximately \$36,000. Fields has filed a counter-claim against the doctor for \$6000, charging mis-treatment.

Under close examination Dr. Citron admitted that he had once called in a spiritualist to help solve the mystery of Fields' ailment. The doctor claimed, however, that he had done so in response to the pleadings of Miss Carina Monti, a friend of the actor.

IMPORTANT, indeed, is the announcement made by producer Sam Goldwyn that in the future all his major pictures will be made in technicolor, commencing with "Vogues of 1938," now in production.

The effective yet unobtrusive use of color in David Selznick's "A Star is Born" has done a lot to sell other producers on this medium, and Sam is one of the most enthusiastic, saying he believes by next year all really big Hollywood productions will be in color.

Selznick is also keen on it, and announces he has signed the cameraman who worked on his "Garden of Allah" to handle color photography on "Nothing Sacred," which will star Freddie March and Carole Lombard. Hollywood now wonders if he will make "Gone With the Wind," the Pulitzer prize-winning novel, in the same medium. In our opinion it should certainly be worth the added expense.

They tell this about Groucho Marx, that he was travelling incognito on a ship and won first prize at the costume ball for his impersonation of Groucho Marx. Well, maybe!

It is said Sylvia Sydney may be in the courts very soon—for the purpose of suing a local beauty parlor. Seems she slipped on the highly-polished floor when leaving the salon the other day and fell, cutting her head—so badly, in fact, that eight stitches had to be put in it.

Sylvia is afraid the gash will leave a permanent scar and if the thing doesn't show signs of disappearing soon she will sue the beauty concern for plenty.

SARAH CHURCHILL, playing with husband, Vic Oliver, at the Ealing Studios, in "Secretary in Trouble," says she is loving every minute of it. She is maid to French star, Marcelle Rogez, and is on the set every day promptly at 8 a.m., and sees that Vic is there punctually, too.

He thinks he earns his salary—having to do love scenes over and over again before he has had his breakfast. "That," in Vic's opinion, "takes acting."

Australian Betty Stockfield is one of their co-workers, but early rising, she says, doesn't trouble her.

However, getting out to Ealing at 3 o'clock means getting out of bed by 6.30 a.m. And this on a dark, dark, damp morning only goes to prove that the life of a film star is not all peaches and cream.

INSTALLMENT 399 of suffering for one's art:

In a flicker scene the other day, Ann Sothern was to faint to the floor in a faint. Simple! But in falling she struck her head on a prop settee and bit through her upper lip with such thoroughness that three stitches were required to get it in shape again.

All of which held up the picture for one week!

FANNIE BRICE, famed comedienne of the Zeigfeld era, has at last signed a contract with M.-G.-M. Her first effort will be "Molly, Bless Her," with Sophie Tucker, Wally Beery and an all-star cast.

Fannie's only other screen appearance was in "The Great Ziegfeld," in which she played herself.

PRODUCER Hal Roach can't bear to think of it even now. He and Darryl Zanuck, 20th Century-Fox boss, had a joint contract with comedian Jack Haley.

Haley went to Fox for a picture, and

DOTS... and DASHES

troubles. • Rumors of Connie Bennett's temperament on the "Topper" set at Hal Roach's studios spreading rapidly. • Maureen O'Sullivan receiving a lovely emerald ring, cut in four leaf clover shape, from husband John Farrow on her birthday.

ON the subject of temperament, there are a couple of stars who could do with a darned good spanking occasionally. The worst offender is Simone Simon.

We don't like to hurt people's feelings by writing groundless rumors, but we're afraid that Simone's violent temper is anything but rumors—and we're also afraid that if someone doesn't knock some sound sense into her pretty head she'll find herself booking return tickets for France when option day comes round. The studio will put up with the first few flares, but they won't stand it for ever.

And we were very sorry to hear that clever little Louise Rainer is also needing some good advice as to how to behave on the set.

In Hollywood, even stars who win Academy awards are not supposed to run the entire studio.

Everyone has told me what a shrewd business woman Sonja Henie is. Yet she doesn't seem to have the Hollywood knack of picking up easy money.

A cigarette firm offered her as much as she could earn in a month's acting to endorse their brand. She turned it down with the query, "How can I endorse them when I don't smoke?"

CLARK GABLE has been dying to do a little travelling, and it looks as though he'll get it very soon. M.-G.-M. is opening a studio in England and will send its stars and directors over there to work.

The current report is that Gable will be the first to go, and will make either Rudyard Kipling's "Soldiers Three," or "Shadow of the Wing."

They're both strictly men's stories, and if "Soldiers Three" is decided upon Bob Taylor may go over with Clark for it. Hang on to your seats, England!

NEWCOMER to the British screen, Elsa Buchanan is by no means new to acting. She appeared before Queen Mary at the Palace Theatre, London, when she was three.

Some time ago she found her way to Hollywood playing ingenue leads at the Playhouse there. Film scouts recognised her talent and she transferred to the celluloid. "Cavalcade," "Becky Sharp," "Lloyds of London" are among her successes.

She came back here for a holiday and Irving Ascher decided she should stay, with the result that she is at present being an over-chatty nurse at Teddington for "From a Dark Stairway."

Evidently Connie Bennett is definitely making a comeback. When she finishes "Topper" for Hal Roach 'tis said she will probably do a flicker for Warners.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett



JOAN CRAWFORD, ROBERT MONTGOMERY AND ROBERT YOUNG CARRY THEIR LUNCHES WHEN WORKING IN A PICTURE.

TWO GENUINE DETECTIVES, HIRED FOR A SCENE IN "THE GIRL FROM SCOTLAND YARD," FAILED TO APPEAR BECAUSE THEY WERE UNABLE TO FIND THE STUDIO!

GINGER ROGERS STUDIED TO BECOME A SCHOOL TEACHER BEFORE GETTING A BREAK IN PICTURES.

YOU probably won't be very surprised, but thought we'd better assure you that Shirley Temple will definitely be on the screen for another six months—maybe six years, but the six months is official.

All Hollywood contracts are signed with options every six months for the studio and for some stars option day is the time for a first-class case of jitters. But not for Shirley. Her option doesn't fall due for a month yet, but the studio decided to take it up immediately as a sort of added present for her birthday this week.

But probably an even better gift will be the release of her mother from hospital, where she underwent a serious operation.

ACCORDING to director Rouben Mamoulian, the ten best feminine chins in Hollywood belong to Carole Lombard, Gail Patrick, Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins, Norma Shearer, Marlene Dietrich, Frances Dee, Greta Garbo, Irene Dunne and Myrna Loy. If you care!

WHEN Jimmy Stewart had to leave the cast of "Vivacious Lady," and take to a hospital bed for treatment for his arthritis, R.K.O. immediately began searching for a new leading

CLARA BOW, former "It" girl of the movies, is planning a screen comeback as an entirely different type. The red-headed actress who rose to fame on her sex-appeal now wishes to portray matronly parts in keeping with her real life.

"I would like to act in a story based on my career since I deserted Hollywood three years ago for the simple life on a California ranch—and I feel sure it would make a good scenario," she said.

Miss Bow believes her cowboy-actor husband, Rex Bell, should play opposite her, and the cast might also include her two-year-old son, Tony.

HANDSOME John Warwick, who appeared in several Australian films, including "The Silence of Dean Maitland" and "The Squatter's Daughter," has established himself in British filmdom.

He is to play the lead in a new Paramount picture, "Two Were Tried," the story for which he wrote himself.

It is based on a recent case in England, when a poor student stole a book because he could not afford to buy it, confessed, and was sent to prison.

John is saved from prison at the last minute, and there is, of course, a girl in the case.

Mrs. Warwick, who was Mollie Rayner, sister of the Rayner sisters who run the T.O.Y. Players, is also to begin work on her first British picture shortly.

GARY COOPER can fall asleep faster than anyone else in Hollywood. Director Lewis Milestone was amused the other day when he had to direct Gary to hide himself in a closet until a certain cue was given.

The cue was given, but no Gary appeared. Milestone opened the door, and there was Gary sleeping on his feet.

MARTHA RAYE is just beginning to discover what a dear her husband, Buddy Westmore, is. After a day at the studio, she walked into her new apartment and thought she was in the wrong place until Buddy popped out and explained how it was all fixed up in a mere eight hours.

Buddy had hired eight "set decorators," who had a gay time moving in new furniture, drapes, rugs, and pictures; and, best of all, they even got a coat of paint on the walls before Martha reached home.

Will He Recover in Time?

man for Ginger Rogers, star of the piece.

At the time of writing they have tested James Ellison and Doug Fairbanks, jun., and discussed Bob Montgomery, but haven't found anyone suitable.

Meanwhile, Stewart has left the hospital, and is recovering at his home. It seems very likely that he'll hold up production for another week or so and that Jimmy may get the part after all. Which should be just ducky with Ginger.

THE most-photographed and most-imitated woman in the movies is Mae West. Her face and figure have been painted and sculpted by scores of artists, and if you walked into her home you would see the voluptuous West represented in various forms of art—paintings, statues, etchings.

Her favorite portrait of herself is a large, magnificent nude by Miss F. A. Kinsel, the famous artist. Hanging in a gold frame in her apartment, the picture's pink and gold tones are reflected in a large mirror, creating the impression that it is two pictures instead of just one.

WARNING!

Are you being starved of
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Have you noticed that you are easily tired-out? That your vitality is low? That you always seem to be catching chills and colds? If so the cause is this — you, like thousands of other busy wives and mothers, are inclined to be indifferent about your own food, and consequently your diet does not contain sufficient 'Protective' Foods.

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doctors will tell you so; they know that 'Protective' Foods are those which are rich in vitamins and minerals—vital elements necessary to everyone, for without them there is lowered vitality, less resistance to disease and nerves fray very easily.

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BOX OF 12

PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★ ★ GO WEST YOUNG MAN

Mae West, Warren William, Randolph Scott, (Paramount.)

ALTHOUGH Paramount announce a new and different Mae in this, her latest venture, the first to be set in modern times, don't be deceived. She is still the same wisecracking, voluptuous Mae. The modern setting, however, heightens her usual performance, and so increases the fun, and the picture resolves into a take-off of herself. In addition, it is a clever burlesque of a publicity-conscious, posing film star.

Warren William, suave, cynical, smooth-tongued, plays Miss West's Press agent, and constant companion, who divides his time between watching that she does not contract an undesirable marriage, and seeing that she gets sufficient good publicity.

He manages first to get rid of an amorous politician, Lytle Talbot, but is faced with a much harder task when Mae, delayed in the country, falls hard for a handsome, unaware country boy—with an invention—played admirably by Randolph Scott. Incidentally, seeing the voluptuous Mae, in rustic setting and clad in impossibly gorgeous gowns, stalking this innocent prey is quite the best thing in the piece. Mention must be made of Isabel Jewell's performance of the film-struck little maid of all work.

Brilliant dialogue and sophisticated acting on the part of all the players put this picture well in the two-star class.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ ★ SHALL WE DANCE

Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, (R.K.O.)

THIS picture, reputed to be the last of the Astaire-Rogers teaming, is also the least distinguished.

Possibly the fault lies rather with the audience than with the production, the picture being not so much inferior to its predecessors as that with each successive film so much more of the pristine freshness is lost, and consequently greater effort is needed to evoke the same applause. However, while lacking the sparkle and exuberance of "Top Hat" and "Swing Time," it is still a very bright, finished show, ably acted.

Falling into their customary places of hero and heroine, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, the one cast as a famous ballroom dancer, the other as a just as well-known musical comedy star, are still a team well worth watching. Edward Everett Horton and Eric Blore fill very capably their routine parts, honors going to Blore for a delicious telephone conversation with Horton.

The dancing is excellent, as usual, but the singing is disappointing. There is not one song that you'll remember. Harriet Hoctor, America's foremost ballerina, deserves the highest praise for her exquisite dancing.—State; showing.

★ ★ STUDENT DOCTORS CAN'T TAKE ME

Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, (Paramount.)

PACKED full of strong "human" interest, with plenty of action and thrills, and always conveying the comfortable impression that everything will turn out all right in the end, this unpretentious picture has a general appeal.

In brief, it is the story of a woman's search for her missing child. But this is just the starting-point for a really exciting and romantic love story. Barbara Stanwyck plays the mother, who narrows her search for information as to the whereabouts of her child down to an unscrupulous crook. Joel McCrea is the student doctor, who, falling in love with Barbara, uses his influence with a gangster leader to help locate the child.

Lloyd Nolan in the latter role proves that gangsters can be human. Barbara Stanwyck, for her restrained, sincere performance, saves the picture from any heartrending or hint of bathos, and earns for the picture its two-star decoration.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ NOBODY'S BABY

Patsy Kelly, Lyda Roberti, (M.-G.-M.)

A TYPICAL Hal Roach production, this picture is merely a series of incidents strung together to provide a medium for the slapstick antics of Patsy Kelly and Lyda Roberti.

Through the first half, Patsy, the

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.

★★ Two stars—
good films.

★ One star—
average films.

No stars . . . no good.

homely, painstaking, unfortunate, spends her time trying to get rid of Lyda, that unbelievably innocent blunderer. They meet first at a radio amateurs' hour, then, by a strange coincidence, find they are rooming together in a nurses' training hospital.

At this point they meet a young mother who has run away from her husband, but now, complete with young son, wishes to make it up again. The rest of the picture is devoted to Patay and Lyda trying to help, getting themselves and everybody else into a hopeless mess.

In small doses, taken rarely, these two young comedienne aren't at all bad, but a continuous draught of them begins to pall. Still, it is swiftly-paced, sometimes amusing, and as such deserves its one-star decoration.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ SWORN ENEMY

Robert Young, Florence Rice, Joseph Callela, (M.-G.-M.)

GETTING off to a fine start, this picture loses ground after the first lap, and finishes up as just another commonplace thriller.

The opening sequences deal with the activities of a gang of racketeers selling protection. Robert Young gets a job with a big city firm and refuses to surrender part of his salary to the gang; in return for their "protection." He gets beaten up, loses his job, and when the gang kills his brother he joins the secret service, determined to bring them to justice.

Thus far the most is made of an intensely interesting subject, but at this point it degenerates, improbabilities succeeding each other into a trite conclusion.

Joseph Callela as the gang leader gives a disappointing performance, relying merely on a slow, threatening

Week's Best Release

"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN"
Paramount feature. It has greater vigor than "Shall We Dance."

★ SLIM

Pat O'Brien, Henry Fonda, Margaret Lindsay, (Warners.)

DEPICTING the dangerous life of linemen working on electricity plants, "Slim" maintains a gripping tension throughout, which, while somewhat wearing, yet never allows interest to flag.

From a man's point of view, this background will give plenty of entertainment, while women will enjoy the romantic story of a strong friendship between an old-timer linemen and a young, hero-worshipping aspirant to linemen honors. Pat O'Brien is virile as the former, the casual craftsman, careless of his life. Henry Fonda as the eager, inexperienced country boy of a strong, independent spirit plays his role with sympathetic intelligence. The light touch is supplied ably by Stuart Erwin.

Margaret Lindsay is the only one who gives an indifferent performance. She is a little stilted and unconvincing as the girl the two men love.—Capitol; showing.



THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.)

So much exciting news this week I'll have to be brief.

You, of course, must know that Sydney has gone simply crazy about "The Good Earth" and that the eulogistic press raves are echoed by the many thousands who have seen this glorious Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

Paul Muni and Luise Rainer are now definitely "tops" with theatregoers, and the Liberty is the most-talked-of theatre in town.

Scores of letters have reached me asking about Jean Harlow and her last picture.

It is "The Man in Possession" in which she and Robert Taylor are co-starred from the well-known play. Will be released at Sydney St. James following "Love on the Run" (Joan Crawford-Clark Gable-Franchot Tone) and very soon also at Melbourne Metro and Brisbane Cremorne.

An Australian living in Hollywood writes to me about "Captains Courageous," M-G-M's saga of the sea, filmed from Kipling's best-loved story, and starring Freddie Bartholomew, Spencer Tracy and Lionel Barrymore.

"When the lights went up in the theatre I heard a voice that was choked with emotion. This is the greatest picture I have ever seen in my life." "All around my men and women were dabbling their eyes with hankies. They were stunned with the magic thrill of two amazing hours of drama on the screen. After a few moments the audience regained its composure and began to applaud,—a thunderous, tumultuous homage to a great picture."

"Captains Courageous" is all that our friend says of it . . . and more . . . and is also set for release soon at Sydney St. James.

That's all this week . . . excepting . . .

If you want a 20 page SOUVENIR of "THE GOOD EARTH" . . . send 7d. in stamps to "The Good Earth" Souvenir, M-G-M, Chalmers Street, Sydney. Full pictorial story of a great film.

Yours for entertainment,
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WHAT? Not even for the sake of the che-ld?" said Swift, mock-surprised. "Well, it seemed to me an interesting idea, but you may be right, my dear. Maybe we've both been too long at large to re-enter the confines of holy wedlock gracefully. Now," he said to Mimi, "if I may, I'll have a drink. At my age a man doesn't propose marriage every day in the week. I feel the need of stimulant."

Mimi went out of the room without speaking.

"Might have been a good thing for the kid, you know," said Swift when she had gone. He spoke for once quite simply, without lightness or mockery.

"You were thinking chiefly of that, of course," said Meg. "Not resenting it, only trying to get the thing clear."

"Chiefly, I admit," said Swift, "but you're still an attractive woman, you know."

He saw a flash of uncontrollable revulsion in her eyes, and masculine vanity could scarcely be expected to forgive that.

"Not looking for compensation from me?" he inquired affably.

"Other fish to fry, perhaps?"

Meg said, "You see what it would be like? Just as it used to be. If you'll excuse me I'll go back to my work."

"God go with you!" said Swift.

"You were always a silly jester."

Just outside the sitting-room door Meg met Mimi with a decanter and glasses on a tray. They stood looking into each other's faces in silence.

Mimi spoke first. She said, "You actually can't mother?"

MEG said with sudden, searing tears in her eyes, "I can't, my child; I'm sorry."

"You mean you won't," said Mimi. Her look hardened till it gave no quarter.

Meg met it with her back against the wall. Life had brought her to. "I mean I won't then."

"Because of the Avery boy," said Mimi contemptuously. "Well, that's

THE Four MARYS

Continued from Page 16

that, anyhow." She and Meg turned away from each other without another word.

AFTER Vivian's visit Mimi was irritable and moody. If her father, after her refusal to go with him, had not gone off to Bermuda alone, Mimi might not have found life so unbearably empty. But Molly and Meg were alien to her sight, and Swift, with his customary ability for dismissing any difficulty not his own, had settled down to the writing of his current story and sent back only semi-occasional charming notes to tell Mimi that she didn't know what she was missing. He had met a gay little divorcee from Philadelphia, he wrote. The gay little divorcee determined Mimi definitely against any possibility of going to her father.

Ultimately, feeling that she had had all she could bear of disillusionment and isolation, she went into New York for the first time since that hideous afternoon in Tommy Cant's apartment, and went up to see Kilmartin. She knew before she went what it was she was going to say to him.

Kilmartin, for once, was not working. He was looking in a big chair with his feet on the table, looking at an expensive magazine. The magazine was open at a full-page cartoon in color over which he was gazing profoundly. When he had installed Mimi on the couch, he put the magazine in her lap and waved a proud if somewhat grimy hand.

"How's it look? Is it hot, baby—or am I crazy?"

"Both, I guess," said Mimi. "Is it yours?"

"Modestly speaking, yes," said Kilmartin. He grinned at her and waited for appreciation.

Mimi said, "Is it supposed to be funny?" She glanced at the cover.

"They must pay awfully well."

Kilmartin guffawed bitterly. He took the magazine away from her, closed it and laid it on the table.

"And they call women romantic! Skip it, my girl—skip it. Where've you been and what doing? Have you been sick or something?"

He pulled the big chair alongside the couch and sat down in it again regarding her sharply.

"I was sick," said Mimi.

"Rotten shame."

"But that wasn't all of it. What happened—you know, about Alan—even now she said his name with difficulty—it got me down."

"Yes?" said Kilmartin impartially.

"Well, you didn't get such a good deal there. He might have talked turkey a little sooner."

IT was strange, Mimi thought, that she had found she could talk to her father because he knew so little about Alan, and talk freely and without shame to Kilmartin because he knew so much. Now once again she was back in her own world. A world that had thrown away the old gods but was still in the process of creating new ones.

Elizabeth had been able to strip her and shame her and lash her because Elizabeth had pretended there was nothing new in what Mimi had been trying to do—only one more woman trying to steal another's woman's husband. Kilmartin knew better, whether he kidded about it or not. He knew Mimi had tried to use the new way, tried to be straight and fair.

She said, "They've gone on a round-the-world cruise with her mother and father."

"Give Old Man Absence a chance, eh?" said Kilmartin. He got up to look for cigarettes.

Mimi watched him moving about with his long, slow stride. There was a packet of cigarettes on the table. When he came back he sat smoking and saying nothing much for a while.

"So what?" said Kilmartin at length. "What will poor robin do now, poor thing? How about looking for a job? Ever think of that? Give Meg a break."

"I wouldn't be any good at a

job," said Mimi. "I don't know shorthand or typing or anything at all."

"Couldn't even sell ribbons in a department-store basement, could you? What you mean is, you don't want a job."

"That's what I mean."

Kilmartin sat and stared at her thoughtfully with something very like anger in his narrowed eyes. "Think you can get away with murder all your life, don't you?"

"I've never gotten away with anything yet," said Mimi. "That's what scares me."

"You scared?" said Kilmartin. He laughed in her face. "You've got nerve enough for a crew of pirates."

"It's gone," said Mimi. She got up and walked over to a big, dust-grimed window at the northern end of the room, stood looking out at a drab conglomeration of roofs and chimneys.

After a moment Kilmartin followed her. She turned from the window and faced him, her green eyes, black-ringed about the iris, looked into his with reckless coolness. "Jimmy—would you marry me?"

She waited for him to laugh. She waited for him to swear. He did neither, only returned her look, cooler, if anything, than she.

To be Continued

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN
President Astrological Research Society

Good Times Ahead for "Cancerians"

There is every reason (astrologically speaking) why people born under the sign Cancer—between June 22 and July 23—should expect the remainder of 1937 to prove most interesting.

FOR a very few, the indications are not entirely favorable (particularly for

those born very late in June) but for the rest there should be lots of activity and change, many worth-while opportunities for advancement, and new friendships which can bring personal benefits.

Of course, the individual (or personal) horoscope mathematically calculated and brought up to date may show planetary movements which contradict these statements to some extent.

By the same token, however, such individual star maps may serve to give even greater assurance that the year can prove a successful and desirable one.

Those Cancerians whose work brings them before the general public should experience more than usual success. This can also apply to those working in the army, navy, or Government.

Success—Happiness

CANCERIANs whose birthdays fall during the middle of the second week of July may experience difficulties through disputes or false friends, and may need to take extra care of their health, as ailments of a feverish nature (or accidents) are likely.

But as the year grows older they

should find their troubles giving place to success and general well-being, particularly in regard to business and promotion, or in contacts with the general public.

Those most likely to be unusually fortunate this year are the folk born early in the second week of July. Popularity and esteem should bring them happiness, and investments are likely to prove rather fortunate.

It is also likely that the marriage or business partners of some Cancerians will enjoy additional success—good fortune linked in some way with their partners' affairs.

Journeys, friends, relatives, publications, and achievements connected with mental capabilities are all likely to have a bearing on the general success of Cancerians this year, so that any matters connected with such activities should be wisely planned and advantage taken of all opportunities.

Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Continue to live cautiously on July 21, 22, and 23, for the stars do not befriend you then. Matters improve soon, so let new ventures wait.

Taurus (April 21 to May 22): Speed up any new enterprises. Begin them on July 21, 22, and 23, but thereafter live very quietly for a few weeks.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Poor on July 21; fair on July 24 and 25.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Live quietly on July 21, 22, and 23; fair on July 26 and 27.

Sensitive and Responsive

CANCERIANs should make use of their natural affinities. They are extremely sensitive folk, quickly responsive to conditions, atmosphere, and planetary radiations.

Their gems are the moonstone and emerald. Their metal is silver. Their numbers are 3 and 9, and their colors, silver and light green.

Monday is their best day of the week, though Friday, Sunday and Thursday will also prove favorable as a general rule.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Fair on July 20, but poor on July 24 and 25. Avoid losses and disappointments then. Affairs improve shortly.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Fair on July 21, 22, and 23.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): July 24 and 25 should be quite fair.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): You must live cautiously for a while. Your plans may go awry and cause much bother. Do not take risks or make important changes, especially on July 24 and 25. Difficulties likely.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Your affairs should take a general turn for the better next week, so make plans now for beginning new enterprises or seeking advancement. Meanwhile July 20 just fair.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): July 21, 22, and 23 can be quite fair for you, but caution is still strongly advised. Take no risks yet.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): The stars are not likely to favor you much for a few weeks, so live cautiously after July 23. Make no changes. Be on guard against losses, partings, and disappointments.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Unspectacular. Routine work best. July 26 and 27 can be just fair.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained therein.—Editor, A.W.W.)



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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Why Not Try A BEAUTY TONIC?

IT will banish that wan look from your face after the devitalising effects of Old Man Winter's colds and ailments.

REAT yourself to a thorough beautifying course. . . It will put the sparkle back into your eyes. . . the softness into your skin and neck again. . . life into your hair. Determine to rejuvenate!

By Evelyn

AT this time of the year, especially after the weather has been contrary for a long stretch, and dealt out a more than usually heavy share of rain, cold, fogs, frosts and other little pleasantries of winter time, you see wan-looking faces everywhere.

There are those who have had colds, influenza and other ailments; there are those who have been nursing winter ailment victims, and others who are just depressed.

All this sort of thing soon shows in the face—pale complexion, a droop to the mouth, hair lustreless, eyes tired-looking.

No sensible woman will put up with the ravages of a disagreeable winter, and if you are one of its victims decide now to rejuvenate that tired dry skin, to put a sparkle back in your lack-lustre eyes and banish that ageing appearance of the neck that a cold or flu usually bequeaths as a last legacy.

Work Wonders

IF you can manage it have a beauty salon treatment. Even if you can only fit in one, it will work wonders. If you have a course, so much the better—it will make a new woman out of you.

Make it thorough and start with the feet, include a full body massage and finish with the face. This will probably mean a visit to the chiropodist, the masseur and a beauty salon, unless you have a pet salon which gives the entire treatment.



A dry, relaxed skin which follows any ill-health generally requires a richer skin food than usual and the more liberal use of an astringent.

These days skins are graded according to one's age. One specialist has several strengths in skin foods ranging from baby skin food for the

very young to double strength for the older woman. Another advises a vitamin skin food until one is forty; a hormone cream from forty to fifty, and a stronger one afterwards.

It is often a good idea after a bout of influenza to get a pot of the cream intended for the older stage and use it every night until your skin has regained its elasticity.

If it is one of those head colds you have been unfortunate to catch, and you've spent your days "weeping buckets," here's how to bring back the sparkle to your eyes.

Cleanse the face of dust and make-up and massage a little skin food in around the eyes. Lie down to rest and have beside you some herbal eye pads and a supply of hot water. Dip the pads in the water, wring out and lay over the eyes. Relax while they cool, and then renew them. Repeat three times. Then cool off by soaking pads of cotton-wool in eye lotion and leaving them on the eyes for five minutes. Finish with an eye bath.

For A Week

DO this every other day for a week or so and you will soon notice a great improvement.

For your neck, which must be watched for any crepey appearance or lines which add years to your age, give it the same treatment as for your face, which is a thorough cleansing, brisk snapping with astringent, and massage with vitamin or hormone cream.

Leave some of the cream on, wrap a band of linen around the neck while you sleep at night or after a mid-day beauty treatment.

It will take more than a week of these treatments, of course, to work the transformation, but if you persevere you'll soon see the texture of youth in your skin again.

A PROPER facial massage by a competent expert in a beauty salon works wonders in banishing the ageing effects of winter ailments. The course should include foot and body massage too.



YOU CAN LOOK your best at winter social functions only if you take every care of your skin and hair, and if a cold or influenza has robbed you temporarily of your good looks you must treat yourself to a thorough rejuvenating beauty course.

Recent Photo of Kathleen Court



WHY LET YOUR SKIN GROW OLD?

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greaseless Cream that increases loveliness tenfold, changes "ordinary" skins into satiny, smooth, radiant ones. "Facial Youth" Beauty Cream, the perfect powder base, flatters, protects, and will not grow hair. If you want to improve your natural loveliness and remain young and beautiful, use "Facial Youth" Cold Cream, tubes 1/2 and "Facial Youth" Beauty Cream, tubes 1/3 and 1/9, Jars 2/6—All Chemists and Stores.

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WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: What are the causes and treatment of jaundice?

JAUNDICE the skin and the mucous membranes are discolored by the bile pigment which penetrates the body tissues because the flow of bile from the gall bladder into the intestines is blocked.

Jaundice, therefore, is a symptom or effect, and not a disease or cause by itself.

Sometimes the difficulty starts in the stomach, in a simple upset condition such as might follow the taking of too much alcohol, or of such irritants as mustard, spices, or rich foods.

The presence of jaundice is easily detected, when the disease has advanced somewhat, for the skin and eyeballs of the patient then look the typical lemon-yellow color.

In more severe cases, the skin may turn to a deep olive green or even to a bronze hue.

Usually there is no temperature, but often the temperature is somewhat below normal. The pulse is slow. Appetite disappears early, and the patient begins to feel tired or even utterly prostrated. Nausea and

BY A DOCTOR

vomiting may follow. There may be either constipation or diarrhoea.

Headache is common. The tongue is coated, and may also look yellowish or perhaps brown. The breath is very bad. Because the bile does not pass into the intestines, the stools are characteristically clay-colored.

Itching of the skin is a common and annoying symptom. Generally the patient feels depressed, does not want to be annoyed, and prefers to rest.

More Serious

A JAUNDICED condition may last from one to four weeks. If longer than this, it may be something more serious than a simple inflammation blocking the bile duct.

Resting in bed is the best. If this cannot be done, as much quiet and rest as possible is desirable. The bowels must be kept active and the daily use of some mild laxative is important. For the first day only water should be taken. Later on a liquid diet is indicated.

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WW1678.—One of the most charming designs for the debutante this season. Sizes, 32in. to 36in. bust. Material required: 6 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-4 yard contrast lace. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



ww1679



ww1680



ww1682

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WW1679.—The shirred shoulder line and flared skirt are particularly charming. Sizes, 32in. to 36in. bust. Material required: 4 1/2 yards, 36in. wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

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WW1682.—Smartly simple, and very debonair suit. Sizes, 32-inch to 36-inch bust. Material required: 2 1-8 yards, 36 inches wide for jacket, and 2 yards, 36 inches wide for skirt. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

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WW1683.—One of the snappiest styles for this season. Sizes, 32 inch to 36-inch bust. Material required: 2 yards, 36 inches wide for the blouse, and 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide for the skirt and bolero. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

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WW1684.—This form-fitting slip will be found very easy to make, and very comfortable to wear. Sizes, 38-inch to 44-inch bust. Material required: 2 5-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

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WW1685.—A very warm and comfortable style for the little lot. Sizes, 4-10 years. Material required: 3 1-8 yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-4 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

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THE bloodshot eyes of the ragged, unkempt, dark-haired man crouched in the dense thicket glared unwinkingly at the festive company seated round a sumptuously-laden table set in the cool shade of a pleasant, elevated, leafy glade. He lay very still, as still almost as the two dead hares that were stretched beside him. The afternoon sunshine sent golden spears through the fresh unfolding foliage of the sheltering trees, and where the spears touched were chequered patterns of gold, brown, and green.

But, on this afternoon in April, in the year 1670, the thoughts of the watcher in the thicket were not concerned with the pleasant sunshine, or the newly-born beauty of the woods wherein his most illustrious Catholic Majesty, Louis XIV of France, and his brilliant circle of intimates were feasting and resting after several hours of successful hunting. His whole attention was concentrated on the scene before him. He watched keenly, hardly daring to breathe, as the low, quick conversation came to his ears.

The King, seated at one end of the table, resplendent in his rich apparel of cloth-of-gold and Alençon lace, still kept the hooded falcon upon the leather glove on his left hand, and as he ate and drank and talked, his cold, compelling eyes glanced shrewdly from man to man, thence to the splendidly-captivated horses a few yards away, at the patiently waiting company of glittering dragoons that formed the royal bodyguard, and occasionally, and with marked impatience, in the direction of the rising smoke at Versailles two miles away. At last he turned to the man on his right, a short, broad-shouldered fellow, clothed in the garb of a priest of the Order of Jesus, whose very black eyes read deeply into the minds of all at the table, but whose impudic features successfully masked his own.

"Father Papin, it would seem that the Chevalier has lost his way, or that he prefers the carpet of the salon to the track in the forest," said Louis a trifle impatiently. "De Toqueville is devilish unreliable the moment a woman crosses his path."

The Jesuit hastened to reassure the restless monarch.

"Sire," he said, his voice a perfect blend of humility and confidence, "the Chevalier will be here. True, he has a weakness for the fair sex, but that does not prevent him from executing your Majesty's commands and degrees in a thorough and zealous manner. My liege, he is the very man, the only man, to carry your letter to Whitehall. There is none in France more resourceful, more courageous, or more skilful with the rapier and pistol. With the blade he is the equal of three men. And, most important of all, he speaks the English tongue fluently—as well as I speak the English tongue fluently—I hear the sounds of his horse's hoofs at this moment—yes! He comes, my liege."

The lips of the watcher in the thicket

bared in a soundless snarl as the horse bearing the Chevalier de Toqueville came galloping into the glade. The bloodshot eyes glittered with hate as the tall, handsome, blond cavalier slipped easily from the saddle and knelt before the King. His straining ears heard the King say:

"De Toqueville, we thought you lost, or lying in the forest with a broken neck, so long have you been in coming."

The Chevalier made a sweeping bow as he apologized for the delay.

"I crave your indulgence, Sire. But the message reached me very late. No man, my liege, has ever ridden the two miles from Versailles as quickly as I have just done. My eyes yet smart with the speed of the travel. Your gracious Majesty has, I believe, a message of importance for me?"

The King laughed.

"You have an easy tongue, de Toqueville—but let it pass," he replied dryly. "I would ask you to join us at the table but for the imperative urgency of the matter. Chevalier, I have here a letter I will entrust to your care. Guard it with your life, and safely deliver it into the hands of my Royal cousin, Charles Stuart, at Whitehall. The destiny of a nation—of more than one nation—is sealed within that letter. It must not be read by any but the King of England. Do you completely understand, Chevalier?"

"I understand, Sire. No eye but that of the English king shall read it, no hand but his shall touch it. I pledge my life and honor to it."

The King nodded, and turned to smooth the hawk that fluttered on his wrist.

"That is well. Father Papin suggested that you start your journey from these woods instead of from the palace. Here, all are Frenchmen, and all are ignorant of your destination or purpose. At Boulogne, Chevalier, you will board the eighty-gun ship, Duc de Richelieu. From Dover you will ride to Whitehall. A glass of wine, Chevalier, and then be on your way."

Father Papin spoke softly to the King.

"My liege, time is so pressing that it might be advisable to acquaint the Chevalier with part of the text—"

Louis looked sharply at the priest.

"How now, Father Papin?" he demanded in some surprise. "Can the matter be kept secret in that fashion?"

"It is a safeguard in the event of the letter being lost, Sire," the priest replied.

"Lost . . . ?" the cold eyes of the King rested on de Toqueville. "Am I entrusting it to the Chevalier so that it may be lost? But there is much in what you say, good priest. Chevalier, if that letter leaves your person—"

The Chevalier drew himself up with hauteur. His bold blue eyes stared straight at his King from a face flushed and a little resentful.

"Sire, such a thing is unthinkable. Where is the man who can take it from me?"

The eyes of Louis twinkled in momentary appreciation, then they grew hard and stern again.

"In the event of the letter being lost, I wish you to tell Charles that his gracious

sisiter, Henrietta, will shortly visit England in secret." He turned to his brother, the Duke of Orleans, who sat sombre and silent beside him. "That should ease your mind somewhat, Philip, or will the absence of your adorable wife give further occasion for bitter jealousy?"

Philip, Duke of Orleans, replied with a sneer. His weak, dissolute face was pale and cold as though the brain behind it were drained and tapped of its vitality.

"You should know I have good reason for jealousy, my dear Louis. I wish she were dead," he retorted peevishly.

Louis laughed softly, and looked at de Toqueville.

"That is all, Chevalier. Charles will understand and appreciate the significance of the message. But your head answers for the letter. Take it!"

The Chevalier again bent his knee, and then sprang to the saddle, and rode swiftly away.

The King was about to speak to Father Papin when a sudden disturbance across the glade drew his attention. He looked across to see a man of slight stature, ragged, dirty, bare of foot and head, struggling wildly in the grasp of two powerful dragoons.

"But what is this?" he asked harshly, as the panting captive was dragged before him.

The taller of the two dragoons replied:

"A spy, your Majesty, lying close in that thicket."

Louis rose to his feet, and stared at the wretched, dishevelled man who cringed fearfully before him.

"A spy . . . ? A spy? Is the world full of spies? Dog, what say you?"

THE man, with the bloodshot eyes threw himself at the King's feet. His hands were clasped imploringly.

"No spy am I—no spy!" he gasped, the choked words coming with difficulty.

"Gracious lord, my hunger drew me, and my fear of the soldiers kept me—"

"Your hunger, wretch?" The King's voice was icy, his eyes hard and cruel.

"Oh, your gracious Majesty, be merciful to me—the two hares I killed lay there in the thicket. I am starving—I had to kill them, or die. God preserve you, my King, be not unjust to me—"

"Did you see the hares?" asked Louis of the dragoons.

"Yes, Sire. There were two beside him. They were freshly killed."

The face of the King cleared somewhat. His keen eyes probed the shivering, terrified man before him. Then he shrugged his shoulders and resumed his seat at the sumptuous table.

"Take the hares from him. Is my property and pleasure to be flitched by every wandering cur? Here—" throwing a heavy hunting-whip to the tall dragoon—"let us have sport. Whip him! It will amuse us to see him dance."

Not until the man was beaten to the ground, his teeth clamped tightly over a soundless tongue, his face and body cut

and bruised, and bleeding, did the King command the whipping to cease.

With the prisoner led by a dragoon, following behind, Charles rode away, surrounded by his cavaliers and dragoons. In a little while the glade was deserted. The only things left to show that the King had passed that way were the scraps from the improvised table, and upon the ground the wet blood of a tortured man.

On the crest of a wild, thickly-wooded hill the dragoon drew rein, and directed the attention of the stumbling, panting prisoner to the winding cavalcade in the valley below. The sun glinted on the polished corselets and drawn sabres, and the bright metal twinkled in the sunlight like tiny mirrors. In a little while they rode out of sight down a road lined with tall poplars. The dragoon jerked the rope savagely.

"See them, you dog!" he sneered, aiming a blow with his sabre that hissed close to the captive's head. "See them? But for you, you fifth, I would be with them, and quickly back to the tap at the tavern. A curse on you! I've a mind to finish you now, and be done with it."

The prisoner's arms, which were outside the rope, and free, hung limply at his sides. His dark eyes glanced up through the blood-matted fringe of his hair at the evil, leering face of his tormentor. But the pressure of his arm against his body gave him secret comfort.

"And who is that coming towards us?" he asked sullenly.

"Where, dog?" demanded the soldier.

"There—" whined the captive, pointing.

The dragoon stared towards the high rocks at which his prisoner pointed. His head was no sooner turned than the man on the ground drew a long poniard from beneath his left armpit, leaped on the hindquarters of the horse with the agility of a panther, and with a grunt of hate and fury plunged the weapon through the neck of the soldier. With a choked, spluttering gasp the dragoon reeled from the saddle, clutching wildly at the knife in his throat, and kicking and thrashing the ground with his spurred heels. Without another look at the writhing dragoon the dark-eyed man freed himself from the biting rope, settled himself in the saddle, and then put the horse at full gallop down the hillside.

"De Toqueville—Boulogne—the letter!" he gasped as he urged the racing beast to greater effort. He rode towards Paris, and when night fell pulled up the sweating horse away from an inn on the outskirts of the city. He startled the beast, and sent it plunging away. Stealthily he slipped into the inn, crept noiselessly up the narrow stairs, and then tapped softly upon a door in a dark passage. It partly opened.

"Margaret—" he panted.

"Oh, Martin—Martin!" was the quick reply in English.

"Quick! Close the door! I was all but trapped! Have you water—and some wine—no, give me cognac. I am faint, and I need quick strength."

The eyes of the woman gleamed as they peered at him over the yellow flame of the candle.

"Oh, they nearly killed you—"

"'Tis naught—'tis but a scratch or two," he interrupted, smiling at her.

"You saw—and heard?"

"Aye, just as you said I would do. 'Twas clever of you, Margaret, and Sir Richard will be pleased. The brandy, dear heart."

"And de Toqueville?"

"Ah, he is even now speeding to Boulogne with a letter. I must race him to the coast, and acquaint the man in grey of this development. Quickly, now—those dark clothes and the forged lettres de cachet—

good! They will take me past any guard. And you?"

The woman sighed.

"I dare not fly. I must wait for his return. Martin, there is yet much to be uncovered. I have his confidence—"

"Ye poor girl—"

"Martin—don't!" she cried sharply, retreating a step. "But, come—here's brandy and water to wash away that blood. Ye will not tarry an hour and rest?"

"I'll race that French devil to Boulogne. The Falcon must get that letter from him. I partly know its message, but it is sure to say more in the text. Stab me! How cool is the water—how good the cognac. Ah, now the doublet, and I'll away. Heaven guard ye till I return, Margaret. Sir Richard shall know of your good work. And ye had better return to Versailles. Good-bye, Margaret—"

She smiled at him.

"Heaven be with you, Martin Delville. You are a very gallant Englishman."

He turned swiftly and took her hands in his. His dark eyes looked into her calm grey ones.

"As to courage, Margaret, and sacrifice for England's sake, there is none—not even the steel heart of Sir Richard—to compare with ye. Heaven bless ye."

She drew her hands away from his and her eyes fell.

"Martin," she said gently, "de Toqueville is riding on."

She watched him until he ran down the stairs and vanished in the night. Then she closed the door of the room and blew out the candle so that not even the dancing flame should be a witness to her tears.

THE lettres de cachet produced by Martin Delville created a profound respect in the minds and bearing of the guards at Beauvais. At first they had eyed the dark-clad rider and the sweating, trembling horse with sharp distrust, and the eyes of the captain of the guard had stared coldly out from under the steel peak of his capelin until they fell upon the forged seal of the King. His inspection of the messenger thereafter by the light of the uplighted lantern was brief and oblique, and he readily volunteered the information that one resembling Chevalier de Toqueville had galloped from the town but a few minutes before. Yes, a fresh and speedy horse was instantly procurable, and he wished the bearer of the lettres de cache godspeed as he again sped on his way.

At Amiens it was the same. The miraculous power of the King's seal turned aside all suspicion, and again another horse was forthcoming. But the Chevalier was still a mile ahead.

"De Toqueville," he panted wearily. "Stab me—he rides like the devil! Paris—Beauvais—Amiens—Abbeville—one hundred miles in the dark, and still pounding along. Will he tarry in Abbeville? I hope he may, so I may gain the road ahead. Curse the sweat—it blinds me! Truly 'tis a ride! And 'twill soon be dawn—"

He watched the Chevalier into the town. Then he entered and raced past the inn where the Frenchman's spent horse staggered at the hitching-post. He did not draw rein until he came to an avenue, straight, dark, and silent.

Wearily he left the saddle and tied the horse to a tree by the roadside. Then, uncoiling a rope from his body, he ran back along the road for about fifty yards. It was but the work of a moment to stretch the rope tightly across the road so that an oncoming rider, not seeing the obstacle, would be taken by it and hurled from the saddle. Then he crouched in the deep shadows and waited. Presently, from the

direction of Abbeville, came the rapid drumming of hoofs. The sound increased.

"None but the Chevalier rides like that—he comes!"

The Chevalier, naturally confident with a fresh horse under him, and an empty stretch of road before him, was urging his beast to its top speed. The rope caught him across the body, stretched, lifted him from the saddle, and then hurled him to the ground. He rebounded from the cord like a stone flung from a catapult. When the Englishman reached him he was senseless, stunned by the terrific impact with the road. With quick and practised hands Delville searched the fallen man, but in spite of his efforts he could find no letter.

And then the Englishman's sharp ears caught the sound of a body of horse galloping towards him.

"Heavens!" he cried despairingly as he left de Toqueville and ran to his horse. "Another moment and I might have found it." With a leap he reached the saddle and was away.

The clattering of his horse's hoofs came faintly to the troop of cuirassiers as they dismounted round the prostrate de Toqueville. It was some little time before the sympathetic lieutenant of the troop brought the Chevalier back to consciousness with the aid of nearly a pint of cognac.

A reluctant trooper surrendered his horse, and when in the saddle again de Toqueville thanked the lieutenant and then spurred away.

And he rode slowly towards Boulogne with eyes and ears strained and alert. In the fort above the town he ravenously partook of the Governor's hospitality. Then, as the wind and tide were against the ship, he slept soundly through the day until night came again. He was awakened at nine o'clock with the information that conditions were favorable, so, after profusely thanking the Governor for his kindness, he hastened with his escort down through the lower portion of the town until he came to where a boat swiftly rowed him across the harbor to the eighty-gun ship, *Due de Richelieu*.

Still a little tired after the grueling ride, he gratefully accepted the offer of the captain, Roland, Comte de Riberae, to partake of wine in the great cabin. His head throbbled painfully from the clubbing he had received, yet he relaxed and stretched his long-booted legs under the table with a contented sigh. The Comte de Riberae watched him closely, and courteously attended him in person until he chose to speak of his adventures.

They left the cabin, the Comte bowing the Chevalier before him, and ascended the stairs that led up to the poop. De Toqueville looked about him with interest. On the rails of the poop itself the great triple lanterns burned brightly and sent a faint light down to where the wake of the ship washed about the immense wooden rudder. Some miles astern the few lights of Boulogne twinkled like yellow stars. Down in the waist of the ship the gun-crews crouched beside the roped guns, chattering incessantly, and from time to time blowing upon the glowing flintlocks that faintly illuminated the piles of shot, the powder charges, and the dripping water butts.

"I see you are not taking chances, Comte?" said the Chevalier.

"You mean?"

De Toqueville lifted his hand from his sword-hilt and pointed down at the gun-crews.

"I mean your seamen appear to be ready for instant action, Comte."

The Comte de Riberae drew in a deep, proud breath and puffed himself up in a ridiculous manner.

"My ship is always prepared, Chevalier," he announced with emphatic self-importance.

They turned from the whip-staff and leaned, chatting, upon the poop rail. Then silence fell between them, and the Chevalier's eyes wandered out over the sea. He stared at nothing and saw nothing, for his thoughts were busy upon the matter of his mission. But, after a little while, he became aware that he was looking at something, something dark, shapeless, yet something that was not the sea, the sky, or a cloud upon the sea. Straightening himself, he peered at it intently, and then drew the attention of his companion to the dark shadow.

"But, my dear Comte—what is that? Is it not a ship without lights bearing down upon us?"

The Comte de Ribérac shrugged tolerant shoulders and followed the Chevalier's pointing finger.

"I do not see anything, my dear Chevalier," he murmured. "You are tired, I fear."

The Chevalier's mouth tightened. He stared hard at the shadow, and when, without warning, a burst of flame shot from its dark centre, he shrugged in utter contempt. The ball from the shadow smashed the bulwarks in the waist of the ship and killed three of the crew. The Comte stood rooted to the deck in surprise at the sheer audacity of the thing. Then his shrill voice screeched as burst after burst of flame heralded the shock of cannon shot. He danced in fury upon the deck, screaming orders of which none took notice. And why should they, for all he could exhort them to do was fight, fight, fight. Not one word as to the handling of the vessel or the conduct of the gun-crews, for of these things he knew nothing.

But the seamen-officers under his command roared orders that loosed death at the oncoming ship. Swiftly the guns belched, reloaded, and then roared again, and the decks quivered with the pounding of the roared gun-carriages. Still the unknown ship came on, her guns vomiting ball, langrel, and chain-shot as though they were swabbed and loaded by a crew of invisible demons. When the mainmast of the Duc de Richelieu, broken by a thirty-pound ball, crashed over the side and took many yards of bulwarks with it, the Comte de Ribérac danced a dance of hellish fury on the bullet-swept poop. He raged and raved and shook his small fists impotently. The Chevalier stood quietly by his side, keenly watching all, and chuckling. In spite of the fury of the fight, at the helpless Comte.

With a tearing, crackling crash the foremast gave and fell upon the deck. At the very moment the bewildered gun-crews were extricating themselves from the enveloping canvas and tangled rigging, the dark ship that had begun the fight swung in and locked her grapnels to the Frenchman. With a roar that could have come from none but savage English throats a horde of half-naked men poured on to the Duc de Richelieu. The Chevalier de Toqueville drew his sword and pointed at the poop of the English ship.

"If you look closely, Comte, you will see the motionless form of the Falcon standing by the whipstaff. If the light were brighter you would see that he is dressed in grey. A rascal, but a courageous one, my dear Comte."

Below the main deck, the guns, almost lip to lip, continued to hurl death and appalling destruction into the very bowels of each ship. A tongue of flame shot up from the forward hatch of the Duc de Richelieu, and by its light the panting, fighting men in the waist could plainly be seen, stabbing, hacking, butchering. The Comte de Ribérac ceased his dance to shake a furious hat at

the tall figure of the Falcon, who, to de Toqueville's deep amusement, gravely saluted the raging Frenchman with a courtly bow.

The flames shot higher, and the canvas flared and showered the sea with sparks. The invading English seamen fought and hacked their way closer and closer to the poop. But the first English foot that touched the stairs paused when a terrified shriek rang piercingly above the cries of the stricken and the shouts of lusty fighters. "The powder!" it screamed. "Overboard for your lives! The flames are licking the magazine—"

The shrill cry evidently was heard by the commander of the English piratical craft, for he spoke to a man beside him and the clear note of a trumpet sounded the recall. De Toqueville, before he leaped from the poop rail, admired the discipline and seamanship of the pirate. In an incredibly short time all Englishmen, living, wounded, and dead, were back on board their vessel, which, casting off, drifted away into the darkness under short-torn sails.

"Are you coming with me, Comte?" inquired de Toqueville.

"I cannot. Would you insult me, Chevalier? I do not thank you. My place is with my ship," protested the indignant little Comte.

De Toqueville, perched on the rail, saluted de Ribérac with his sword, then threw it into the sea.

"May heaven reward you, de Ribérac. Your courage is the soul of France," he cried. Then he jumped from the rail into the sea.

The current, aided by his efforts, took him several cables' length from the blazing Duc de Richelieu before the fierce fire touched the powder in the magazine. He clearly saw the tiny figure of de Ribérac standing defiant and alone upon the poop. The Comte and his ship vanished together, and the terrible flashing flame of the explosion lighted the blue clay cliffs of Boulogne. The roar of the detonation was heard in Dover, and, in the water, the Chevalier winced as the concussion dealt him a hammer-like blow.

He gasped as he struggled to keep afloat. "Poor little de Ribérac! What a death—dear Heaven! What a death. I wonder what he thinks now of the Falcon. I wonder if he still laughs at the English devil!"

Something bumped into him, and with a cry of delight and relief he grasped a broad, floating plank. He looked about him, but the black, leaping sea showed nothing upon its surface, and although he listened he heard no cry. The hours wore on. The eastern sky grew pale. Still clinging to the plank, de Toqueville felt something touch his feet. A roaring sounded in his ears. Again his feet struck something hard. The light increased and revealed to him the fact that he had been washed ashore some distance to the south of Boulogne. He collapsed, exhausted.

"Dear Lord—dear Lord," he whispered weakly. "But I still have the letter."

ALTHOUGH fatigued with the long day's travel, Sir Richard Somerset was still in his customary light-hearted, whimsical mood. Even when the day vanished and night came his delightful, carefree laugh echoed now and then from the darkness within the coach. But the pretty woman beside him, his Canterbury bride, had ceased her inconsequential, sentimental chatter, and reclined wearily against the uncomfortable padded leather.

"Are you happy, dear Anne?"

"Why, yes, Richard. But then I love you so," she replied, and moved closer to his

side. "Oh, I do love you, dear Richard, but I am so tired. 'Tis a cruel journey."

"Anne, dear, tell me why ye gave your love to me when so many of superior estate would have given their lives for a kiss from those wonderful lips?"

"Richard, you are such a big, foolish dear—and that is why I love you so. You are so gentle and dreadfully lacking in will-power that I saw it was time you had a wife to protect you from the predatory creatures who infest the Court. Ah, sir! I have heard tales!"

"Eh? Rumors? Split me, dear Anne! This sounds ominous."

"Oh, you may laugh. But I haven't known you for many months, have I? It would appear you are becoming a mystery to some."

"Indeed, this is vastly interesting. A mystery, eh? Stab me! What have I done, now, m'dear?"

"I don't know so I cannot answer you. But if it is so then you don't require an answer, my dear. I'll tell you something. The day before our wedding my father said to me: 'Anne, Richard is a gentleman, but he is also a fool. There are some who think he runs with both the hare and the hounds. He had better watch for 'tis not forgotten that his father fought for that arch priest of Hades—Cromwell.'"

Sir Richard was silent for a moment. Then he laughed heartily.

"Well, curse me, m'dear!" he said lightly. "But there's no doubting your father is incredibly Royalist."

"Is that a crime, Richard?"

"It is never a crime to be loyal, dear life."

On this night, in May, 1670, the air along the Dover Road was chill and clear after the recent heavy rains. Sir Richard, seasoned traveller though he was, had not fully appreciated the appalling condition of the road over which they had to pass. And he was in haste to come to the journey's end, in haste to arrive at Whitecliffe Hall, his picturesque home that rose sheer from the cliffs, a little to the south of Dover, for there he would meet one from France who brought documents of vital importance, papers that bore the French King's signature. And he must receive them. Because of this he spoke with unusual impatience.

"Oh, a curse on this plaguy road! Saunders! Saunders! Stir the greys, fellow! Rot me! D'ye think we wish to remain in this kennel all night as well as all day?"

The coachman's long whip uncurred and bit into the flank of the leader. He had spent a lifetime in the service of Sir Richard's family, was of a choleric disposition, and always, apparently, on the verge of an explosion as the result of long association with refractory horses and vile roads.

Sir Richard put his head out the window. "Saunders! Are ye asleep again, ye rascal?" "No, y' honour. I'll soon have y' good lady an' y' honor at the hall. 'Tis but a mile now, if these crazy greys will but make it—'whoa! Steady, ye mad devils—"

"Be careful, Saunders! Another jolt like that an' we'll be pinned in the mud—"

"Whoa! Whoa! Oh, blast ye," roared the coachman. Crack! went the vicious lash. One of the leaders reared. "Steady, ye stamping brutes! Oh, blast ye—'whoa—'whoa—look out! What now . . . ? Oh, Take care, m'lady! Look out, y' honor! We be turning over—over—jump!"

His hoarse voice rose to a frenzied shout of warning. As the coach tilted he jumped and landed on his back in a pool of water that effectively smothered his unpleasant remarks.

Sir Richard's voice also rose in volume. "Stab me! Prop the coach, ye rogues! Hold it—hold—oh, never mind the plaguy horses—"

But in spite of all the sturdy runners could do the vehicle capsize and came to rest with the top wheels spinning slowly and scattering a shower of muddy water. From within the overturned coach came a scream, and a muffled voice cursing the ears, and eyes, and blood of the whole crew. Presently Sir Richard's head rose through the door. His arm was about the trembling form of his wife. His hat and periwig were somewhere in the coach. Beside them were a muff and satin shoe belonging to the terrified bride. A trickle of blood flowed from a tiny cut on his head. He spoke like one resigned to fate.

"Well, curse me. Ah if I don't have the hides of you all soundly whipped for this night's work. I'll—I'll—oh, hang it!"

He paused and recovered his breath.

"Saunders! Now where is that devilish fellow—"

Saunders loomed up stiffly in the darkness.

"Yes, y'honor. I be here, Sir Richard. Is the good lady all right, y'honor?"

"Ye vile cut-throat! Ye'll drive me no more, I vow!"

"No, y'honor," said Saunders regretfully. He had, of course, heard this threat more times than he could remember.

"Get us out of this pecky box!"

"Richard," came in trembling tones from his wife. "I think—oh, you should be ashamed to subject me to such treatment. Is this the way for a gentleman to bring his wife home?"

"But, m'dear—I apologise, of course—"

"Twas the other coach frightened the greys, y'honor," interrupted Saunders.

"Coach . . ." Sir Richard turned and peered through the darkness. "Why, so 'tis. What now? Are they also stuck in this filthy mud?"

"Richard! Must we stop here all night whilst you chatter and do nothing?" Anne spoke a little sharply. She was very tired.

"Nay, dear life. Faith, I'll carry ye to the other vehicle—ah, there! But I vow ye must be well covered, dear heart—ye're no light weight for one so slim-looking—"

"Richard, would you have me ashamed before these men? Well covered, indeed! 'Twould suit your mind better to think of more practical things. 'Tis not the time for nonsense—"

She did not see him smile in the darkness, but she gasped a little at the sudden pressure of his arm.

"I could talk nonsense to ye for ever, dear life," he chuckled.

He carried her to the waiting coach, and he laughed and joked and cursed in the light and courtly fashion of the day until she wearily asked him to be silent out of consideration for her dignity. By the dim light of the coach lamps they saw a group gathered round a prostrate form lying on a rough couch of coats by the roadside. A low cry of distress arose as they approached.

"Richard! 'Tis a woman!" cried Anne in tones of astonishment.

Anne took in the situation instantly and was immediately transformed from a tired, impatient bride into a capable young woman of sympathy and understanding. She stepped into the deep mud of the road without hesitation.

"Chummy potboys!" she scolded gently. "Ah, well, 'twas good of you, nevertheless. A fire, now, with speed. She is prostrate and ill."

"Now, why didn't I think o' that afore," mumbled a rough-looking, broad-shouldered man. He roared an order at one of his companions, and the man began to construct a fire.

"Because you lack sense. Still, you seem to have more wit than any here. Gaping fools—send them away! Is this wench your wife?"

"Nay, we know her not. We were slowly passing when we heard her cries. She is terribly frightened, and her babbling tongue speaks but the one word—'betrayed.'"

"And who may you be?"

"I come from Tortuga, and be known as Tortuga John. But that matters not," was the gruff reply.

"H'm. Is the woman alone?"

"No. There be a priest in the coach who claims to be her father."

"But what is she doing in this desolate place?"

Tortuga John stared thoughtfully at the kindling fire.

"The priest, too, be greatly uneasy. He said they were fleeing from—from—gut me! Where was it—ah, from Whitechapel Hall. Yes, that were it, m'am."

"Well, darn it," said Sir Richard softly. He leisurely inhaled a pinch of rappee and returned the box to his pocket.

"Yes . . ." said Anne, equally as softly. She glanced sideways at her husband. "And from whom were they fleeing, and by whom was she betrayed—"

"But, Anne—"

Anne did not appear to hear her husband. Tortuga John continued.

"She whispered the name of a Sir Richard Somerset."

"Ah!" ejaculated Anne. "And what think you of that, Richard?" For a moment the Baronet looked searchingly at his wife.

"Why, nothing, m'dear," he said.

"Richard!"

"'Tis vastly amusing," was the careless reply. "But, I am well-known hereabouts. There need only be a death, a birth, a shipwreck, a house afire, or a change in the plaguy weather, an I am responsible for it all, m'dear. I marvel greatly I was not blamed for the fire that burned London. But, it was known I was in Dover at the time, thank Heaven."

"Tortuga John, what is the priest's name?"

"He gave no name."

"And the woman . . .?"

"She kept crying one name only, that of Sir Richard Somerset," Anne recoiled, white-faced and trembling.

"My dear Anne, what does it matter?" asked her husband. "Come, perhaps this good man will let us have the use of his coach for an hour—"

Anne looked at him in silence. Then said coldly:

"Richard, we'll walk."

"But, blister me, dear Anne! We cannot walk a mile in this terrible mire—"

"I'll walk," came very distinctly.

Tortuga John looked appealingly at Anne.

"And the wench?" he asked anxiously.

Lady Anne Somerset stared coldly at him and turned away.

"I am not interested in the woman," she said.

Sir Richard placed a well-filled purse in the man's hand. "For the woman," he said softly. "Be gentle with her."

Tortuga John nodded, but said nothing as he took the purse.

FOR nearly a mile the only sound heard was the splashing footsteps of the travellers, punctuated, now and then, by heavy breathing and low, viciously-spoken, unintelligible words. The Baronet addressed his wife, who stubbornly kept one pace ahead of him.

"Anne, dear, ye're very quiet," he said. She continued to walk on in silence.

"Heavens!" he muttered to himself. "'Twas devilish inopportune. Poor Margaret! Martin will be at his wife's end, I vow. Damme, but it was unfortunate."

"Richard, I'm sorry I married you," his wife flung over her shoulder at him. It was said with great suddenness and vehemence. "You're a beast!"

"Anne, I fear ye misjudge me."

"Ah! Then ye can explain, dear Richard."

"Stab me! I can't, but is it too much to ask ye to trust—?" Anne's sharp laughter cut across the words. She paused and turned upon him.

"Trust you? And you can't even explain! You dog!"

"Anne!"

But she had turned away from him to prevent the starlight betraying the tears in her eyes. She wrapped the cloak more closely round her and drew the hood down to shield her face. They trudged along the dark track without further speech. An hour later they came to the Hall, but the light from the stars showed little more than the looming outline of the extensive, gabled, two-storied Elizabethan mansion.

A RUNNER had brought news of the disaster, and sympathy as well as curiosity shone in the eyes of the assembled servants. As Anne entered, one of the women immediately came forward and curtained before her and then led her upstairs towards her apartments.

The apartments of Sir Richard and his wife were divided by an oak-panelled corridor, furnished and ornamented with polished armor, weapons, and sombre though forceful portraits in oils, on the floor above the entrance hall. The candles in their silver brackets were burning low when the Baronet stepped into the passage and closed the door behind him.

The boudoir of Lady Anne Somerset was both dainty and luxurious. She had dismissed her maid. Her mind was in a turmoil, and the glances she darted at the closed door were filled with a lively apprehension and dread. She was restless and agitated.

She sat down at her gleaming dressing-table with its array of silver and tortoiseshell brushes, combs, perfumes, and filigreed powder jars and hand-mirrors. But she could not remain seated, and restlessly began to pace the long room. When at last the door opened she drew herself up defiantly and faced her husband. He smiled as he walked towards her, but she would not meet his steady grey eyes, and when he was near to her she retreated a step.

He came to her and placed an arm tenderly about her. She shrank from the embrace, timidly at first, then with force and determination.

"Please, Richard, will you not leave me?"

"Indeed I'll not, m'dear. This is absurd, Anne."

"Richard!" Anne's blue eyes flashed angrily. She turned away from him.

"I did not mean any offense, Anne. Ye know that. Ye know that I love ye—"

"Love me . . . ? You!" Her quick laughter was unpleasant. "Have you so soon forgotten. If you have, then I cannot forget. Richard, I wish you to leave me. I desire to be alone. I demand to be alone!"

"Anne, ye're distraught. I could laugh at ye did I not love ye so well. Now, dear wife, pray listen to me—" he broke off as his eyes saw the untouched food on the walnut tray. He shook his head reprovingly. "Anne, ye'll be losing that wondrous soft beauty an ye neglect your food, m'dear. Come, m'love. Do not be unjust and harsh to me. After the blackness of the coach my eyes

ere eager for a sight of your fair loveliness—"

"Keep away! Do not touch me! Richard, I pray you grant my request. Oh, that I had listened to the tales they tell of you instead of the mad desire of my own foolish heart."

"Anne, ye are terribly bitter. I dreamt not it was in your nature, m'dear. Doubtless you think the provocation sufficient, and, alas, as ye will not accept my assurance, I can but endure it. But what tales do they tell of me?"

"That you are a man without honor or pity. That you are of a secret nature. And many other things—"

"Do all men say that?"

She hesitated.

"Many do," she retorted fiercely. "They say that and worse."

"Many would, I will not argue, I will not even discuss it further. I am what I am, and if ye are to live with me as my wife ye must believe in me—"

"Richard, I—I hate you. Our marriage was a tragic mistake for me. But when I stepped down the ladder to marry you—I thought I loved you. But it is past. I despise you. I will not listen further to your cruel falsehoods. When you leave the house, so shall I. I will never return to it or to you."

He recoiled at her words and their intensity of purpose.

"Anne! Ye cannot mean what ye say. An ye stepped down to marry me? Ah, but ye do not understand. Ye believe what is false to be true."

"Tis the very truth, I have no words to convey my contempt and disgust for you. I will not be your wife."

For a moment they faced each other in silence.

He was silent. His eyes were troubled, so troubled that he would not look at her.

"Yes, I will not plead further with ye. But mind ye one thing, Anne!"

"It is?"

"That ye're now my wife—the Lady Anne Somerset. I bid ye never forget it—till ye send for me."

"Richard—" her voice trembled.

"M'dear!" he looked quickly at her, the light of hope in his fine grey eyes.

"I pray I shall never see you again," she said calmly and with terrible coldness.

He bowed to her.

Her soft laughter sounded in his ears until his door closed behind him.

AN hour before dawn Sir Richard descended the stairs and entered his library. He was again dressed for the road. From one shoulder hung a short dark cloak, beneath which the scabbard of his rapier showed.

The rich Burgundy was poured into the tall goblet by Sir Richard's valet, the gigantic, saturnine, close-lipped, grey-haired servant whose deep affection for his master had become a positive idolatry.

"You say Lady Somerset has summoned her maid, John?"

"Yes, Sir Richard."

"Give my compliments to Lady Somerset and ask her to please step into this room. And listen, John! Tell Polly 'tis my wish that I am always in touch with her mistress. See, too, that Winstrop becomes their very shadow. Do ye understand?"

"Yes, Sir Richard."

"Then remain with Polly whilst my wife and I are together."

Anne plainly showed her displeasure at the summons. She stood impatiently tapping one foot while Sir Richard closed the door of the library.

"Was it necessary for you to see me?" she

demanding. "That huge lot of yours, John Brill, was positively insistent. He would not let me pass. It would seem I have been brought here solely to be insulted by all."

"Will ye not sit down, Anne?"

"There is no need. I am leaving. I told you I would not remain here."

"Anne, are ye not being foolishly impetuous in this matter? Wait! Please let me speak. Have ye not realised that if ye do this thing my name will be derided everywhere? Although ye are so lovely, so beautiful, ye are very young, dear life. Ye are not yet nineteen years of age, an have as yet merely seen the polite side of men and the world. Even though I cannot at the moment tell you all that is in my heart, will ye not trust me, believe in me? I swear to you, Anne, that ye are terribly mistaken. I want ye to remain here. Anne, dear—"

There came a knock on the door.

"Who is it?" Sir Richard demanded.

"Tis John, sir. There be a priest to see ye—he says it be—"

"Heaven! Anne, please go to your room—" But she merely laughed at him.

"So the priest has returned. And doubtless so has his daughter. You ask me to remain here? Richard, I marvel at your cold-blooded callousness. Let me pass."

"Anne—"

"I will go! Keep away! Keep away!" she cried frantically.

Sir Richard did not reply. He opened the door and bowed as she swept past him. Without a backward glance she hurried out to where the coach was waiting.

"Your master," she said to the silent maid beside her, "is a laughing devil!"

When the coach had vanished Sir Richard nodded to Brill.

"I will see the priest," he said, his eyes twinkling, his lips still curved with laughter. "Is it a thin, keen-faced, dark-eyed, slightly stooping fellow?"

"Yes, Sir Richard."

"Ah, thank heaven! John, 'tis my friend from France. Bring him here and remain within call. This may mean hot work for us."

"Ye mean the Falcon—"

"Brill! For heaven's sake bring that loose tongue of yours!"

"Your pardon, Sir Richard. 'Twas indiscreet of me."

"Ye must remember to be prudent, John. A slip of the tongue may mean a jerk of the rope. Do not forget it. Away with ye."

In the brief time that Brill was out of the room Sir Richard's thoughts ranged far and touched on many things.

But Anne was not in his mind when Brill left the room. There were thoughts there that banished even the tragic farce of his bride's homecoming; thoughts that dwelt upon a greater tragedy that impended, a tragedy in which Fate had decreed that he should play a part as vital almost as the principals of the sordid drama now being enacted between Whitehall and Versailles. The betrayal of England!

Presently the huge John Brill again opened the door, and the priest who accompanied him strode quickly across the room and clasped Sir Richard's hands tightly in his own.

"Richard," he cried. "There were tears in his dark, strained, bloodshot eyes. He trembled as though overcome by intense emotion."

Their hands remained clasped for a long moment. Then the Baronet nodded to his servant.

"Leave us, John, and see we are not disturbed. Now, Martin, ye poor devil, ye just got away?"

"Aye, Richard, thanks to you, old friend," was the earnest reply.

"Bless ye both, Martin, and it is to be pitied that Margaret should suffer so for England. But it was marvellous work, and will not be forgotten. Is she improved?"

"Yes; but I had to leave her. I had this letter."

"Ah!"

Both men were silent for a little while.

"How got ye the letter, Martin?"

"Margaret got it from de Toqueville—the dog! I'm tired. Have ye a bite to eat—"

"Forgive me, my friend. Ye must be famished. Sit ye here at the table. It is already loaded."

"D'ye mind if I eat the lot?" The Baronet smiled.

"Ye shall have more when that's done," he said with a laugh. "Have ye the letter?"

"Yes," was the grim reply. He withdrew a paper from an inside pocket of the priest's robe. "That, Richard, was for Henrietta herself. 'Twas because of that we flew from Paris. Poor Margaret! There's the devil to pay at the French Court. Ye'll see it's in the handwriting of Louis himself. Since Mazarin's death the competent Louis does his own business. Maybe he will regret it. And that de Toqueville—that fair fiend with the staring eyes and nodding head, is the more deadly because of his fear and rage. Should he not invent a marvellous excuse for the letter's disappearance his head will fall from his shoulders. Louis' great plan to enslave England does not embrace the quality of mercy. Richard, ye're a genius! I'm proud to be one of those who serve ye. England will presently owe ye a monstrous debt, my friend."

TAKE off that clerical garb, Martin. It ill becomes ye. 'Twas luckily dark else that crew of tarpaulins might have been surprised at your lack of grey hairs. When ye have eaten we'll talk. I have not much time."

"Are ye not going to read that paper?"

"Presently, my friend. My French is execrable, ye know."

"Aye, ye rogue," was the laughing reply.

"Tis a pity ye are unacquainted with the tongue. Oh! Split me! What of the Lady Anne—"

"Proceed, Martin."

"'Twas devilish, Richard. The meeting with the coach was unfortunate. But we got lost in the infernal dark. I heard the pretty Anne raking ye with langrel an chain-shot. An I peeped through the tin window of the coach, an saw ye smile."

"There was naught else to do, Martin. There are some things that even Anne must not know. She has returned to London."

"Richard!"

"A perfectly natural thing to do, Martin," said Sir Richard with a return of his old whimsical manner. "Ye see, Martin, I am a man without pity or honor—"

Then the laughter died from his eyes, and he became serious again. "Richard, I have a surprise for ye. The beautiful Henrietta is close in this matter with Charles and Louis. The fair sister of our King ever had great influence over him. Stupidly generous as he is to his favorites, he is more so to his golden-haired, blue-eyed sister. An forget it not that Louis knows it. Henrietta, though English born, is French through and through. An even though the French King's brother, Philip, has not much influence over his remarkable an beautiful young wife, the cunning Louis has. But that, of course, is easily understood. It is from the French monarch that all good things in France come."

"Tis the Royal lady herself who is chief intermediary in this thing. She is now in Dunkirk, having travelled from Versailles in a gilded glass coach that gleamed in the sun like a vast diamond. 'Tis a great pretence, this journey of the French Court to Dunkirk. That letter tells it. 'Tis but a trick to cover Henrietta's secret journey to England. But it is done on a lavish scale. Barges, coaches, scarlet and blue regiments of troops, flaunting banners, an all the glittering pomp of chivalry an gallantry en route for the coast. An all to cover the visit of Charles' sister, Barillon, de Toqueville, an all the others are but puppets jerked this way an that by the Royal fingers. But they'll all need careful watching, Richard. All are as dangerous as powder to England."

Sir Richard was silent for a moment. He was deep in thought. Then he spoke.

"I have suspected it for some time, Martin," he said at last. "Our cold close friend, Arlington, dropped a hint to Buckingham. I, too, picked it up. 'Tis to your credit that ye uncovered it whilst in France. Split me! 'Tis a dastardly plot, and Charles may yet plunge England in a terrible bath of blood."

"I strongly suspect that mean Arlington of leaning towards France and Popery. But then he is the King's creature, and if Charles wished to turn Mohammedan he would be one step ahead of his Royal master. Clifford is openly Catholic, to his credit. Buckingham—well, Bucks is anything and everything, as you know. The spinning Duke has been a heavy loser lately at the tables, and he wants money just as eagerly as Charles does. French lives to him are as acceptable as English pounds."

"One hears much that is not intended in the King's closet. I am frequently there, for do I not fetch and carry between London and Paris? And when the terrible part is made—if it is, which Heaven prevent—an I not to be put quietly away? I have not yet discovered the way it is to be done, whether by the steel, the rope, the axe, or by the smiling poison. So long as I am useful to the intrigues of the King I may live. Am I not a dense, flippant, pleasure-loving, duelling fool? When the day comes an they have done with me—What a pretty end will be mine. Some say the King is as incapable of hating as he is of loving and remembering, but what of Vane? Did not Charles himself say of him 'he is too dangerous to live, if we can safely put him out of the way'? Nay, do not laugh, but he may even come to think me dangerous. What then? 'Tis a devilish interesting situation."

THE Earl nodded wearily. His dark eyes blazed with a fierce light.

"'Twould suit the Pope, the House of Stuart an Bourbon, an the soulless syco-phants of Whitehall, but 'twill not suit the people, the staunch nobility, or the honest country gentlemen of England! Heavens! Did the people but suspect this thing, I believe the fate of the father would be pleasant compared with that of the son. Oh, Richard—that was a rare feast!"

"Ye'll need some sleep—"

"Sleep!" the Earl laughed grimly. "Think ye I could sleep?"

"I did not. Then ye may accompany me, for I go to get Margaret. I shall be glad to have you with me, old friend."

"Ah!"

"But where did ye get the priest's clothes? There's a tale, I vow," said the Baronet as he again struck the gong.

"'Tis a strange world, Richard. 'Twas at Boulogne—or rather just beyond the town. We were hard pressed, desperate, with de-

Toqueville's hounds but a saker-shot behind us. An then the miracle happened, a humorous miracle. I grant ye; but why shouldn't a miracle sometimes be humorous?"

"The axle of the crazy French calash snapped like a rotten stick. We alighted a few yards from the enclosing wall of an abbey—ye well know the place—and waited whilst the crippled vehicle turned off at a cross-road and vanished with a prodigious rattling an crashing. See here!" The Earl placed the remains of the beef in the centre of the table. "That is the abbey. An this," taking up the claws of the lobster, "is our friend de Toqueville. I will put them here now," taking up a handful of cracked nuts, "this is the disappearing calash. This is the wall"—placing knives and forks in a line—"and here we are," picking up the nut-crackers and placing them against the corner of the wall. "Margaret an I crouched in the shadow of the wall, for there was a movement at its darkest corner—here, I crawled forward, and to my vast astonishment saw two females literally sink into the earth close to the wall—there, I investigated. Stab me! They had gone inside under the wall."

"An ye followed?"

"Aye, I did, after I had recovered my wits."

"An the two women?"

"Devout devotees, Richard," laughed the Earl. "Plaguy devout! 'Tis not often pretence is so prettily done. Ye saw I had the abbot's garments—did ye not? Luckily they fitted tolerably well. They saved us. 'Een the villainous crew of the barque were like obedient children—but I suspect ye had something to do with that, Richard, for your plan for our escape worked admirably. But 'twas close for both of us. I scattered enough of benediction to clean up half the sins of all Boulogne."

Sir Richard laughed heartily.

"Ye're a sharp rogue, Martin," he chuckled. "Some day, maybe, ye'll tell that tale in full."

"And what will ye do with that paper now ye have it?"

"It goes with the others we've thieved. We must not step falsely at the moment, for our friends of to-day may be our enemies to-morrow. Ye know how it is at Court, an even in the Parliament. 'Tis mostly corruption, an who can say he knows any man? We must not be premature. Are ye ready?"

"Yes."

"Then come. John will have horses. They stand ready night an day."

"I know. Ye will not use the cliff?"

"No. Dover still sleeps, and we can embark without fear of detection—ah! What is it, John?"

Brill had hurriedly knocked, and as he hurriedly entered.

"Sir Richard, the Chevalier de Toqueville presents his compliments—"

"De Toqueville?" snarled the Earl, starting towards the door. "The plaguy ferret. But he is on English soil, now—"

"Martin, wait! John, is the Chevalier alone?"

"There be five evil-looking men with him, Sir Richard. All be armed, sir."

"Humph! Martin, gather up those priestly clothes. I will take your place at the table, and finish what crumbs ye have left."

"Richard! Take care—"

"Decidedly."

"He'll have spoken with that surly lout, Tortuga John!"

"I think so. But we'll see. Ye see that door?"

"Yes."

"Go through the clothes hanging behind it, and select what ye need as ye pass through. Close the door at the back of the

closet. Go on down the passage, and branch to the right. A door at the end opens opposite the stables. Get quickly to Dover and secure Margaret. Await me at the usual place. Away with ye!"

"An that paper, Richard?"

"Yes; take it. Maybe 'twould be as well. Guard it again, Martin."

"For pity sake take care, Richard. He is cunning, an swift, an remorseless. An he'll be desperate. Watch, also, the piercing eye of Francois Papin, the Jesuit, who is his very shadow. Ye'll know the priest by his hand. It lacks the thumb."

"Hurry, Martin—and do this for me! Tell Bennett to light his lamp in the top window of the inn—he'll understand."

"I will. Take care! Did I not know ye so well I would not leave ye. He's a fiend—"

Sir Richard laughed softly.

"And so am I, I'm told," he said.

DE TOQUEVILLE! The handsomest cavalier and the best swordsman in France!

"Martin was right," Sir Richard muttered, turning from the window. "De Toqueville is a fiend. There is much behind this visit of his. It would almost seem that he—or the crafty Jesuit—has at last begun to suspect. Heavens! If it is so—"

The opening of the door interrupted his train of thought.

"Sir Richard—the Chevalier de Toqueville and gentlemen," said Brill.

Sir Richard bowed.

"Messieurs, it is indeed an honor," he murmured politely, smiling affably as they advanced towards him. His pleasant voice came agreeably to them in their own tongue.

"I give you welcome, gentlemen, in the name of my gracious King. My house is yours for as long as you care to honor it with your presence. I extend my obedience and compliments to his most illustrious Catholic Majesty, Louis XIV of France. Your visit, messieurs, has deprived me of the honor and pleasure of again bending the knee before him, but it has, at the same time, given me the great pleasure of your distinguished company. Gentlemen, again I give you welcome."

The Frenchmen bowed as one man, their plumed hats almost sweeping the floor. The tallest of them, the fair, blue-eyed, handsome de Toqueville, replied. His lips had a cynical twist, and his rather prominent eyes were as cold as arctic ice.

"We thank you, Sir Richard," he said. His voice was deep, yet sweet and agreeable to the ears. "It is comforting to think there is at least one house in England where we may be sincerely welcomed. Although you and I, Sir Richard, are both emissaries for our respective princes, it is strange that until now we had met but once. I am most happy to bear to your Royal master and yourself the felicitations of my beloved prince, Louis XIV, King of France. Permit me, now, Sir Richard, to make my companions known to you."

Each man in turn bowed as his name was mentioned. The last named, Monsieur Raoul Bourget, a man short of stature and as swarthy as a Spaniard, had no thumb to his right hand.

"Francois Papin, the Jesuit," thought Sir Richard. "An why this plaguy deception? Doubtless we shall see." Aloud he said: "Messieurs, pray take off your cloaks and rapiers. I have a wine here that will, I am sure, appeal to your discriminating tastes. Chevalier, you have not lost your appreciation of a choice wine, I vow."

"I am told you are a connoisseur, Sir Richard," said the swarthy Raoul Bourget.

with a laugh. He placed his cloak and rapier on the table, and gazed about him with interested eyes. His voice was even more silky than de Toqueville's.

"Ah! Then you have heard of me, Monsieur?"

"The Chevalier has been eulogising you," was the even reply. "De Toqueville thinks you are the personification of all the English virtues."

"Indeed . . . ? Such kindly interest is deeply gratifying. But in that I can reciprocate. The Chevalier has a reputation among Englishmen for his wit, his excellent taste, and his deep admiration of all that is beautiful."

"Tell me, Chevalier," continued Sir Richard innocently, "why you are in England, and how you found your way here at this unusual hour?"

The Chevalier sipped his wine thoughtfully before he replied. Several times his eyes sought the unwinking black ones of the Jesuit. But Monsieur Raoul Bourget was apparently studiously examining a large landscape that hung above the mantelpiece.

"I bring a despatch," he said at last. "You are to ride with it to Whitehall, and there deliver it into the hands of your King. I advise you to guard it jealously. Your head will pay for its loss."

"It must be devilish important," laughed the Baronet. "Why is it that—?"

"I cannot presume to answer questions concerning it," de Toqueville returned brusquely.

"My dear Chevalier, I would not presume to think you know anything concerning it," was the soft reply.

"But you can safely tell me how you found your way here. The road is rather difficult in the dark."

"Seldom have I been so fortunate," was the reply. "At the turn of the road beyond your gates I met with an adventure I would have deemed impossible in this country of yours. A coach and team were pulling slowly along. I stopped them. There were two women in the coach—"

"Ah!"

"You know them?" asked the Chevalier quickly.

"Why do you ask, my dear Chevalier?"

De Toqueville's mouth curled in a sneer.

"Because I kissed the prettier wench—"

Monsieur Bourget laughingly interrupted.

"You did, Chevalier, but how the lady brought her hand across your mouth. I can yet hear the resounding smack."

"And for that I kissed her three times—what! Somerset, that servant of yours is devilishly clumsy. What made him drop that flagon?"

"John, you must be more careful," said Sir Richard, reprovingly, in English.

"Yes, Sir Richard," gasped Brill, gaping at the perfectly controlled features of his master. That the Frenchman was still a whole man was to the huge servant a matter of profound wonderment.

"Does the fellow speak French?" demanded de Toqueville, suspiciously.

"Who? My man, there? You flatter him, Chevalier. So the woman in the coach told you the way here, eh?"

"Yes. Devilish good wine, this. She was a beauty."

"Yes."

"Yes. I unhooked the lamp, and had a good look at her. Beautiful! I shall see her again."

"Yes. Devilish good wine, this."

"You can laugh, Somerset, but I mean it. And, my dear Sir Richard, if ever you meet the lady, don't forget I have a prior claim. I warn you."

"Your servant has dropped another flagon, Sir Richard," murmured Raoul Bourget. "Is that a pastime of his?"

"I'm afraid it is a habit, monsieur, Chevalier, your glass is empty—" sighed the Baronet. "Brill, more wine, you clumsy fellow!"

The wine was emphatically praised by the thirsty cavalier. Again the goblets were filled, and then again. The restraint that had been so apparent at the moment of meeting gradually lessened, and at last completely vanished. Quip, laugh, and sally rippled forth as the wine flowed faster. Toast followed toast, and pledge succeeded pledge. De Toqueville, however, did not drink so deeply as the others. Bourget also drank craftily. Sir Richard, on the contrary, made merry in true cavalier fashion, and his stories of the English Court and its gallantries and intrigues. De Toqueville drew Sir Richard aside and handed to him a deep leather wallet.

"The despatch," he said. "How will you convey it to London? By ship?"

"No, Chevalier. The coach or horseback for me. The sea is no friend of mine, and I never venture thereon unless duty compels it. Come, come, Chevalier! Your glass stands empty."

"So it should. I've had enough. I think your choice of the coach a wise one. If those papers fell into the hands of the Falcon—dear Lord! I shudder at the consequences."

"The Falcon?"

"YES, Louis himself would give fifty thousand of your English pounds for the head of this accursed English renegade."

Sir Richard laughed merrily, and drank more wine.

"And Charles would double it—if he had it to double," he said.

They both laughed.

Monsieur Raoul Bourget interrupted the Chevalier.

"By the way, Sir Richard! Have you seen anything of a false priest—?"

"A false priest? Just what particular breed of priest is that?" inquired the Baronet quizzically.

The black eyes of the Jesuit flashed with momentary anger. But the quick gleam was instantly gone.

De Toqueville, however, laughed immoderately.

"It is futile to ask Monsieur Bourget that question, my dear Somerset," he roared. "My friend, I am sure, would be greatly puzzled to supply a reasonable definition."

Monsieur Bourget's manner became suave and agreeable. He smiled politely at the Chevalier's crude thrust.

"Let us then say a priest, Sir Richard. The man is a fugitive—"

"He's a dog!" suddenly snarled the Chevalier. "And when I get him—bah! But we'll wait till then."

Monsieur Bourget spread his hands and smiled apologetically at the Englishman.

"Chevalier, the day is breaking," he said.

De Toqueville helped himself to more wine and frowned at his laughing, singing companions.

"Yes," he said, a little thickly. "And Henrietta departs from Dunkirk for Dover by—"

Sir Richard was greatly surprised.

"The King's sister? Now, what can be bringing the Duchess of Orleans to Dover? This is most interesting, dear Chevalier."

"My dear Chevalier," purred Monsieur Bourget. "Surely you are mistaken. The Duchess at this moment is in Paris, driving her Royal husband, Philip, to jealous despair. I fear our host's good wine is beginning to create hallucinations in your mind."

"Did I say Henrietta was in Dunkirk?" murmured de Toqueville in a surly tone.

"How stupid of me! The beautiful witch is still in Versailles—"

"Paris, Chevalier, according to Monsieur Bourget," said Sir Richard mildly.

De Toqueville's handsome face flushed, and he rocked slightly in momentary indecision. Then he recovered himself to the palpable relief of Monsieur Bourget.

"It is becoming lighter, Chevalier," the Jesuit again reminded him.

But de Toqueville was growing more obstinate and surly.

"It matters not," he retorted crisply. "Sir Richard has given me the freedom of the house. I will search it. I want that priest."

Sir Richard laughed.

"Well, I don't want him," he told the Chevalier. "And if you think he is here in this house you are at liberty to satisfy yourself. But what was that? Was it not gunfire?"

"Gunfire!"

"Gunfire . . . ?"

Above the laughter and song, above the tinkling of glass and the tramping of booted feet, came the distant echo of sudden gunfire. It silenced the frivolity of the French cavaliers. It silenced for a moment the insouciant de Toqueville. Again came the roar of the cannon, one piece in particular distinguishing itself by its different note.

"What can it be?" asked several at once.

It was John Brill, Sir Richard's servant, who supplied the answer.

"Sir Richard," he cried in subdued excitement, "tis the Falcon, sir! 'Tis the Falcon!"

"The Falcon?"

"How can the lout know that?" asked Monsieur Bourget.

"How do you know, John?"

"I was once in Dover, and heard his guns. I remember that single piece. It has a song of its own, Sir Richard."

"Song?" rasped the Chevalier. "Tis a cursed scream."

"Let us away," cried Monsieur Bourget with marked anxiety.

"To horse! To horse!" grated de Toqueville. "The Falcon, and answered by our own guns! Come, come! To Dover! To Dover! Should that pirate intercept the Duchess—"

"But the Duchess is in Paris; I mean in Versailles, my dear Chevalier," said Sir Richard with a smile. "Oh, let the pirate shoot. His guns cannot reach that far. Another glass of wine, Chevalier—"

"Curse the wine!" snarled de Toqueville, viciously. "Out with you all! To Dover, I say. Heavens—if they—"

"Monsieur Bourget—just one more drop of—"

"Thank you, no."

"Chevalier, your baldric is twisted. Are you sure you won't—"

But the Chevalier was already running from the room. His companions hastily followed, hurriedly adjusting hats, cloaks, and rapiers. Raoul Bourget lingered for a moment. His brilliant black eyes met the steady grey ones of the Englishman.

"Sir Richard, you are not the fool these men think you are," he said calmly.

"You think not, monsieur? I thank you. But surely they must know that all who serve England are not fools?"

"You are clever, Sir Richard; but it was unwise to conceal your knowledge of the priest's presence in this house. De Toqueville knew you lied to him. So, also, did I. Deception, Sir Richard, is rarely of profit."

The Baronet laughed lightly.

"Again I thank you. But it is not necessary for de Toqueville, or for you, to know all. The man was an Englishman. I am an Englishman. And we are now in Eng-

land. Doubtless you will see the significance of it. As to deception, I readily acknowledge you as an authority. You have, of course, heard that old saying?"

"It is?"

"The smile left the Baronet's face. It became cold and grim.

"The cow! does not make the monk!"—Father Francois Papin!"

The Jesuit stood motionless, his features clear-cut as though chiselled from stone. His black eyes blazed and glittered, and then narrowed to slits. Then, after a moment, some rare impulse of humor caused him to relax and laugh heartily.

"Sir Richard, again I repeat that you are a clever man. I see you know who I am. But then I know who you are, Sir Richard."

"Then we are both clever men," said Sir Richard dryly.

"I must join my friends," said the priest. "I shall prove to de Toqueville who was the fool."

"Please do," was the polite reply.

Father Papin turned and walked away. At the door he paused.

"I have great pleasure in bidding good day to—"

"Yes?" murmured Sir Richard encouragingly.

"The Falcon!" he said, and bowed.

The Englishman's hearty laugh rang in the priest's ears for many long minutes.

THE warm night breeze caused the watchman to pause before the suspended lanterns of the Dover Inn and unbutton his close-fitting doublet. He planted his staff on the cobbles and called the hour of nine. A group of men whose hands held perrier-pots and tobacco-pipes, rose from the bench beside the ivy-covered doorway and went inside. They looked furtively at the watchman; he glanced surlily at them, and then again took up his staff of office and slowly trudged away into the dark.

His crying, high-pitched voice, like the voice of a challenging cockerel, carried far on the drifting wind, disturbing those citizens who were almost asleep, annoying those who had no intention of sleeping. High up, where the light flickered on the keep of the Castle, it reached. Out on the harbor, where the wind whispered through the rigging of native and foreign ships, it echoed. Down dark alleys it caught the ears of stealthy men and painted, impatient women. It came loudly to the ears of Anne Somerset as she sat reading in her room at the Dover Inn. Like a weary traveller, hesitant and faint, it came feebly to the ears of a boatload of silent men who rowed with muffled oars towards the brightly-lit cabin of the towering forty-gun ship that swung at anchor a cable's length from the shore.

When the boat was one hundred yards from the ship the man in the bow touched the rower nearest to him on the shoulder. The rower then touched the man in front of him. And so it continued until the men ceased rowing and leaned upon motionless oars. Then, still without speaking, the naked man in the bow lowered himself into the water, and began to swim soundlessly towards the lighted windows of the ship's cabin. The boat's crew rested and waited.

When the swimmer came to the great wooden rudder he grasped the binding bars of iron and paused until strength and breath returned to him. Then, like a cat, he climbed the curve of the timber, reached up and grasped the knotted rope upon which, that very afternoon, a painter had hung suspended. With ease the cautious spy pulled himself up the rope until his hands

gripped the last knot below the open cabin window. Song and laughter burst upon his ears, and as he furtively peered round the frame he obtained an excellent view of the gay, aristocratic company gathered round the musicians and the golden-haired, blue-eyed lady whose song held her companions in high mirth with its lifting melody and daring suggestion.

"The charming Henrietta," whispered the spy. "So she has come."

The blood of Martin Delville, Earl of Wendale, suddenly became chill as he stared in at the beautiful woman whose mission to England was one of unparalleled hate and treachery; whose objective was the betrayal of her brother the King, together with his people, to Louis XIV of France.

The entry of the Chevalier de Toqueville and Father Papin made the watching Earl draw in his breath quickly. Henrietta, the moment she saw them, ceased her song. The winning smile vanished from her lips and eyes, and they became hard and cold. She drew herself erect and nodded haughtily as they saluted her. Then, in a low voice, she spoke to them.

"Gentlemen, will you please step this way?"

They followed her until they were within arm's length of the window under which the Englishman hung to the knotted rope. Here the Duchess released the pent-up anger within her. The two men listened to her stinging remarks with marked deference and respect, for there was little they could say to mitigate the cause of her displeasure, or to explain away their inability to prevent further provocation.

"Had I been sitting between that smashed window and the broken table there when the ball entered, not even the excuse that it was from the Falcon's guns would have saved your heads from the wrath of Louis and Philip," she said in conclusion, pointing with a lace-covered arm first at the shattered window of the cabin and then at the ruined table.

The Chevalier's flaxen periwig partly masked the apprehension that suddenly gleamed in his blue eyes. He spoke very humbly.

"Had harm come to your Royal Highness we should indeed have merited death," he said, soothingly. "I am overwhelmed with regret that you should have been subjected to such a terrible risk. Bah! That Falcon! Both Francois and I were in a sweat of fear lest that pirate should reach you with his filthy talons. I doubt I have ever ridden so hard as when we rode in the dawn from Somerset's house down to the water. We saw the last flash of the Falcon's guns as we were ferried to the ship."

"And then you promptly vanished again!"

"The priest had a reason, madame," the Chevalier assured her.

Henrietta's glittering blue eyes swept them both. They moved uneasily under that penetrating scrutiny. Then the Duchess said:

"This affair is becoming impossible. Both Charles and Louis must wait. I have decided that this Falcon must be snared—even though it means the setting aside of our plans for the present. What is the last despatch of Louis were to fall into the hands of this Englishman? What if it were to become known that Louis agrees to give two millions of livres for Charles' conversion to Popery? And another three millions a year to pay my brother's expenses in the event of the English being persuaded to again make war on the Dutch, their present allies? And that Buckingham, Arlington, and Clifford are to receive large sums for their support of Louis? If this despatch

were to come to the Falcon's hands—what then, Chevalier? What then, subtle Jesuit?"

"Why," was the priest's soft answer, "it would mean war between England and France—nay, between the powerful alliance and France, and possibly would also mean the shattering of the illustrious Louis' design against Spain. But, madame, we must not allow this letter to fall into the Falcon's hands."

"I agree," the Duchess retorted. "But we did not prevent this pirate sending us a stern reminder of his ability—did we?" She again pointed to the smashed window.

"He is a devil that sails on swift wings, this Falcon. I doubt he will ever be caught," said de Toqueville, dubiously. "We cannot discover anything concerning him. We know him only by the roar of his guns, the sight of his grey-clad figure standing motionless upon the poop of his incredibly swift vessel, and the hiss of the keen swords his demoniacal crew employ to such deadly purpose. He is so cunning! He swoops out of the blue, strikes, and is away again, leaving his prey to sink and die beneath the waves. At night it is the same, for it was at night that he sunk the heavily-armed Duc de Richelieu as she was leaving Boulogne."

"That was close for you, de Toqueville," said Father Papin.

"Yes. I clung all night to a spar, and in the morning was washed ashore right under the guns of the fort."

"A most unpleasant experience, Chevalier. But does it not strike you as peculiar that the Falcon only strikes at those whose mission from France to England, and from England to France, is considered by the two Courts as secret and confidential?"

"Yes; but it must be pure coincidence," replied de Toqueville.

"Must be, Chevalier?" inquired Henrietta, impatiently. She turned to the priest. "Your words were uttered with an unusual inflexion, Father Papin. Are we to gather from your tone that someone known to us is in close touch with the Falcon?"

"Yes, your Highness. I am convinced that, cleverly as we are plotting, there is one who is scheming even more skillfully."

De Toqueville shrugged his shoulders irritably.

"What is the need to play the Jesuit with us?" he demanded querulously. "Are we all so myopic that none but you can see beyond the length of his nose? For Heaven's sake be done with this eternal equivocation and for once speak your mind. We are not Englishmen, and we are not heretics. Who is this man who is known to each of us?"

"He is the Falcon," murmured Father Papin.

"Bah!"

"ONE moment, my dear Chevalier," continued the priest. "I have not yet finished speaking."

"Please come to the point," said the Duchess. "Who is the Falcon—or this man that knows him?"

"He is an Englishman—"

The Chevalier laughed derisively. His tall, graceful body, clad in its scarlet and buff, rocked to and fro on his high-heeled beribboned shoes.

"Come, come, Francois Papin. But we know all that," he sneered.

"—whose wife may be the instrument of his death if the matter be ably directed."

"His wife?" asked Henrietta quickly. Her face lost some of its severity and her lively blue eyes began to sparkle anew.

"Ah!" said the Chevalier.

They both stared at the priest with greatly increased interest.

"I am convinced of it," asserted Francois Papin. "And with the woman we could bait a pretty trap."

"Where is the woman?" asked the Duchess. "In Dover, madame."

"Who is the woman?" asked Henrietta. "The wife of Sir Richard Somerset, your Royal brother's trusted messenger, madame." "You think the woman can be used, Father Papin?"

"I think so, and without delay," was the confident reply.

"But, but, Francois," protested the sceptical de Toqueville, "your suggestion that Somerset is the Falcon is absurd!"

"Absurd, Chevalier?" asked the priest, with a little smile.

"Arrant nonsense! The man is too great a fool."

"Ah, a fool," breathed the Jesuit softly. Mockery gleamed in his black eyes.

"Yes, a fool. Excellent for the purpose for which he is employed—to fetch and carry. But beyond that, a nincompoop and an empty-headed fop. Now I—did you laugh?"

"Laugh!"

"Yes—"

"I did not, Chevalier."

"Then someone did—"

Henrietta looked towards the others in the cabin.

"It must have been one of our friends, yet it had a strangely close sound."

"I repeat that Somerset is an incapable fool, and to name him the Falcon is sheer stupidity, Francois."

"Chevalier, once again you are mistaken," retorted Francois Papin, drily. "Prior to my introduction to him last night—as Monsieur Raoul Bourget, you remember—I had not seen him nor had he ever seen me."

"I know it," said de Toqueville shortly. "But what of it?"

"You did not hear what he said to me in farewell—"

"And that was?"

"He said, 'the cow! does not make the monk—Father Francois Papin.'"

"By Heaven!" ejaculated the astonished Chevalier. "But how could he know you?"

"I suspect Margaret Clifford and the false priest. We know it was to the protection of Sir Richard they were fleeing."

THE Jesuit's words and manner carried conviction. Yet the Chevalier was obstinate.

"But, you admit, Francois, that does not yet prove him the Falcon."

"No," said the priest, with a soft laugh. "But it will enable us to prove he is not—if he is not!"

"Ah!" said de Toqueville. "I see." The beautiful Henrietta laughed lightly as she turned away.

"Chevalier, you shall convey my compliments to this pretty wife of Sir Richard Somerset. Your powers of persuasion with women are unsurpassed."

The Chevalier bowed, yet he was not altogether pleased with the compliment.

"You want her to come here, madame?"

"I do."

"Then she shall come," said the Chevalier. "But, still, I do not believe it. The man is too great a fool—"

The Duchess regarded him somewhat contemptuously.

"You will find her at the Dover Inn, Chevalier," said the Jesuit in even tones. "And time is fleeting."

De Toqueville looked inquiringly at Henrietta. She nodded and smiled slightly.

"Then I will go at once," he said, and also smiled a little.

They moved away from the window, and the man on the rope carefully descended and again took to the water.

IT is highly probable that the errand of the Chevalier de Toqueville would have been successful but for his insatiable propensity for gallantry, and a fierce brawl that began in the darkness of the inn's courtyard. The yard itself separated the stables from the gallery and from the yard were two flights of steps leading up to the gallery. Two lanterns, suspended from iron brackets, shed a feeble light a few feet away from the gallery posts, and left most of the yard in gloom.

There were four rooms opening on to the gallery, and of the four, Anne Somerset had reserved two for the use of herself and her maid. As the watchman passed again and cried the hour of ten, Anne, with the maid's assistance, undressed and prepared for bed. And at that moment de Toqueville sauntered in through the ivy-covered door below and began haughtily to question the proprietor of the inn.

But for the addition of a dark silk cloak that enfolded his shoulders and concealed all but his eyes, he was dressed in the same scarlet and buff apparel he wore when talking with Henrietta and Father Papin. He refused the proprietor's offer of liquid hospitality, and also refused that worthy's prying nature the satisfaction it craved.

"Y'honor is a stranger?"

"That does not concern you. I understand you have here a lady I seek. Her name is Somerset. Will you direct me to her?"

"Sir, there is no lady of that name here—"

"Don't lie to me, fool! Take me to her at once," commanded the Chevalier peremptorily.

"I'll have my drawer get ye some wine whilst I inquire. But I know ye are mistaken—"

De Toqueville irritably silenced him.

"To the devil with your drawer! And your wine! Tell me which room the lady occupies and I'll look for myself—"

A drawing, half-drunken voice from one of the benches interrupted him.

"Faith," it said. There was humor in the maudlin gravity of the tone. "An he'll look for himself, lads. He'll look for himself—curse me! Show him the lady's room an he'll look for himself—"

De Toqueville eyed the revellers just once and then turned his back upon them and shrugged contemptuously. But before he could again address the landlord a sudden tumult arose outside in the direction of the inn's yard. There came a wild shouting, a wilder cursing, and then the unmistakable ring of steel on steel. Wild-eyed with amazement and wrath the proprietor brushed the Chevalier aside and ran from the room. And all, with the exception of the Frenchman, followed hard on his heels.

De Toqueville listened for a moment, and, as the sounds of the fight increased rather than diminished in volume, walked through the room to where stairs led up to the floor above. He mounted these and found himself in a narrow passage. Along this he walked until he came to a turn that led out to the gallery. Here he paused and looked down on the panting, stamping, fighting group below. He could not see the figures of the men very plainly, but the flash of the steel and the white apron of the dancing, gesticulating landlord gleamed dully in the light of the smoky lanterns.

Anne had dismissed her maid. She sat, deep in thought, on a strong, wickerwork

basket, and stared into the flame of the candle.

The sound of the altercation and the brawl that followed brought fear to her eyes. She called softly to her maid in the adjoining room.

"Polly—Polly! Are you awake?"

Yes, Polly was awake, but Polly's head was already under the bed-clothes, and her hands were over her ears. Naturally she did not reply. At first Anne, too, was frightened, then she grew a little curious, then a little daring, and at last unlocked the door that opened on to the gallery, and peeped out. It was the Chevalier's startled exclamation of amazement that caused her to hastily endeavor to close the door again, but this she found she could not do, for de Toqueville had recognised her in the dim light, and had instantly prevented the door from closing by pressing against it. Naturally, his superior weight told, and he stepped into the room, and closed the door behind him.

"I can plainly see," he said softly, "that you are in great fear and distress, my little lady of the coach. I did not dream we should meet again so soon."

Anne's face was white with anger, and her narrowed eyes blazed as they scornfully regarded him.

"So, Sir Bully, it is you!" she said. "Why have you so forced yourself into my room like this—?"

"Force? But, madame, I did not force anything. You opened the door—and I stepped in. How else could I have entered? Was not the door locked before you opened it for me?"

For a moment Anne did not reply, for the eyes of the man before her had grown hot and bold. Then she spoke.

"What do you want of me? Are you not aware that for this insult, and that of the coach, your life is forfeit?"

The Chevalier's tone was gentle as he took off his cloak.

"To whom, madame?" he asked.

"To—to—" Anne suddenly retreated a step.

"Yes?"

"You will quickly find that out, Sir Insolent. I have only to raise my voice and, my impudent rascal, you would quickly repent this intrusion."

"But you will not raise your voice, madame. Dear lady, you dare not!"

Anne gasped.

"Dare not . . . ?" she faltered.

The Chevalier bowed ironically.

"I repeat it, madame. You dare not. It is too late."

She knew what he said was the truth. So it was for this she had flown to Dover! To be, even before she stepped upon the deck of the shallop, the sport of this practised libertine. Where now was the courage with which she had faced her husband? Where now was the wit that was to protect her in just such a situation as this? She could not think. Her blood ran cold, and her flesh shrank. She could not take her eyes from those of this smiling cavalier. Polly? The terrified girl had already refused to answer. The landlord? With that savage fight below at its height? Impossible. Who then? Anne realised that woman's age-old weapon alone could aid her—the subtle poison of deception.

Suddenly she smiled at him, and held out her hand to him.

"Sir, how do you know that I wish it were not too late?" she asked with a little laugh.

The Chevalier was so astonished that for a brief moment he stared at her in surprise.

"Madame, you mean . . . ?" he asked quickly.

"It is said that the more handsome a man is the more dense he is," she retorted lightly. "Come, sit beside me—and you may kiss my hand—"

"Ah! Who would have dreamed it," sighed the Chevalier, raising her hand to his lips and kissing it. "I knew, when I looked into those marvellous eyes, that—"

"That you could not possibly be mistaken in your natural conclusion? But, tell me—for first I would talk with you—are you not a Frenchman?"

"Yes."
"Anne laughed heartily.
"But what brings you to the inn, monsieur?"

"I came to seek the Lady Anne Somerset—but she can wait—"

"Oh! Yes, she must wait."
"Do you know the lady, my sweet charmer?"

Anne wriggled from his grasp.

"You hurt me," she said reproachfully.

"Yes, Lady Somerset and I are friends—"

"My dear Heaven!" exclaimed the Chevalier in an amused tone. "But never mind her—"

"You are the second visitor who has honored me to-night," Anne announced suddenly.

The Chevalier did not look so pleased.

"And the other—has gone?" he asked slowly.

Anne sighed and shook her head.

"I—I don't know. I think he is dead—"

"Dead . . . ? But how would that be? Do your visitors die as they leave you?"

"At least two have—and I think—do you hear them fighting in the yard?"

"But, yes—"

"They have him there—and they will kill him—no! Do not draw away from me—when they come up here again—"

The Chevalier looked thoughtful.

"But, who?" he asked.

"My husband—and the five men he hired to kill—oh! I must not think of it—no, please do not leave me, monsieur, please do not—I shouldn't have told you—but for your sake—listen. They are not fighting! They're killed him, killed him! Oh, what shall I do—"

"Do! Dear Heaven. If they come here what shall I do?"

"But you are brave? You can fight—"

"SIX men? Madame, I will fight two men, even three, but six—ah, no! I regret it, but—"

The Chevalier broke off and regarded her intently.

"I wonder if you are telling me the truth?"

"It is not necessary to ask you to believe. You can prove it for yourself—"

"Indeed, in what way?"

"By remaining here, monsieur. My husband is brutal, he said he would return, but please stay with me—help me—we can meet again—"

The Chevalier gently but firmly thrust her aside. He rose to his feet, and grasped his cloak.

"Madame, it is with regret that I remember an important matter—"

"Ah, no! you would desert me—leave me to be whipped and beaten—to perhaps—to be killed—"

"But it is so unfortunate, madame. What can I do against six?"

"You are afraid?" Anne's eyes grew cold, and her voice sharp and shrill.

"I am not, madame, but six—dear Heaven! Listen! But they are coming! I must—"

"Go! Go! They'll kill you—"

"This time, it is truly too late. They are on the stairs—"

"The stairs? Oh, please go, please go!" Anne looked desperately at the Chevalier.

If he did not go, and found that all she had said was false, her plight would be terrible.

And the Chevalier gazed desperately round the room. If he did go, and ran into these men, he would be murdered. He was no coward, but six armed men could not be faced by one blade, however skillful.

"Madame," he said, a little hoarsely, "Where can I hide?"

"Hide . . . ?" gasped Anne. "No! You must go! Burst through them and run—"

"It can't be done. I tell you—quick! That deep basket—ah! How does it open . . . ?"

"Draw the bolt—the bolt! That's it! In with you—oh, make haste—hurry!"

There was no need to speed the Chevalier. He threw open the lid of the great basket and scrambled in. Anne almost sobbed as she slammed down the lid and shot the bolt.

"There—there!" she whispered. "You will not come to harm whilst in there—nor, thank Heaven, shall I. Oh, Polly, Polly, I am faint, Polly—"

Anne staggered to the bed and collapsed on to it. When the tramp of booted feet passed her door, and presently was no longer heard, she burst into hysterical laughter that rang wildly in the room. The Chevalier heard it and wondered.

The minutes passed, and still Anne talked and laughed and sobbed. She half-lay on the bed, and one red slipper dropped from her foot to the floor. Presently there came a cautious whisper from the basket.

"Madame, madame—have they gone? I do not hear—"

Anne sat up on the bed and stared at the basket.

"They have gone," she said.

"But, your husband—"

"Monsieur, I have no husband," she laughed tearfully.

The basket moved impatiently. Presumably the Chevalier was not as comfortable as he might be.

"But, you told me! I have been—"

"Yes, monsieur. You have been . . . ?"

Anne asked wearily.

"Open this basket—open it! Draw the bolt—"

"Oh, no! Monsieur, handsome men are always so conceited that they are very dense—"

The basket rocked furiously.

Anne slipped to the dressing-table, picked up a strip of paper and read the writing on it. She smiled a little.

"You are the Chevalier de Toqueville?"

"Madame—but how—"

"Are you?"

"Certainly, I am the Chevalier de Toqueville," was the wondering reply.

"And you were sent to Lady Somerset by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Orleans—were you not?"

"But—dear Heaven! How can you know that, Madame?"

"And you, and she, and Father Papin, were going to use Lady Somerset as a bait to catch her husband—were you not?"

The Chevalier suddenly became inarticulate.

"I don't know what all this means, for the letter that warned me is but short and brief. At first I doubted it, but now I see how true it was."

"You—you were warned? By letter?" gasped the imprisoned Chevalier in subdued tones.

"Yes, Chevalier. And then you so charmingly announced yourself—just as the letter said you would."

"Who wrote the letter?"

"Frankly, I do not know. And if I did

I wouldn't tell you. But the Lady Somerset—"

"Yes, yes! Really, madame, I must see her—must speak with her—"

"I am Lady Somerset."

"Heaven! But what did you say—"

"I am Lady Anne Somerset, and I am going to send you back to the Duchess in that basket—with my regrets and compliments. I think she will understand, Chevalier."

The Chevalier did not reply. Nor did he again struggle when two sturdy porters removed the basket from the inn and carried it down to a waiting wherry. But he vowed, bitterly, certain things in his heart.

O

F all the Stuarts who graced Whitehall, that splendid palace of Royal Illusions, none came so near the fulfilment of the Stuart dream of absolute power as the profligate Charles II. Neither his father, that blind yet heroic victim of the fanatical and impossible doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings, nor his brother, James Duke of York, afterwards James II, the near-efficient, heartless, superstitious, priest-ridden zealot, were permitted by political circumstances, or the toleration of the people, to reach the heights of power and goodwill attained by the Merry Monarch.

Charles II was not a man capable of great and princely ability. His indolent, almost insolent regard for and treatment of the national virtues and aspirations, and his stripping London of her wealth and power, leaving her the form and not the substance, instead of supporting her with his prerogative and kingly strength, proved that beyond all doubt.

The only thing, apparently, that could stir the King from his lethargy and lift him above his sensual entertainments and the ordinary routine of his public duties were the lack of money, or the violation of an overwhelming national calamity.

For a vast sum of money he would agree with Louis of France to renounce the established religion of England and accept that of Rome. He would hold England apart, with the aid of French gold, whilst Louis marched through Europe and laid it waste. He would, for unlimited French livres, subvert the principles of the English Constitution and then fling the broken pieces back in the teeth of a gaping and powerless English Parliament. Under Louis he would be supreme! He would, with the promised supplies of French gold, be a potentate as powerful and sublime as any to be found in all the East. Then, indeed, he would be king.

Charles loved brilliant company, good cheer, and bright entertainment. After the formal duties of the day, the morning devotions in chapel, the morning levee, the Council meeting where the reports of his ministers and household dignitaries were received and considered, and other obligatory matters of routine relative to the proper conduct of the Court and its myrmidons, the King and his Court relaxed and plunged into the hectic round of dances, plays, dinners, gambling-games, drinking-bouts, and affairs of the heart with a light-hearted, careless abandon that made Whitehall the Mecca of all who sought refuge or had an axe to grind, a pulse to fill, a place to find, or a heart to break.

It was towards Whitehall that Anne Somerset and her maid, the comely, fresh-faced Polly Wye, seated beneath the awning of a tilt-boat, and surrounded by their luggage and travel-stained wraps, gazed with tired but eager eyes. It was late afternoon, five days after the eventful night when the

Chevalier de Toqueville, imprisoned in the unyielding basket, had been returned to his Royal mistress. The small rowing-boat had safely negotiated the passage under London Bridge, although the swift roaring waters beneath the stirrings had struck terror into the hearts of the two women, and was now leisurely pulling up the crowded Thames towards the palace of the King.

Gradually they drew nearer to the palace stairs. They passed covered barges filled with articles of commerce, open barges, both empty and filled with people, gliding like greater fish among smaller fry. Dirty barges with patched sprit sails went by and passed those pulled by oars. Gilded barges of the wealthy companies, with oars flashing in the evening sunlight, and here and there a stately, canopied barge holding haughty nobility.

Polly suddenly touched her mistress' arm in great excitement.

"Oh, look, ma'am—look, Lady Anne—tis Sir Richard himself awaiting ye at the top of the stairs—"

"Sir Richard?" Anne caught her breath sharply and looked up. A swift glance assured her that the girl had not been mistaken. Her husband, tall and darkly handsome, his dark curling hair covering his shoulders, a very model of fashion, with lace frothing at his neck, his wrist, and his knees, was standing looking down at her. Then he slowly descended the stairs. She observed his wide feathered hat of black silk, his wine-colored doublet and breeches, and his black silk hose and beribboned shoes. He did not wear a sword, but carried a long slender cane with a gleaming gold knob. Then she saw his smiling lips and eyes, and her own fell in hot confusion.

"Anne, dear heart! 'Tis like a new life to see ye again. Are ye well?" he said.

"Thank you, yes," she replied, without again looking at him.

"An did ye enjoy your stay in Dover, m'love?"

Was he laughing at her? But he could not be. How could he know of her encounter with de Toqueville? No, it was merely his usual flippant manner.

"Thank you, I did. Have you—have you seen my sister, Virginia?"

"Many times, dear love. What of it?"

"But I mean—she has not come to meet me?" said Anne, a little desperately.

"She declined."

"Declined? But why?"

"Possibly she thought ye might care to be alone with me a little while—"

"But, Richard, must I again tell you plainly I have no desire to have you near me?"

"Anne, my darling! Ye cannot continue in this stubborn fashion. Ye are now at the Court, not in the country; an if ye persist ye will be laughed at, dear heart—now, where are ye going?"

"Richard, if ye do not leave me, and promise not to see me again, I'll take this boat to some other part of the town," said Anne, firmly and finally.

"Heaven's! An have ye a mind to clap someone else in a basket, m'love?"

Anne gasped, and then brushed past him and walked quickly up the stairs.

Richard, laughing silently, followed her.

"Ye see, dear Anne, de Toqueville is and Father Papin, arrived here ye—"

Anne paused under the wide-branching elm that grew close to the stone gallery in the Privy Gardens. There was a slight tremor in her voice when she spoke.

"Richard, will you please have someone

direct me, or else allow me to wait alone for Polly and the guide?" she said.

Sir Richard smiled faintly.

"Dear Anne, 'twas not for that request alone ye stopped," he retorted. "What is it ye wish to know?"

Anne stared at him.

"There are times when you can be very acute, Richard," she returned dryly. "But I will tell you. It crossed my mind that maybe you have not the correct report concerning the Chevalier de Toqueville and myself."

"I know exactly what happened, m'love," he assured her.

"But you cannot know all—"

"My dear, have I asked ye to explain the matter?"

"Richard, I believe you are desirous of information, nevertheless. How can you know the truth? You think in your heart that I—"

"I think in my heart that ye greatly love me, dear Anne."

"No! I no longer love you. And you know it."

"Yet ye would not consider betraying me to Henrietta," he answered softly.

"I am not concerned about you, sir. Doubtless even in France your gallantry has much to answer for."

"Gallantry . . . ? Heavens! Can a woman think of nothing else?" he said with a laugh.

"Richard, how do you know so much? How did you discover I intended coming to Whitehall? How did you know the precise moment to meet me? I want to know why."

"Dear Anne, don't stare at me as though I prattled the Black Art."

"Richard, I could fill you! You do nothing but laugh at me. You laugh, and laugh, and laugh! Oh, I am so miserable, so unhappy, so—so lonely—"

"Anne, darling!"

"Do not touch me!"

"Certainly not. I merely wanted to tell ye how beautiful ye are when ye conjure the tears to your eyes. Even that funny little turned-up nose—"

"Turned-up nose? My blood! I'll not remain here to be further insulted—"

"'Tis too late now for ye to leave, dear heart."

"And why?"

"I see his Majesty the King has entered the garden, and with him are the Earl of Rochester and Sir Charles Berkeley; Berkeley is now Earl of Falmouth, an as great a rascal as Rochester. The Countess of Castlemaine, and some other ladies and gentlemen are with them. I doubt not they are returning from the cock-fight."

"Ah!" said Anne, sniffing, and rapidly blinking away her tears. "I will plead his Majesty's protection."

"Ye have no need, I assure ye."

"Well, ye may remember I shall ask him just as soon as I do have need."

"Falmouth! Of course, I'll remember. Will ye ever let me forget, dear love? But, Anne—"

"Yes?"

"I still think in my heart ye truly love me," he said gently.

Anne's reply was accompanied by a hard little laugh, and a contemptuous gleam from her clear, blue eyes.

"I could sooner love that courageous renegade—the Falcon!"

"Could ye, now," murmured Sir Richard, thoughtfully.

The Royal party slowly approached them. His Majesty walked a little ahead of the others.

The dissolute Earl of Rochester, and that equally callous ruffian, the Earl of Falmouth, made the gardens ring with insane laughter that was quickly echoed by the fawning courtiers. The Countess of Castlemaine, with a widespread fan of feathers in place of a hat to shade her beautiful features and wealth of hair, was strikingly dressed in a pink-colored, flowered silk gown, cut so low at the bodice as to reveal her shapely shoulders. Beside her were several patched and painted women enjoying to the full the cross-play of wit indulged in by Rochester, Falmouth, and the King.

Possibly, the reason why none of the Royal party saw the furtive movements of curtains on the windows of the apartments on the Queen's side, was because they had suddenly become aware of the motionless forms of Sir Richard Somerset and his wife. But the Baronet noticed the moving curtains and smiled grimly at the thought of how closely the King and his favorite concubine were watched by the Queen's spies.

The King's interest was plainly manifest as he addressed Rochester.

"My lord, I know the man, but who is the beautiful young woman beside him?" he said.

"I SHOULD hazard a guess, my liege, that it is his new wife. 'Tis a pity to see such prettiness wasted on a country simpleton like Somerset. I vow all he sees in her is her ability to brew herbs and small beer," was the Earl's sneering reply.

The King smiled.

"She is charming. And you forget, Rochester, that the Earl of Chalcot's daughter is unlikely to do any brewing. And I also doubt that Somerset is a country simpleton. I am beginning to think otherwise."

Rochester and Falmouth exchanged quick questioning glances. But before either could speak, Sir Richard and Anne were saluting the King. Anne curtsied very prettily, and it pleased his Majesty to assist her to rise, and to kiss the hand he held. He looked very pleased when Sir Richard said:

"An if please your Majesty, I crave the honor to present Anne, my wife."

Here, Rochester whispered into the ear of his companion:

"An Rowley doubts the fool is a simpleton. Heavens! But who else would talk like that?"

Falmouth's reply was a wink, a carefully subdued chuckle, and a slight nod in the direction of the Countess of Castlemaine, who waited impatiently whilst the King paused to speak to this fresh slip of a girl.

"What brought you to our Court, madam?" he said, his kindly voice falling on Anne's ears like a caress.

"Sire, I desire to see my sister, Virginia, who is maid of honor to her Majesty the Queen," replied Anne.

"This is an enjoyable ending to a very pleasant day," said Charles. "And have you yet seen your sister?"

"No, Sire. It is but a few minutes since I stepped from the wherry."

"Then a real pleasure is mine, madam. I crave your permission to accompany you—indeed, I shall in person escort you to her."

The company of courtiers and courtesans were very silent. Anne's sweet smile added to the charm of her beautiful face as she again curtsied low.

"I am highly honored, your Majesty. But your companions? Perhaps I shall be detaining you from more important matters," she murmured.

"My companions can well spare me, dear

lady," said the King with a laugh. "Buckingham's losses at the cock-pit will keep their tongues wagging for hours. Sir Richard, your permission?"

The Baronet smiled and bowed.

"I thank ye, my liege," was Sir Richard's reply. "May I have your Majesty's permission to enter your library? I am greatly interested in the curiosities there."

The King nodded as he led Anne from the bowing, gravely courteous group.

"You have my permission," he said in high good humor.

Sir Richard, without a glance at the others, walked off in the opposite direction.

The furious, white-faced Countess of Castlemains turned venomously upon the laughing Rochester.

"Is the King mad?" she demanded shrilly, silencing the tittering women with fierce, hot glances.

Rochester laughed till the tears came to his eyes.

"I think he is devilish sane, my dear Barbara," he said. Then he slyly added: "Maybe he has a mind to create another duchess. You will need to watch closely this sudden affair."

SIR RICHARD waited patiently while the old dame who held the keys admitted him to the library. After she had lighted the candles and departed, he locked himself in and began to pace the apartment without evincing the slightest desire to examine the books of history and travel, the gold-embossed volumes, the maps and charts and drawings of ships, the rare illuminated manuscripts, or the curious clocks, cabinets, medals, miniature engines of war, models and carvings that constituted the King's unique and valuable collection.

"Foolish Anne," he muttered to himself. "She has now indeed put a match to dangerous powder. The King! Heavens! But here he is King. Still, I know that to-morrow he goes to Henrietta at Dover. Anne! Anne! Maybe yet ye shall gaze upon the Falcon, but I would have it otherwise, for were ye to know—dear heart, how could I explain when to ye the King can do no wrong!" He laughed a little bitterly as he walked to and fro.

"And after the ball to-night the King meets in secret with the other perpetrators of this plot," he continued. "To-night Charles and James will talk with Buckingham, Clifford, Papin, Arlington, and de Torgueville. Heavens! Could I but see and overhear! Could I but—"

Turning quickly he sent a heavy chair crashing against the wainscoting. Apparently he did not see the chair nor feel the impact. He did not see the small dark cavity suddenly revealed in the wall nor hear the drop of the controlling weight. He continued his agitated pacing of the library.

"And Charles will be seated at the chess-table and the Duke will let him win. Check, checkmate, but not to the living King!"

He broke off abruptly as his eye caught the dark recess in the wainscoting.

"Heavens! A secret repository," he breathed. "And festooned with the webs of many years."

With his stick he broke and cleared away the webs. The point of the stick, poking in the thick layer and cobwebs, suddenly lifted the rolled end of a perimined parchment. He laughed as he tapped it to clear away the filth.

"What now? A play? A play? 'Twas devilish well concealed all this time, for I now there is the dust of fifty years upon it."

The silk with which the parchment was tied had rotted and it broke to powder at the first touch. The Baronet straightened the chair and sat down upon it to examine at his ease this lost and forgotten document.

"Humph! 'Tis naught but a drawing—a plan! But not Here's a thin, crawling script, so faint as almost to deceive the eye. I wonder can I read it?"

He rose and held it close to the candles. The smile of amusement gradually faded and the light of incredulity gleamed in his eyes. He held it closer to the light, his lips framing the written words.

"'Tis here recorded (he slowly read) that one Roger Fane, the insolent husband of the King's mistress, was this day, the fifteenth day of August, in God's reforming years 1525, truly walled alive in the old bell vault by decree of His Excellent Majesty Henry Eight. Upon this being done the ghostly peal of the bells stole through all White Hall to the great discomfit of the King's mind. But fainter and fainter they came and the King laughed and again took the woman in his arms. No more came the peal of the bells faint and sad. So that Heaven maye pittie me who built and closed the secret passage from the corridor to the vault for my share in this cold murder I leave this plann knowing some day the bones of Roger Fane will be given Christian burial to the contents of my poor soul. Upon the first panel by the King's door press. An it does not move leave with all thy might an it will go up. Take torch light and beware the stepp trape else will a broken neck beneath be thy reward."

The Baronet stared at the drawing on the parchment with amazed and eager eyes. The lines were plainer than the written words and showed the panel, the narrow stairs in the unsuspected wall cavity, and then, underneath, the barred iron gate that gave entrance to the low vault.

"Aye, an this be true, then shall the bones of Roger Fane find Christian burial," he whispered in his excitement. "Why, if this passage an chamber still exist—ah, but I doubt it! Surely, in more than a century the secret has been discovered. Yet, now I recall that panelling is of great age. Humph! I must investigate without loss of time, an yet this demands extreme caution lest history repeat itself. I, too, have a wife upon whom a king has smiled, a king as passionate an jealous as the Tudor, though not so heavy-handed or gross."

Flushing several candles from the brackets he snuffed them and placed them in his pocket beside the parchment. Then, after carefully inspecting the replaced panel, he moved the chair well away from it and walked from the library.

In his private apartment he spoke softly to his valet.

"An remember, John, ye must be my eyes an ears whilst I examine the wall. Papin suspects me an told me so. I doubt not I am closely watched."

"I will keep careful watch, Sir Richard," Brill assured him.

"If I go through do not linger. But, in half an hour return to the panel in the corridor. Wait till ye hear me tap softly. If none is about, reply, otherwise keep silent. If ye don't return my signal I'll wait until ye tap. But first wait for my knock, an it will not be loud. Have ye the steel an flint?"

"Yes, Sir Richard. An there be the sulphur-tipped wood to light from the glowing cotton."

"Thank ye, John."

"An if ye do not signal, Sir Richard?" asked the big fellow, anxiously.

"Then bring a light and come to me. Beware of the step trap, John. I cannot describe it, for more I do not know."

"An if any ask for ye, Sir Richard?"

"Say I had a mind to walk through the Great Gate an towards the Cross at Charing. 'Twill raise a laugh at my cost, but that matters not."

"Come, for now is the quietest time for this thing. Keep well out of sight of the King—especially that crafty Papin. Another menace is the King's valet—Prodgers! Ye know him?"

"Aye," replied Brill grimly. "I know him."

"Then, come."

The quiet hour favored the attempt. None but a maid and a page were in the corridor, and they quickly disappeared. While the baronet looked closely at the panel beside the door of the King's closet the gigantic Brill walked to the end of the passage where it met the stairs. To all appearances the panel was as solid as its neighbors. Sir Richard pushed it gently without result.

"As though it were still free after all this time," he muttered. "Then I'll use the force advised."

Putting his shoulder to the wood he strained against it.

"Heavens!" he swore softly. "There is no give in this thing. I'll test it now."

Stepping back a pace he then threw his weight with force at the panel. To his slight astonishment and great satisfaction something gave and grated, and then the panel glided slowly upward until a narrow opening four feet high was revealed.

The light from the corridor fell on the dirt of over a century within. Very cautiously he put one leg through and tested the strength of the supporting timber. It was firm, so, without further delay, he stepped through and pulled down the panel behind him. Then he stood quiet and still for he distinctly heard the door of the King's closet open.

"Prodgers," he whispered. "What a nose has that old hound!"

Presently the door closed again and the baronet nodded in the blackness of the secret passage. Then he gave his attention to the lighting of a candle. When this was accomplished he looked down before him. The candle burned brightly, and, although the air was musty and close like the air of a long-sealed room, it was not foul or distressing.

SO, it is true," he muttered. "An these stairs have not felt the tread of human feet since the long dead days of the Reformation."

The warning of the parchment had not been forgotten. The step trap! The baronet held the candle above his head and peered down through the shadows at the dust-carpeted stairs. With his stick he tested the first step. It was well he did so for as he pressed, it gave and fell, leaving a gap through which a man would instantly drop. A long second elapsed before the dull impact of the fallen wood came to his ears.

"The first step. Clever!" he muttered softly. "A plaguy long drop, indeed."

Carefully, he bridged the awful gap, and then descended with more confidence, though still testing the steps with the stick. He noticed the air become colder as he went down. From somewhere below came the squeaking and scurrying of rats, resentful, no doubt, of this amazing intrusion into their secluded, forgotten sanctuary. At the bottom of the stairs he came up against a wall of solid stone that proved

to him he was down in the ancient foundations of the palace. He followed the passage to the left and examined the remaining steps cut in the stone. At the bottom of these the wall again turned.

"Towards the river. An there's the iron gate—rusty, thick and fast. How shall I break through? Faugh, the air is vile in this tomb!"

The rusted iron gate barred the entrance to the vault. But its strength was more apparent than real. The metal was now but a shell and it required only moderate strength to shake it from its once strong hinges. It fell when the baronet pushed hard against it and thick flakes of rust broke upon the ground.

He stepped into the vault and then paused involuntarily as his eyes saw, lying on the uneven stones a few yards away, the last gleaming evidence of the tragedy of Roger Fane.

"Faith, the poor man," he whispered, and removed his hat.

The vault was long and low, and at one end still black water shone in the dim light. He looked from the bones to the roof above where, still suspended, hung four bells with traces of shrivelled leather still adhering to the clappers.

He moved closer and saw with astonishment, that on the bony fingers of one hand, jewelled rings blinked feebly in the candle-light, like the tired eyes of a sleeper unexpectedly awakened. The skeleton was in an imperfect state of preservation. Of clothing there was no trace, but beside the skull was the broken blade of a rusted, blackened sword, and a rotted leather bag through which glinted coins of gold.

"Greeting to ye, Roger Fane," said Sir Richard, softly. "Ye have indeed paid well for any misdeed of your past. But 'tis well, maybe, your grinning skull cannot speak. But rest ye in peace. 'Tis now long past the power of man to hurt ye."

Taking care his feet did not touch the crumpled remains, the baronet stepped beneath the bells. He saw they were still in good condition under their coat of grime, and that they were still strongly supported by bronze hooks of great strength. He reached up and grasped the clapper of the largest bell. It soon began to move freely. With a little attention the bells would speak again.

He stepped aside and his shoe touched the point of Fane's sword. As he bent to pick it up his eyes caught what appeared to be well-defined scratchings on the stone floor. Carefully he brushed them clean with his handkerchief and held the candle close. An exclamation of interest escaped his lips as he slowly read the words that had been pricked on the rock by the sword's point. These were the words he read:

HOLY! HOLY! HOLY! THE LORD GOD OF HOSTS! BE WITH ME AT THE END I PRAY AN' THROU ALL ETERNITY—

"I have this day—or is it night—broke out the stones from below the water. The passage is free, I thank Heaven. But I am faint, I doubt I shall escape. Tomorrow, after sweet rest—an the rats sleep—I will Heaven willing break out to the river. I perish here slowly of a cruel madness—But now I have not strength to force myself into the water. I am sore afraid an then rage I exceeding great. They laugh at me across the barred gate an then silent am I. But when they go I sing an sing my song for I am accused. An they howl lustily when the bells do laugh at all. But they dare not touch the bells—no not even the King. Not even the King—

Sir Richard covered the pitiful words with

dust, rose to his feet and then left the vault. His dancing shadow fell across and hid the bones of Roger Fane.

"So," he murmured, "they dared not touch the bells. And ye were the insolent husband of the King's mistress—ye poor devil!"

With the candle-flame held above his head he slowly and softly mounted the stairs.

ACROSS the dark Privy Gardens of the palace the windows of the Banqueting House shone like stars, the upper ones fixed and blazing, the lower ones twinkling like giant planets as the dancers swept past them to the rhythm of the music.

Onlookers derived the greatest interest and pleasure from observing how frequently the King danced with a woman new to the Court, a beautiful young woman, whose exquisitely-gowned, superb form, vivacious, flashing eyes, smiling lips and shining, fair hair drew not only the admiring glances of the men, but also the envious and disapproving eyes of the women.

Some of those in the galleries were amazed to see the rise of this new star to such a favored position in the brilliant courtly constellation, and the name of Anne Somerset flew from lip to lip.

In the King's closet the tall, earnest, gloomy James, Duke of York, the pandering, cunning Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, the clever, subtle, deep Sir Thomas Clifford, the handsome de Toqueville, and the bland, crafty Jesuit, Father Papin, were already waiting when Charles and the frivolous, unstable Duke of Buckingham entered by way of the back stairs. The King laughed pleasantly when he marked his brother's eager impatience.

"Your tense manner, my dear James, betrays to all the plain drift of your inmost thoughts," he said with a smile. He returned the bows of his ministers. "The matter before us does not call for impatience, for it is a matter of years, not moments."

The alert eyes of the Duke of York were partly concealed under lowering brows.

"But the moments lengthen into years, Charles," he replied, with a trace of severity. "And with Henrietta awaiting us in Dover there is not even a moment to lose. What . . . ? Are you preparing to waste further time in chess with Buckingham?"

Charles laughed.

"I can talk as I play—and then beat the Duke. Is that not so, Bucks?"

Buckingham nodded. "That he invariably allowed the King to win was known to all but Charles himself. He waited for the King to seat himself.

"You can, Sir, with ease," he said. "The white or the black?"

"I have a mind to-night to play with the black. But before we begin I'll read the letter Father Papin brings from Henrietta. James, you should have attended the hall. I vow that never before have I held such a charming creature in my arms. Did you mark how lightly she danced, Bucks? Did you observe her lissome grace—"

Buckingham laughed in the King's face. "Charlie," he advised merrily. "Take care—beware!"

The King looked surprised. James appeared more impatient than ever. The faces of Arlington and Clifford were impassive as masks. De Toqueville's lips curled slightly, and Father Papin contented himself with smothering a crumpled letter.

"Of whom?" asked Charles, seating himself at the chess-table. He was quite accustomed to the Duke's familiarity.

"Of the charming young woman herself," Buckingham retorted. "Until you put her out of your mind your thoughts will not be with us in this matter. What does the letter say?"

"Whatever it says it will say it to me alone," returned the King in dry tones.

"Humph!" muttered the Duke. "Then we are to know nothing? I for one will wait to know everything before I place my head so close to the block."

"They'd never hit it, George," laughed the King. "Your head is never in the same place twice."

The Duke's laugh was somewhat forced. "You surely do not doubt my sincerity, Sir?" he murmured.

"Not at the moment. But what of tomorrow?" replied Charles, cynically. "None of you deceives me, I do not deceive myself. I will do this thing to show that grudging, fuming, parsimonious Parliament that England has a monarch. Besides, if it be not done, you, and Arlington, and Clifford, and the rest will surely follow poor Clarendon. Unless I be supreme your heads will ever be within the shadow of the block, my lords. Parliament is displaying its old habits, and unless its will be broken then am I but a royal puppet. Are the Stuarts doomed to be the only Royal house that cannot remove the Parliamentary foot from its neck? Did it dictate to the Lancastrian kings? Did it dare oppose the Tudors? Heaven! There'll never be another Cromwell. Louis and I will see to that! The letter, Father Papin, you are familiar with its contents?"

The Jesuit bowed.

"Yes, Sir," he replied. "My Royal master, Louis XIV, desires me to stress the importance of your renouncing the Protestant religion, and removing for all time the ban that prohibits a Catholic from ascending England's throne—"

"But, my good priest, does my cousin imagine I can do this thing by merely parading the streets and shouting it to the world at the top of my voice?" demanded Charles. "And at present there is nothing to prevent my brother succeeding me."

"Nay, your Majesty," said the priest with a slight smile. "But it is suggested that you issue, as a first step, a Declaration of Indulgence, setting aside the penal laws against both Catholics and the rabble of the Protestants—the Dissenters."

The Duke of York turned to the Jesuit. His coldness and hauteur were rapidly warming under the intense interest questions of religion aroused in him.

"You imply that the Dissenters will be so glad to get freedom of worship that they will not mind Catholics obtaining the same relief. Is that it?"

"That is it, your Royal Highness. It is but the first step. The others will follow easily and naturally when this is accomplished."

"I am not at all so sure," said Buckingham doubtfully. He moved a pawn.

"But I am," said James sourly. "There is wisdom in the good father's suggestion, and Charles would be advised to act upon it. It is high time Catholics were restored to their rightful ascendancy in the affairs of the nation. Oh, do stop meddling with those absurd chessmen, Charles."

The King was instantly restored to his customary amiable manner by his brother's petulant mood.

"That is my bishop, George," he laughed in triumph. "You should watch the game more closely. Now, let me see—"

"Charles," interrupted his brother somewhat angrily, "do let us discuss this matter—it is business of the first importance."

"Presently, James," said Charles impatiently. "Do not lose that hasty temper

of yours, for the loss will merely cloud your vision and distort your judgment. In any case, dear brother, I doubt we shall succeed

"What . . . ?" James almost shouted the word. "But, Charles, we must succeed! You are Catholic in secret, as all here know. So, too, is Arlington. I am openly Catholic, and so is Clifford."

"And I would as soon be Catholic as anything else," said Buckingham with a twinkling sardonic light in his eyes. "Providing, of course, my persuader proved his Catholic generosity."

"Don't be so cursed cynical, Buckingham. I do not approve of flippancy in matters touching my faith," retorted the Duke of York in tones of sharp resentment. "But we all know you would be anything. Your coat has more colors than that of Joseph."

Buckingham's eyes glittered, but as he was intently examining the chessmen the transient gleam passed unnoticed.

ARLINGTON, who had been conferring with Clifford and de Toqueville, spoke to the King. His obsequiousness was strangely in contrast with the bright cunning light in his eyes.

"Your Majesty said you doubted the success of this matter. Does that mean you intend not proceeding to Dover to meet your Royal sister?" he asked gently.

"I think it would save me a very fatiguing journey were she to come here," replied Charles. He studied the board, and moved the king's bishop.

Clifford, Arlington, and Father Papin were plainly perturbed at this announcement, and the subtle Clifford hastened to frame the King's mind to its former resolution.

"Sire, would that not give Louis cause to doubt?" he asked. "Your Royal cousin himself has hidden the purpose of the Duchess' visit by ostensibly paying a Royal visit to Dunkirk. What will be his thoughts if your Majesty does not go to Dover to discuss this matter? How can things be kept secret if Henrietta comes publicly to Whitehall? And how will your Majesty crush Parliament and establish the Catholic religion if Louis takes offence and withdraws his support and his money?"

"Louis will not take offence. His designs on Spain cannot be executed without my support. Although I need his help—he also needs mine, and I do not forget it."

Charles appeared to be deeply engrossed in his chess game, and Clifford spread his hands in despair at this fresh and unexpected revelation of the King's intolerance.

It was de Toqueville who discovered and revealed the reason of the King's reluctance to leave Whitehall. The Chevalier whispered to Father Papin, and for once the priest bestowed upon him a look of genuine approval. He crossed to a cabinet and wrote the name "Anne Somerset" on a piece of paper. Then he returned to his position behind the King's chair, and when Charles was intent on a move, so held the paper that Buckingham's quick eye caught and read the writing on it. The Duke relaxed with a sigh, and a merry mocking light flashed in his eyes.

"Charles," he said with an impudent laugh, "why not take her with you?"

The King was startled.

"I do not understand you, George," he said, carelessly, and then turned again to the game.

"Heavens!" murmured the Duke with a wink at the others. He leaned across the board and whispered. His eyes were narrowed, and his lips thin and hard. "The beautiful Anne would be delighted to ac-

company you, I'm sure. Take her with you, Charles, and accomplish both matters at the one time."

Charles laughed coldly.

"Buckingham, you can be infernally insolent at times," he said in slight annoyance and chagrin.

"To show how absurd is the Duke's suggestion, and to ease your minds by ensuring your participation in the benevolence of Louis, I'll agree to set out for Dover to-morrow," he said with stinging sarcasm. "No, not You can't get checkmate like that, George—that would be altogether too easy. H'm, a knight for a queen. It seems a good bargain—"

"Sir Richard for his wife, eh?" asked the irrepressible Duke.

Father Papin spoke softly to the King.

"Sire, we all feel that Sir Richard Somerset is a man dangerous to our plans. I cannot prove it, but in my mind I am satisfied your emissary is none other than the Falcon."

Charles swung round quickly and looked into the black eyes of the Jesuit.

"The Falcon? Somerset? Heavens! man, what makes you say that?" he demanded.

"De Toqueville, here," said Papin with a sly glance at the Chevalier, "has proof that his wife Anne has a dangerous wit, but I'll swear by my Order that it is not so sharp as that of her husband."

The King's glance shifted to de Toqueville, who shot a venomous glance at the impassive face of the priest.

"De Toqueville? Come, Chevalier, in what manner have you encountered the beautiful lady?" asked Charles.

"The Duchess of Orleans commanded me to wait on Lady Somerset with a message of importance, Sire," he answered sullenly. "My mission was not—er, successful."

"Ah," said Charles softly. Nevertheless he seemed pleased, and eyed the Frenchman with amusement. "You were not successful, Chevalier? I believe it, for the lady impresses me as being one with a pretty wit."

There was a trace of a sneer on the Chevalier's face as he replied.

"Yes, Sire, and as your acquaintance with her ripens, you doubtless will learn to appreciate her pretty wit."

"And the text of the message, Chevalier?" demanded Charles.

But Father Papin replied for his companion.

"Your illustrious sister, Sire, is convinced that Somerset is the Falcon, and so she desired to meet his wife."

"Yes? And the beautiful Anne outwitted you all? So Henrietta thinks Somerset is the— But what is that sound? Gentlemen, did you hear anything? Was it not a distant peal of bells?"

They all heard the bells, and wondered a little, for it was already close to midnight.

"Some drunken roysterer in the city," suggested the Duke of York. "Doubtless the watch will—"

But the peal of the bells rang louder, and they stared at each other in astonishment.

"Strange," murmured Buckingham. "I have never heard those bells before."

"Nor have I," said the King.

"Why the sound is actually increasing as though they were coming nearer and nearer," said Arlington. "Clifford, do you know them? Ah, they have stopped."

"That was very peculiar," said Clifford with a laugh.

Father Papin brought the conversation back to the Falcon.

"If it can be proved that Somerset is the Falcon—" he began.

The King's amiability vanished, and his companions had a rare glimpse of the ugly cruel nature he so cleverly concealed.

"If you can prove that, Father Papin," he said harshly, "then Somerset shall perish. In any case, I am not sure it would not be advisable to put him away. He has served his purpose, or rather, our purpose, and he knows too much—there! Listen! The bells are ringing again! What is this? Who is doing this thing?"

All with the exception of Charles and Buckingham were trembling and visibly afraid. Their thoughts flew to the supernatural and their blood ran cold.

Then, right before the eyes of all in the King's closet, the door opening on to the corridor began slowly to open. They watched it as though fascinated, their eyes intent upon it, their ears filled with the noise of the bells.

"This is absurd," said Charles, now looking a little alarmed in spite of himself. "Gentlemen, one of you please see who is at the door!"

De Toqueville strode across the room and peered out into the corridor. Then he closed the door and returned to the others.

"The passage is deserted, Sire," he said.

"These infernal bells are maddening!" rasped James. He began to pace the room. "What devilry is behind this phenomenon? Devilry it must be, for we all know there are no bells in the palace that ring like these—look! Look!—the door is swinging open again—"

Amazed, they stared at it. Then Charles forced a laugh.

"Chevalier, will you please close the door this time?" he said irritably.

Again the Chevalier complied, satisfying himself that this time the door was securely held by the lock.

"It must have been the draught through into the corridor, your Majesty," he explained. "But it is secure now."

"Draught?" Buckingham turned and looked at the door behind his chair. It opened into the large, sumptuous room where Charles favorites usually assembled. "But this door is closed. There could not have been a draught. Oh, good Heavens! See it! See it! But it is open again—"

Now openly alarmed, the King and his ministers glared with wide eyes at the opening door. They all stood like men carved from rock. Clifford at last mustered up courage to speak.

IT would almost seem as though some unseen presence was mocking us by—

"Nonsense, Clifford! Don't speak the fool!" said Charles crisply. "Gentlemen, let us investigate for ourselves. Half to the right of the corridor, half to the left. Look on the stairs at each end. Come, this is altogether too fantastic."

"But the bells are real enough," muttered Father Papin.

"And that door opened thrice before our eyes. Is it a trick?" whispered the Chevalier.

"Let me but discover the trickster, and he will be a sorry man," said Charles in a hard voice.

With the bells mocking their ears, they hurried from the room, leaving the door on to the corridor wide open. Strangely enough the melody of the phantom bells seemed to echo down from the very roof of the building, but Charles was assured by a perturbed guardman that all the ceilings and cellars were being thoroughly searched.

As they were returning from their fruitless walk the captain of the guard came again to report. The sound of the bells

was then dying away, as though they were being removed to a great distance.

"You have discovered them?" asked Charles sharply.

"Sire, there is absolutely no trace of them," was the reply.

"Find them," was the curt command.

"And put a cordon round the palace. Take all who would enter or leave to the Lord Steward."

The soldier saluted and hurried away.

"Gentlemen, apparently the mysterious entertainment is over. We had better return to the closet before prying eyes start prying minds to thinking," were the King's next words.

The door was again carefully closed by the Chevalier, who drew the attention of all to the fact that unless someone deliberately opened it, it could not move of its own accord.

"And it opened thrice," muttered the Jesuit. "I wonder—"

The King and Buckingham were seating themselves when a cry from Charles drew all eyes to him.

"How now?" he rasped, again starting to his feet. "Have we a traitor among us?"

Traitor...? Faces whitened and became drawn at the ominous word.

"You all saw me place Louis' letter on the table?"

"Yes, Sire," they exclaimed, even James joining in the affirmation.

"Then, my lords and gentlemen, it is gone!"

"Gone...?" they gasped.

"Gone!" rasped out the King in fury. "And this—this!—has been left in its place. What unparalleled impertinence! What colossal insolence—"

"Read it, Charles, do," said James, who trembled with a great fear. "Read it, for Heaven's sake, for our lives—the very throne of England may depend on its contents."

Charles held the letter in hands that shook a little, and his voice betrayed his deep emotion.

"It says, 'To the King! And ye sell the soul of England to Louis of France, this base letter with its offer of blood-money will be given to the people. The Falcon!'"

"Heavens!" whispered the white-lipped James. "But this is the end, Charles. Why didn't you guard that letter—"

"Come, James! This is not the time for useless recrimination. That letter must be recovered and the cursed Falcon destroyed," retorted Charles angrily.

"Sire," said Father Papin, respectfully, "I suggest that Sir Richard Somerset instantly be strictly and secretly interrogated."

"Put him to the boot—the thumbscrew—the rack! Tear the truth from his traitorous heart!" snarled James savagely.

"Buckingham, what are you staring at?" demanded Charles.

"Sire, did you touch these chessmen since you returned to the room?" asked the Duke quietly.

"You know I did not."

"Then, Sire, will you look at the pieces?" again the Duke spoke gently.

Charles looked closely, and then stepped back a pace.

"Checkmate! Checkmate to the King!" he whispered. For a little while he stood motionless, staring down at the table. Then, with a fierce cry of rage, he sprang forward and swept from the room.

Charles looked at the panel with astonished eyes, and with his own hand pressed against the woodwork. Almost noiselessly it glided upward and revealed to him the cavity behind.

"Heavens! Amazing!" he breathed. "And this secret way has not been searched?"

"Not yet."

"Then let it be investigated without delay," the King commanded. "We shall explore it." He turned to one of the guards. "Obtain torches and arms! With haste!"

The soldier ran upon his errand. "If this deadly Falcon is hidden here, doubtless he will endeavor to rip and claw his way to safety

portions of the palace. Dark wherries floated and waited at both the privy and the public stairs, and without the great gate the drivers and bearers of coaches and sedan-chairs drowsed away the hours between midnight and dawn, whilst their patrons engaged in business or sought pleasures and diversions in the great kitchens, where the roaring fires never ceased to leap at the turning, crackling spits, the incident of the bells was set aside by the necessity of preparing the abundance of food that weighed down the most lavish tables in England or Europe. How could the mere ringing of bells give pause to such vast culinary preparations?

Here, according to Besant, the following quantities of food were prepared annually for the tables of Whitehall: "1500 oxen, 7000 sheep, 1200 veals, 200 porkers, 400 storks or young beefs, 6800 lambs, 300 fitches of bacon, and 26 boars. Also 140 dozen of geese, 250 dozen of capons, 470 dozen of hens, 750 dozen of pullets, 1470 dozen of chickens, for bread 36,400 bushels of wheat, and for drink 600 tun of wine and 1700 tun of beer. Moreover, of butter 46,640, together with the fish and fowl, venison, fruit, spice proportionally."

No wonder, then, the bells of Roger Paine failed to restrain the activities of the small army of cooks and scullions that toiled through the night in the Royal kitchen.

THE face of the King was dark with resentment as he walked quickly back to his apartment. When he arrived at the door of his closet his mind was so occupied that he quite failed to notice the two guards standing beside it, or that the features of his brother James, and those of Father Papin and the Duke of Buckingham were stern and marked by harsh lines. The Duke of York immediately advanced as the King entered.

"Charles, we have something to show you. Had you not returned I would have sent for you. Father Papin's keen eyes detected it, but a few minutes before you returned."

"But what is it, James?"

"It is a secret panel, close by your door in the corridor. We believe that the mystery of the bells and the disappearance of Louis' letters are connected with it."

The King straightened a little and his eyes and mouth became hard and grim.

"But that is extraordinary," he said. "Has anything been done in the matter? Show the panel to me."

"Nothing has been done but the placing of the guards. But no time has been lost, and we agreed to await your direction in the matter," James replied. "After you left us, Buckingham, Papin, and I stood talking in the corridor close by. Papin had his back to the wall, and accidentally and without design leaned against the panel. He jumped with apprehension when the wood behind him began to lift. Certainly it was sufficiently unusual to make any one start with surprise."

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"Heavens! Amazing!" he breathed. "And this secret way has not been searched?"

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"Then let it be investigated without delay," the King commanded. "We shall explore it."

He turned to one of the guards. "Obtain torches and arms! With haste!" The soldier ran upon his errand. "If this deadly Falcon is hidden here, doubtless he will endeavor to rip and claw his way to safety

and flight. This secret passage must be as old as the palace itself. I am deeply curious and greatly desirous of descending."

"Doubtless, Sire. It has a history of its own," murmured Buckingham, as he put his head within the opening and stared about him.

"It obviously has," replied the King, with a trace of mild sarcasm. "Father Papin, if we recover that letter, our appreciation of your discovery shall be conveyed to you in more than mere words."

"I thank your Majesty, but if the letter itself is recovered then am I amply rewarded," murmured the priest. "Here is the guard returning with swords and torches—and here, too, comes the Chevalier de Toqueville in stealthy fashion."

The Chevalier passed almost unnoticed because of the greater interest in the secret passage. All but Charles himself grasped a weapon, and when the torches were lighted the guards stepped into the opening and led the way. The step trap was seen and safely crossed, and the security of the remaining stairs was vouched for by the recent imprints upon their dusty surfaces. Cautiously and quietly they descended, the flickering red light of the torches brightly illuminating the old, webbed, dust-laden walls. In silence they fled through the damp, twisting passage at the foot of the stairs, and when they came to the barred gate and their eyes fell upon the back of a crouching man, who, deeply intent, was reading a letter by the dim light of a candle, they paused involuntarily.

"The Falcon!" was the thought that instantly leaped into their minds.

With the drawn swords of the little company surrounding him, Charles edged closer and closer to the unsuspecting man whose riveted attention had made him unaware of the stealthy approach of the party. On the thick carpet of dust their feet made no sound, and it was not until the King's harsh voice rang loudly in the vault that the crouching man sprang to his feet and faced them.

"So, Sir Richard Somerset, it is you who are the Falcon! That letter, if you please—you detestable traitor—"

Sir Richard's self-control was never more perfect than at that moment of discovery and grim denunciation. Calm, master of his iron will, he smiled and saluted the King with a bow, the sweeping grace and elegance of which could not have been surpassed upon the critical floor of a ballroom.

"Sire, he said with a laugh.

"'Tis with pleasure I give the letter back to your Majesty. But, my liege, neither my presence here, nor the fact that I now hold this letter, proves me to be either the Falcon—or a traitor. I have the great honor to return this letter to you, for 'tis evident to even the most dense that the document has been recently stolen."

"Somerset," said the King gravely, as he took the letter, "I am sad and vastly disappointed in you. I thought you a man of honor, and one upon whom I could depend. Possibly you do not speak the lie, but certainly you act it." Again his tone became harsh and threatening. "How now, sirrah? How is it you so lie to me to save your rascally, impudent head? Are you coward as well as knave? Are you fool enough to imagine that my clemency extends itself to—traitors?"

The Baronet had not for a moment deluded himself. He had read his doom in the eyes of the King before he spoke. Therefore, it was with a whimsical composure that he replied, and his words set the blood whipping the temples of all but the priest and the Chevalier de Toqueville.

"If your Majesty's clemency does not ex-

It might truthfully be said that Whitehall never slept. Even though the sentinels stood silent at their posts in gardens, by doorways, and in corridors and galleries, there were others who moved quietly about the various rambling

send itself to traitors, then it is sad to think we must all perish together," he said quietly.

The King and the Duke of York stared at him in baughty surprise. Buckingham's sword point dropped and touched the floor.

"What mean you—you dog," rasped James, his eyes alight with hate.

"I mean, your Royal Highness, that if I be a traitor to my King, my King be the greater traitor. He would betray England."

His bold words, so true, so courageously spoken, struck them all silent. Then the wrath of Charles leaped forth in all its fury.

"Wretched man!" he cried, his voice strained yet cutting the silence like a whip-lash. "You will now die as surely as the sun rises—the sun, your eyes shall never again behold. Here, in this dungeon, you will die, for from here you will never again depart. But I see by the bones beneath the bells that you will not lack for company."

He was interrupted by the Baronet's grim laugh.

"You speak the truth, Sire, for he, too, was murdered by his King."

The face of Charles Stuart became empurpled. His voice crackled and rasped as he replied.

"I have a mind to have your tongue torn out for your insolence, but were I to do so I would not hear your feeble dying cries. Foul traitor, destroyer of English lives and the lives of my French friends, it is my decree that your left hand be severed at the wrist, and that you be confined here until death releases you from this dungeon. I can see by the bones upon the floor that escape is impossible. I shall see to it that it is made doubly so. You shall be watched by day and night until hunger and thirst end your wretched existence. Traitor! Foul murdering dog! 'Tis here the light of the Falcon ends!"

The face of the Baronet was as stern as that of the King, but where the countenance of Charles expressed hate, that of Sir Richard was expressive of his deep and abiding contempt. When the King ceased speaking, he made a reply that lived in the minds of all to that they never forgot it.

"Sire, I do not fear death," he said calmly. "And 'tis not in my power to prevent the execution of your commands. But I would have you remember that the lesser rascal has been left to rot in this pit. What I have done I have done not for myself but for England. And, Charles Stuart, it will ever stand to your eternal dishonor that you, her King, were the man to sell her for gold—stand! Ye shall listen! For this, Sire, the curse of Heaven shall rest upon your unworthy House, and in the end the ears of a Stuart king shall ring with the execration and hate of an outraged people."

"There, beside you, stand the two minions of France. They are the men who should be flung into this vault. Traitor? You lie, Charles Stuart! You lie, and strike down the first Englishman in your scheme of betrayal. It is you, and those who stand beside you, who are the traitors to England. And the punishment of Heaven shall destroy your blood for ever. I care not what you do to me, but rest assured, and all who listen with you may rest assured, that the gold of a foreign power shall never buy England, nor shall foreign arms conquer her to make her a degraded plaything for an evil king."

So great was the fury of the King that for the moment he could not speak. The Duke of York's rage impelled him to lift his sword threateningly, but the blade that leaped into the hand of Sir Richard compelled him to lower it hastily. He remem-

bered in time that the Baronet was a wizard with the rapier, and that it was not fitting for the heir to the throne to engage in deadly combat with a condemned traitor, condemned not by his peers, but by the power of the King.

"Ah, dog!" he sneered, his lips moist and the corners of his mouth flecked with froth. "So you would threaten me, eh? But the King is lenient. I would have you cut to pieces for your filthy insolence—ah! Chevalier! Charles, I ask a boon. What matters it when this dog dies. Allow de Toqueville here to teach him the lessons of humility and respect. Permit the Chevalier to confront him with the steel and we will see his craven heart quail. I ask it, Charles."

The King turned coldly to de Toqueville. "Chevalier, you have our permission," he said in icy tones. "You are the best swordsman in France. We shall be interested in the lesson you will teach this preaching dastard. As a Frenchman whose countrymen have been destroyed by this traitor, it is your privilege."

JAMES turned to Sir Richard as the Chevalier stripped off his doublet and tested his blade.

"What think you of that, rascal?" he demanded coldly.

"Your Royal Highness demands sport—ye shall have it. 'Tis a fitting arena for such a Caesar," was the even reply, as the Baronet prepared for the combat. James went white to the lips at the taunt.

"Somerast," snarled de Toqueville, stepping forward, "do you remember the Duc de Richelieu?"

"Perfectly, Chevalier."

"Ah, then, remember de Riberac as my blade reaches your heart. I was on that vessel—"

"Chevalier," interrupted the Baronet gently, "I would suggest a little sword-play. De Riberac was a gallant man, but boastful, Chevalier, very boastful."

"To it, then!" snapped the Chevalier.

The blades dropped, touched, and whispered caressingly together. There was little difference in their styles, for both men were graduates of the polished French school. In the dancing red light of the torches the rapiers gleamed dully. Well back, out of reach or the possibility of interference, stood the King, with his brother by his side. Standing behind them were Buckingham and Father Papin, and the motionless, deeply-interested guards stood close to them. For a little while the duellists seemed content to feel the strength of each other's wrist. Then, suddenly, with a ringing, excited cry, de Toqueville's blade flickered in under Sir Richard's guard. The Frenchman, with eyes flaming in quick triumph, lunged victoriously, his foot raising a little cloud of dust as he brought it down. But the cry died away to a dry whisper and then ceased when the Baronet's iron wrist closed the trap and held its own point at the Chevalier's heart before he could recover his feet.

"Don't move, de Toqueville!" was the curt command. "Stay like that! Stay, I say! Ah, your Royal Highness will perceive the Chevalier gives me the first points of the lesson—he presents his heart to my blade. It is clever—over, but unusual."

Sir Richard glided back and caught the Chevalier's searching point in time to parry it. It was now plain to the Frenchman and the others that Sir Richard, too, was a master of the art. Buckingham, the dishonorable hero of a murder disguised as a duel, watched the hissing, writhing blades with fascinated eyes and thanked his numerous gods and deities that it was neither of these blades he had provoked. Here was

an exhibition unlikely ever to be surpassed, for each man was supreme in the science of the rapier.

De Toqueville was complused. Here, instead of a victim, was a man who had already given him a life. He could not understand it. But, of course, it had been a lucky accident for the Englishman, a mere show of bravado, a boast indulged in before inevitable death. Yet he frowned slightly as he found his blade continually parried with perfect ease and consummate grace. Perhaps it was the light. He would work round.

He did so, and to his amazement and delight saw an opening that looked like a wide target. Again he lunged with a triumphant shout, but again his roar became a choked cry, a cry of apprehension this time, as the opening vanished and his quivering rapier shot by the shoulder of his opponent. He gasped as he felt the English blade prick his throat.

"Don't move, de Toqueville!" came the crisp command. "Stay like that, my dear Chevalier! This, your Royal Highness, is the second lesson. You will admit that he is a marvellous exponent of the art. You see, this time he presents his throat to my blade. Heaven, but he is clever!"

Whether it was Buckingham's derisive laughter, or Sir Richard's cold taunt, or the silent, disappointed contempt of the Duke of York, the Chevalier could never afterwards tell, but the cold caution of his plan of attack was swept away by the unleashing of a raging burst of fury that sent him at the Englishman, regardless of consequences. So rapidly did the pliant steel flicker and dart and hiss and quiver with the lightning-like thrust and parry and thrust again that for the moment the Englishman gave ground before the infuriated Chevalier. But the maddening smile did not leave Sir Richard's lips while his brain, his blade and his clever, gliding feet worked smoothly together in perfect defence. The raging torrent of de Toqueville's fury and implacable hatred could not sweep away the rocklike adversary before it. There was not a trick, not a wile or a subtle trap that he employed that had the desired effect. With a shrill, panting, inarticulate scream, he recoiled when the rapier was picked from his hand by Sir Richard's blade and tossed among the silent onlookers. It fell at Father Papin's feet.

"Heaven," whispered the priest. "He is the fiend incarnate."

For the third time de Toqueville stood motionless before his enemy's sword.

"Don't move, Chevalier," laughed Sir Richard. Then he again addressed the Duke of York. "This is the third and last lesson, your Royal Highness, that the Chevalier gives to me. You see, he has discarded his blade. Is he not an admirable swordsman? But have no fear. I gave him his life."

"No, no," panted de Toqueville. "I pray you run me through. Kill me! I cannot—I cannot—"

"You cannot outlive this disgrace, eh, Chevalier? You cannot allow the memory of this defeat to eat away your heart, eh? But that is your affair. Away with you—I have done. Your Royal Highness, I trust you enjoyed the sport."

But the King had already walked away. The teeth of James were slightly bared as he turned and followed his brother. In silence Buckingham preceded the dejected de Toqueville. Father Papin was the last to leave. His black eyes flashed in a transient gleam of admiration as they rested on the Englishman. Then he, too, walked after the others. The two guards remained at the barred gate. Sir Richard tossed his rapier towards them.

"My friends, if the blade interests either of you, you may keep it," he said with a smile.

They both thanked him.

"And I would say this to ye to refresh your memories. Ye have both witnessed and heard all that has passed in this place. Reflect. Will ye be privileged to retain your knowledge? When ye leave this vault—go far. It is worth thinking upon."

The two men sent startled glances at each other. The truth of the condemned man's advice flashed upon them.

"Thank ye, Sir Richard. Heaven bless ye, sir, an be with ye in your need."

Sir Richard nodded and began to pace the vault. The smile had left his face and it was now drawn in intense, thoughtful lines. Ask himself as he would how he had been discovered, his mind could supply no answer. And it was now futile to speculate. The game was played, it had ended. But Anne . . . ? He stopped dead, and for the first time his head dropped with a suggestion of despair. Then, conscious of the keen eyes of the guards, he resumed his walking. But Anne! Ah, there lay the torture. Never to see her again, never to hear her sweet voice or thrill to the influence of her marvellous eyes and winning smile. Anne! To her he would be but a memory—no, not even that. For himself he cared not. His life was England's. But Anne!

For an hour he walked the vault with even pace. Then he heard the approach of the guards. He turned and faced them, only to stiffen and suppress a cry as his eyes saw the startled face and shrinking form of his wife who was escorted by the Duke of Buckingham and Father Papin. When she saw him standing beneath the bells, the breath caught in her throat and she stared at him for a long moment in silence. Then, stepping forward a pace, she spoke to him.

"Richard—" it was little more than a whisper. "Tell me that what these men say is not true—"

He found it difficult to reply. For once his tongue was dry, his throat constricted.

"Anne, dear Anne," he murmured at last. "But what do they say, dear heart?"

The pain in her eyes struck him like a blow.

"They say," she said unsteadily, staring round at the grim guards, the flaring torches, the low vault, and then back again to him, "that you, Richard, are that evil man—that terrible—that traitorous Englishman—the Falcon. Tell me it is not true."

"WILL ye not come to me here, Anne?" he asked gently.

She hesitated.

"Is it true? Oh, don't torture me with suspense. Richard, is it true—?"

"Heaven forgive me, dear life, if any act or thought of mine will ever cause ye pain. But, my love, whose cruel mind was it that thought to bring ye here? Was it Buckingham? Or that priest—Father Papin?"

Neither man would meet his burning eyes. They stood and did not speak.

"Richard, are you the Falcon?"

Sir Richard drew himself to his full height.

"I am the Falcon," he said proudly. "And to those who say I am a traitor—or a renegade—I give the lie! They lie! I am the Falcon, and as the Falcon I have done the duty of an Englishman. I am the Falcon!"

He did not finish as her poignant cry rang in his ears although the anguished tone was like the knife of an assassin in his heart.

At that moment there died within his soul the cherished hope of her love.

"Richard—oh, heaven—the Falcon—"

She shrank from him, her hands outstretched as though to thrust him away, her eyes staring, her lips trembling.

"Ah, Anne, my life, my love, 'tis now too late to explain. Ye will never come to me now. But I plead with ye to believe me when I say that what was done was done for England. And, my dear love, if ye cannot forgive me, I beseech ye to forget me Anne, Anne—"

Horrified, she continued to stare wildly at him. Then, with a choked, panting cry she turned and fled from the vault. He watched her go, and the misery in his eyes brought to even the dead hearts of Buckingham and the Jesuit the strange, long-forgotten emotion of pity. The Duke's hands trembled a little as he read the King's decree, and when the captain of the guard made his preparations he could not bring himself to look at the axe or the red-hot brazier into which the handless wrist would be plunged to cauterise the flesh.

The level voice of the Baronet sounded low in the vault.

"Gentlemen, ye will remember, that I thanked ye. Father Papin, ye will understand me when I ask ye to spare me the ritual of your prayers. An it is to be, I prefer to meet my God—alone. I am ready."

In the closet his Majesty had sipped the champagne of Reims and flung the quill and the seal upon the table. The captain of the guard received the decree with impassive face and left the room. But the face of Charles was not impassive, nor was it now dark with the clouds of blood-lust and hate. A smile was twitching the corners of his lips. His very expressive eyes had almost regained the twinkling light so beloved by those who all but worshipped him for his mild geniality and courteous demeanor. They were thoughtful as they calmly observed the cruel lines that were graven deep in the countenance of his brother, James, Duke of York, examined the bubbling champagne critically, but his air of vengeful satisfaction was no longer pleasing to the King.

For a little while after the captain of the guard departed they sat alone and talked, and as they talked it came to the mind of the Duke that his brother, far from being elated at the recovery of the letter and the capture of the Falcon, was evincing signs of leniency and regret that invariably followed close upon a burst of passion. This utterly incomprehensible trait in his brother's character merely increased the Duke's irritability. In his secret heart the pragmatical, fanatical, bigoted James considered the King very much in the nature of a weak-minded dilettante, a dabbler not only in the arts but in the vital sphere of statecraft. He spoke to the King in a testy, impatient manner.

"You are far too lenient, my dear Charles. I do not, of course, presume to criticise, but, to my mind, it would have been far safer had you caused the dog to be slain."

The King's smile became more evident. He loved to bait the Duke.

"It is an unhappy trait in my character that I am a lover of courage," he retorted. "And, if you reflect, you will agree that Somerset spoke but the truth—"

"Charles!" ejaculated the Duke, staring at him as though he had suddenly gone mad.

"It is also an unhappy trait in my character, James, that I can recognise and appreciate the truth when I see and hear it," the

King continued. "Consider it, and for the moment forget the rancour aroused by Somerset's bitter accusation. To whom or what is he a traitor? Is he a traitor to me, the sovereign of England, because he plotted and fought right manfully to outwit the French King and prevent his encroachment upon English privileges and soil? The truth is he is not. Is he a traitor, then, to England because he strove to destroy her enemies? Again the truth is he is not."

"But—heaven above us! What now is eating at your brain?" James demanded. "It is incredible that such an insolent dog should snarl his way to your favor. Is Somerset more important to you, or to us, than Louis? Charles, there are times when your conduct and reasoning leave my mind in a storm. I cannot follow their twisting course. Really, Charles, to be all things to all men is to court the contempt of all. Are you of a mind, because of this dastard, to turn your back upon our cousin of France?"

Charles laughed.

"Long before I turn Somerset to be the Falcon it was in my mind to turn my back to Louis—"

James gasped.

"CHARLES!" he cried. His eyes seemed to be ready to drop from his head.

"When Louis has served our purpose," the King said calmly. "James, it is as well known to you as to me that Louis cares naught for England and little for the Stuarts."

"In spite of all appearances to the contrary, I am not by any means blind or feeble of insight or understanding. Louis' present magnanimity is not the outcome of regard for us, but of a fixed and inflexible policy. And were it necessary to that policy Louis would betray the Stuarts when the Stuarts, in their turn, had served his purpose. Therefore I negotiate cheerfully with him. Even more cheerfully will I accept all that he is willing to give."

Charles rose to his feet and patted James lightly on the shoulder.

"Look deeply into the matter, James, and consider the fate of the Stuarts if they in their folly make Louis supreme."

But the indignation of James would not permit his vision to extend beyond the very narrow limits of his understanding. He had an unbelievable faith in Louis of France.

"But, Charles, I fail to understand. Are you not willing to acknowledge the Catholic religion?"

"Although I publicly acknowledge the Protestant religion—the religion of England—I prefer the Catholic faith to all others," Charles assured him in more earnest tones. "And were it in my power, England would be wholly Catholic to-morrow."

James looked greatly relieved.

"And the money—the treaty with Louis?" he asked.

"Is regarded by me as an admirable agreement for the moment."

"What are you writing?"

"I have decided that the severity of Somerset's sentence is unwarranted."

Again James was startled and amazed.

"That, coming from you, is strange," he said sneeringly.

"Strange?"

"Yes. I recall what happened to Sir John Coventry when he complained to Parliament of your—er, indiscriminate spending. You did not hesitate to be revenged upon him. All England knows you had the bullies sit his nose."

Charles gave a peal of laughter. The recollection of his vengeance upon Sir John Coventry was highly entertaining.

"I did," he chuckled. "But it was neces-

sary to convey a hint to the other turbulent minds of Parliament."

"And yet you would pardon Somerset?"

"No! He must die. He knows too much. But I will not have his hand severed or permit him to be treated with ignominy. It is not in my heart to debate a courageous gentleman."

"Heaven!" sighed the Duke. "But he will die!"

"Yes. This thing must remain for ever secret."

"And his beautiful wife?"

The King was silent for a moment. Then he said:

"There is a convent in France from which she will never return."

"But she is now in England, Charles. How can she be persuaded?"

"I fancy, my dear James, the Chevalier de Toqueville would be delighted to persuade her."

"Ah! He certainly deserves it. And what of Somerset's huge servant?"

"His tongue shall be silenced. Will you see this order concerning Somerset is conveyed to the captain of the guard?"

James nodded and took the written instructions.

"You will retire now, Charles?" he asked. Again the King laughed. But this time there was a different note in his laughter.

"As I leave for Dover before many hours pass I must take this opportunity of informing the Duchess of Cleveland of her good fortune."

The Duke grinned slyly and bade his brother good night.

"The warmth of your welcome is assured, and can easily be imagined," he murmured.

When the King had gone he looked at the paper in his hand and sneered openly. His lips curved sardonically as he read the writing.

"Bah! Charles is a fool," he muttered. "He commands that the rogue shall merely be branded. Heaven, but I am not sure of him in this matter. Still, there is an easy and infallible way to master the King. What a man cannot do—a woman can, and Louis will know it."

"Bahl! Charles is a fool," he muttered. "He commands that the rogue shall merely be branded. Heaven, but I am not sure of him in this matter. Still, there is an easy and infallible way to master the King. What a man cannot do—a woman can, and Louis will know it."

BLINDED by her tears, and weak with the reaction of the terrible scene in the vault, Anne had no clear recollection of how she gained the sanctuary of her apartment. Polly the maid was soundly sleeping in her room in the servants' portion of the palace. For a long time Anne lay upon the bed, and her sobbing and dry gasping broke the silence of the room. She did not think, she could not think, and was conscious only of the salty bitterness of her tears.

But she gave a sharp cry of fear when a hand gently touched her shoulder, for fear had now entered her heart to consort with horror and revulsion.

She was a little reassured, however, when she started up to see the huge form of John Brill standing beside the dark-clad figure of Father Papin. In the candle-light the face of the servant was white and grave with concern, and in his eyes was the look of one who had suffered irreparable loss. The priest, for some reason, had discarded his mask, to gaze compassionately down upon her. Anne did not know why she suddenly laughed, but she laughed wildly until the rough voice of Brill slashed savagely across the pealing of her laughter.

"Ma'am for Heaven's sake keep silent! The priest here, for reasons he will not tell, has done us a service this night. But you must be silent and listen to what he has to say, for what he has to say is terrible and the truth. Tell her, sir, for as she would

not listen to my master, Sir Richard, 'tis unlikely she will listen to me."

Father Papin's black, unwinking eyes looked straight at her. His direct gaze, usually so hard and penetrating, was now softened. The sincerity and note of warning in his voice brought Anne to her feet.

"Lady Somerset, your liberty has been given into the keeping of the Chevalier de Toqueville—" he began.

"The Chevalier de Toqueville?" she whispered, staring at him.

"I regret it is the truth."

"But what—who?"

"It is the command of your King, Lady Somerset—nay, please let me speak. I am a priest, and in addition to the vows of my Order, I have also vowed myself to Christ and the Immaculate Mother. But I am also an enemy of England, and a Frenchman. As such I have striven against England for my King, Louis of France. Listen! I pray you not to interrupt me. Your husband—"

"No, no! Do not speak of him! That traitor to his King is not my husband!"

"You are mistaken, madame!" Father Papin's voice grew colder. "Sir Richard, judged by the standards of any nation, is the reverse of a traitor. It is true he is the Falcon, but as the Falcon he fought valiantly for England."

"How can you tell me this when, with my own eyes, I saw him in the vault, and with my own ears heard the King's decree?"

Trembling, she stood before them. The candle-light enhanced rather than dimmed the soft loveliness of her fair hair, the beauty of her face, and the perfection of her superb form. She spoke again before the priest could reply.

"Was he not condemned as a ruthless villain, a cruel, remorseless pirate, whose heart is empty of pity or honor?"

It was the business of the Jesuit to read hearts, and it was then he looked deep into the heart of Anne Somerset.

"Madame, Sir Richard is doomed to die in the vault. And I helped to bring about his death. In that I but kept the vows and instructions of my Order. But your husband, while there, reminded me that I had also vowed myself to the service of Heaven. Therefore, Lady Somerset, I am here to warn you. Your King is pursuing a tortuous policy, and your husband has fallen a victim of it. Unless you leave here immediately, you and your beauty will also be sacrificed to that policy. It is already agreed that you will be taken to a convent in the far south of France—and the Chevalier de Toqueville will take you."

"Ah, dear Heaven," panted Anne, quivering at the menace of this thing. "Is there then no justice in England?"

"There is, madame, but this is Whitehall, and here the word of the King is the only law," said the priest gently.

"Why, if you are my husband's enemy, and England's enemy, do you come and tell me this?"

"Madame, on the one hand, there is my work as the agent of my Order and of France. That work is now done! But on the other hand there is my duty to God. I come here as a priest, for as such I cannot damn my soul with the knowledge that I willingly surrendered you to de Toqueville."

"And you say—you, my husband's enemy—that he is not a traitor, but the victim of the King's plotting?"

"That is the truth, Lady Somerset. But you must away. At any moment the Chevalier may come for you."

"But how can they force me to go against my will?"

Father Papin sighed.

"Madame, as your cries ring out from the coach and the cabin of the ship, all who hear will pity the raving of a woman in—"

"Insane . . . I?"

"Yes, madame. They will stare it out you are mad. And who is to contradict them?"

"But my husband—my husband—what of him?" Anne asked fearfully.

"He is doomed. He knows too much. But I am going now. Brill take your mistress beyond the long arm of the King. He will be furious when he knows she has flown—but I, at least, will not have this stain upon my soul. Good-bye, Lady Somerset."

"Wait, oh, wait. Father Papin, you swear before Heaven you speak the truth and that my husband is a true Englishman?"

Francois Papin gazed at her in pity.

"Madame, I swear it," he said with deep solemnity. "If the other gentlemen of England are like Sir Richard then all the plotting of Charles of Louis, and of my mighty Order, is of no avail, heretic though he be, he is a very gallant gentleman. Your husband, Lady Somerset, has ceaselessly and bravely striven to serve his country and confound her enemies. That is all I am at liberty to tell you—it is all you need to know."

"Oh, dear Heaven! Pity me—pity me—" she cried brokenly, sinking once more on to the bed.

FATHER PAPIN walked quickly from the room, and Brill hastily locked the door and barred it behind him.

"Please come, Lady Anne—please do not tarry," he implored, his harsh gruff voice softening at the sight of her suffering.

"Oh, I cannot—I will stay here with him—oh, Richard, dear life, dear love—"

"Ma'am, you must come at once. Sir Richard, Heaven keep him, would say it. He always trusted me, and so may you. Ma'am, ye must come!"

"Brill, I will see him—I will! It was for my sake he came to Whitehall—"

"Ye can't!" said Brill bluntly. "Ye heard what the priest said. Is Sir Richard to be tortured by thoughts of the Frenchman—"

"Oh, stop, stop! I will go mad in truth! I cannot stand it—" she sobbed pitifully.

"They will tell him de Toqueville took you," Brill continued desperately. "Would ye have him listen—to that? You could not? His heart would be eaten out down there in the black vault. Come, Lady Anne! Ye are Sir Richard's wife. Who knows but that ye may be able to accomplish something for him? But ye will but encompass your ruin as ye stay here. Please come with me, ma'am—before it is too late—"

"Is it possible he can escape?"

"Would to Heaven it were!" Brill's voice shook. "But the hole under the wall has long been silted up, and they will have him watched day and night till he—"

"Till—he—dies!"

"Oh, come away, come away—"

"I am ready to die," she whispered.

"Can ye not see, ma'am," cried Brill, in despair, "that if you live and fly from the King's vengeance you may help him?"

"Help him . . . I?" her voice steeled a little.

"Can ye not see it? I cannot let them take ye, and they would kill me. I care not for that, but who, then, will tell the tale of Sir Richard's doom?"

Before she could reply there came a loud knocking at the door. A voice stern and peremptory addressed them.

"Open in the name of the King!" he cried. Brill stiffened, and upon his face there settled an expression of savage ferocity.

"Trapped!" he snarled. "Too late, by Heaven! Ma'am, where does that door lead to?"

"A clothes closet only," said Anne wearily.

"And the windows?"

"Overlook the flowing Thames. 'Tis said to be twenty feet deep beneath the window."

Again came the sharp command, accompanied by a thunderous knocking at the door.

"Open! Open in the name of the King!" Brill looked grim and resolute as he tore off his doublet and shoes.

"Can ye swim, Lady Anne? But, of course, ye cannot. What woman can—"

"No—I cannot," she faltered. "It is too late—oh, Richard—I—"

"Then when I say the word breathe deeply—and hold it! Trust me and do not struggle. It will seem an age to ye under the water, but I will bring ye up in safety—"

A crashing blow rocked the door on its hinges.

"They are breaking in—come!"

Without further word he picked her up in his arms and ran to the windows. She did not struggle or resist. Quickly he unfastened them and flung them wide. But he could not see the water below because of the darkness.

"How far down is it?" he asked.

She shuddered in his strong arms and clung like a child to his massive shoulders and powerful neck.

"Oh, a long way. But it matters not. I would I were dead now."

"With Heaven's help we will not die—now! Breathe deeply—right—? Now, trust me, I beseech ye—"

"But what of Polly?"

"She be safe. She knows nothing, and we will soon get her away—hold tight—and fear naught—"

Brill leaped as the Chevalier de Toqueville ran into the room followed by Father Papin. The Frenchman stood aghast when he saw the huge Englishman vanish with Anne in his arms. With a rasping cry of rage he ran to the windows and looked down. But there was nothing to be seen, nothing to be heard save the soft, faint lapping of the water against the stone wall. The Chevalier, his lips drawn back in a snarl of fury, turned and called loudly to the guards to follow him.

"A boat—a boat!" he shouted. "Stand aside, Papin!"

"She has a pretty way of outwitting you, my dear Chevalier," said the priest softly. "I will find her!" the Chevalier bellowed. "I have sworn to get her! I will be revenged upon both her and her husband—I vow it—"

Father Papin laughed a low, taunting laugh. It stung the Chevalier almost to madness, an evil madness that leered in the flickering depths of his staring eyes. The Jesuit shuddered slightly.

STUPEFIED at the King's depravity and treachery, and also with an overwhelming sense of her own foolish and unjust conduct towards her husband, Anne was hardly conscious of the swift fall and the shock of the icy immersion that followed it. Even though her lungs were bursting before she was brought to the surface of the dark, flowing river by Brill, her heart's reproach was the greater agony. Looking back, she saw with painful, startling clarity her own obstinacy and distressing lack of understanding and sympathy. She realised that she was des-

perately ashamed, bitterly ashamed, for the love she had lightly, laughingly, contemptuously trampled upon, a love so deep and so sincere, had been left coldly by her to rot in the black dampness of a vault of death. Above all was she conscious of a sense of irreparable loss, and the fact that it was she, and not the King, whose treachery had caused this appalling thing.

The current that swept her along the surface of the river was incomparable to the mighty tide of emotion that surged in her heart, a heart that vowed with deep sincerity to strive to the utmost of her power and to the limits of her love to obtain the life and liberty of her husband. But even as she whispered the vow, with the water of the Thames washing the words from her lips, she experienced the numbing realisation of its utter futility.

"He is doomed! Brill, I would pray you release me and let me sink down in the quiet water," she suddenly cried. "I killed him—oh, I killed him—"

Brill was startled at this outburst, and, for the moment, passed one great arm firmly round her.

"Nay, ma'am, we'll find a way somehow," he replied gently. "Ye did not understand. And he could not tell ye. Ye'll pardon me, Lady Anne, but ye are but a girl—"

"He would have told me—but I would not listen—blind, vain, cruel creature that I am!" she panted. "Brill—I am cold, so cold."

"The river be wider here, ma'am, but we'll soon be across. The current, here, has a set for the Surrey side. And thank Heaven for it, for, except the houses a little beyond the London Bridge in Southwark, 'tis mainly farms and orchards right down to the water. But, ye are brave for one that cannot swim. Ye have not fought with me, and most do in their terror of the water, especially black water beneath where naught but suffocation and death wait."

"They will search for us. What then?" Brill chuckled.

"Sir Richard, ma'am, is a clever gentleman. Both upon the river and the Surrey shore he kept the means of escape in constant readiness. By day and night a boat waits on the river, and over by the George Inn in Southwark, horses and a coach and team be ready. But we cannot make the boat, for ye must strip your wet clothes as soon as ye can and put on dry ones."

"But—but where shall we go then?" she asked. "I dare not go to Emhurst House, where my father is. 'Tis impossible to rejoin my sister. What is to become of me?"

"Lady Anne, I'll take ye to where the King's writ does not run, to where your husband, Sir Richard himself, would have ye go. I'll take ye to his ship, the Falcon, and there ye will find his greatest friend, and the loyalist band that e'er followed the leader. Have no fear for your treatment or your safety once we win free from close pursuit."

"The Falcon," murmured Anne, her eyes staring up at the pale stars above her, her long, fair hair washing loosely in the water and partly clinging to her shoulders. "Oh, Brill! How could I understand?"

"Nay, ye couldn't. But there is one, nay two, who will tell ye better than I!"

"Two?"

"Yes, ma'am. The Earl of Wendale, and that fine woman, Margaret—the one ye saw the night the coach overturned."

"Ah!" whispered Anne. A shiver ran through her as her mind leaped back to the scene by the roadside. "What—who is she—"

Brill treated himself to a malicious grin in the darkness.

"Ye had better not say it like that to the Earl, ma'am," he assured her.

"Why not?"

"He be betrothed to her."

"I don't remember him—"

"He was the priest, Lady Anne."

"Brill, I am bewildered," she faltered.

"Ye would be, yet had ye but trusted Sir Richard—"

"Brill—don't! For Heaven's sake do not torture me—"

"I be sorry, Lady Anne," he said contritely. "I did not mean to hurt ye. Now, don't speak any more—see, there's the shore—ah! 'Tis close to the boat-yard we be. I'll soon get ye clothes—man's clothes, for ye cannot travel as a woman."

"Oh, I—I couldn't, Brill!" she gasped.

"Ye must, pardon me, Lady Anne. Consider it. They'll look close after a man and a woman, but they won't look twice at two cavaliers. An I may say so, ye'll make a fine youth, ma'am. Now, be silent, if ye please—"

They staggered from the water, and stooped panting and trembling while the water ran from their clothes, then, with his arm still around his mistress, Brill guided her quietly through the dark boat-yard, past the slips and debris of the little industry, and out by the decrepit gate that hung by one hinge. Down the road, or grassy track, a lighted window gleamed. They hastened towards it, and when they came close to the house, a sharp voice challenged them.

Brill answered, and the door was flung open. They hurriedly entered. The door was closed and barred behind them.

Anne turned as an old, grey-haired woman came slowly towards her, a woman with the kindest, sweetest face she had ever seen. Brill spoke to the old dame.

"Ah, old woman, I give ye greeting. Look ye now to the care of my mistress. And from the wardrobe clothe her as a youth of fashion. Until we reach Dover a youth she must be. Nay, she cannot speak to ye, Lady Anne. She be dumb. But she can hear keenly. Please hurry, ma'am." He turned to the thin, sandy-haired man who had admitted them. "Andrew, the devil wins! Sir Richard be taken—aye, well may ye blanch and tremble. But there may yet be a hope. Ye and your old mother be safe enough."

"Be she the wife of—Sir Richard?" the man inquired.

Brill nodded.

"Aye, we swam from Whitehall to outwit the King. He would have silenced her."

"HAVE mercy upon us all," whispered the man named Andrew.

"Aye, but my clothes, now. And dress yourself to be our coachman. Ye must drive us to Dover, Andrew. The Lady Anne cannot ride so far. Is the coach ready?"

"'Tis always ready, ye loon! And there be food and drink and weapons inside," was the reply. "So she be the wife of our leader—ah, a pretty lady—"

"Dress, an to the team!" snapped Brill. Anne blushed hotly with confusion and self-consciousness when, dressed as a youthful cavalier, she stood once again in the room. The two men stared in open admiration at the handsome youth before them, and it was not until they saw her embarrassment that they dropped their eyes.

But Brill was honest.

"Lady Anne, ye are a picture," he said with quaint sincerity. "A finer, braver lad I've yet to meet. But ye must not look flushed or ashamed, else will all become aware of and suspicious of your—or beauty, ma'am. Ar ye be haughty, an cold, an contemptuous of all, ye will pass unnoticed. But if ye look like that—any man will see the woman."

A low whistle sounded outside.
"The boy has the team by the heads, John," said Andrew.
They left the house and stepped into the coach. Andrew mounted the box and deftly fingered the reins.
"Are ye right, John?"
"Right, Andrew," was the low reply. "Drive fast, man. Ye know the road to Dover."
The coach jerked forward, and then settled down to a fast, steady pace. Andrew it was evident, knew his horses and the road. But hardly had they passed a mile beyond the George Inn when swiftly-galloping hoofs brought horses beside the coach, and a voice called upon the driver to stop.
"In the name of the King it is," sighed Andrew.
Brill's hand rested momentarily on his mistress's arm.

"CALM, now. Ye are Sir George Neville—if they mention ye. I am William Bentley, but lately returned from the West Indies—a planter playing the gentleman, ye understand," he whispered.
Anne looked steadily at him.

"Tis naught to wonder at that Sir Richard trusted you, Brill," she murmured. "Have no fear for me."
"Take that brandy-flask in your hand, and remember ye are a sparkling young blood. Take a sip as they look in. 'Twill help an' not harm ye, Sir George," said Brill with a grin he could not suppress. In spite of the appalling danger, the huge fellow found himself enjoying this altogether unique adventure. The coach stopped, and the door was wrenched open. A hard, fierce face glared in at them from under the plumed hat of the King's guards, and closely inspected them in the light of the lanterns that swung from the roof of the coach.
"And who have we here?" the man growled.

Brill glared back as though intensely annoyed.
"And who have we there?" he snapped. "What means this outrage upon the King's highway?"
"Tis no outrage. 'Tis the King's command!"

"Command . . . ? My blood. But what wants his Majesty with me?" Brill grunted.
"Your names?"
"I am William Bentley, Esquire, planter of America, and my young friend here is Sir George Neville. We are proceeding to Sir George's country-house for a rest from the town. But what want ye with us, sir?"

The man grinned slightly as Sir George languidly raised the brandy-flask to his lips.
"I have heard of Sir George. His reputation with the ladies and at the tables is the envy of many," the soldier said politely. "But I search for a man and a woman. Have ye seen them?"

"Goodness, man!" came from Sir George in a tired tone. "We have seen a thousand men, an' ten thousand women this night."

The guardman laughed.
"These two have been in the river. There would be no mistaking them."

"In the river . . . ?" murmured Anne. She carelessly offered the brandy-flask.

"No thank ye, Sir George."
"In the river? Stab me!" muttered Brill. "As we came on to London Bridge from Fish Street I saw a man and a woman whose clothes were sodden and clinging. But there is no woman in this coach, as ye can see for yourself. Is there, Sir George?"

"My blood! no," laughed Anne, again holding the brandy-flask invitingly towards the soldier. "I wish there were. 'Twould be plaguy diverting. But a plague on the wench! They would drain a man's blood

were there gold in it. Help yourself to the cognac—'tis good—"

Brill laughed outright.

"Aye, an no one knows the sex better than my young friend here," he chuckled.

"Come, Captain—'twill warm ye—"

"No, but I thank ye. I cannot tarry. I wish ye a pleasant and safe journey. Towards Fish Street ye said, sir?"

"Aye, that's what I said. I bid ye farewell."

A voice that chilled the blood of both came to their ears as the coach started. It was that of the Chevalier de Toqueville.

"They are not there, Captain?" he inquired. He had evidently just galloped up to the scene.

Anne and Brill listened to the reply with beating hearts.

"No; 'tis but two bloods leaving the town. Both will be drunk in an hour. But they were seen in Fish Street, near the Bridge—"

"Away, then—away!" shouted de Toqueville. "Spur hard and lie low in the saddle—"

And then the voices softened and ceased, and the madly-galloping hoofs of the guard's horses beat a diminishing tattoo.

"Oh, merciful Heaven!" whispered Anne, whose face was bloodless and drawn with fear.

Brill drew in a deep breath and took his hand from the pistol in his doublet pocket. "Twas close," he muttered. "But I would have killed him. Lady Anne, my humble respects, ye were splendid. Sir Richard would be proud of ye. Take ye now the full side of the coach and sleep. No harm shall come to ye."

"Sir Richard can never be proud of me, and now must hate me," said Anne sadly.

"Brill, my heart is broken—"

"Nay, nay, ma'am," he replied softly. "Try ye to sleep. Sir Richard will never hate ye. My master worships ye, Lady Anne, and ever will."

Brill made her comfortable with the aid of rugs and cushions that the thoughtful Andrew had placed within the coach, and then settled himself down on the opposite seat. He raised the brandy to his lips and drank with relish and relief, for even his giant strength had been taxed in the long swim down and across the river with his helpless burden. Presently he nodded and blinked. The brandy sent them both to sleep, brandy made doubly potent because of their mental and physical exhaustion. The coach rolled and bumped along in the darkness, guided by the man Andrew, whose alert eyes stabbed the blackness beyond the backs of the fast-trotting horses.

CURIOUSLY enough, the truth that the impulse of laughter tipped closely behind the sombre figure of grief was fully exemplified before they reached Dover. This selfish humor, however, deepened the anxiety of the fugitives. Had Brill foreseen the consequences of the random names he adopted he would have changed them as swiftly as a man drops hot iron, for Anne's role was to prove both difficult and dangerous.

Some two hours' drive from Dover a modest little inn nestled snugly in a green hollow. The old, timbered building was separated from the road by a broad, inviting sward, where the trees were encircled with wide plank seats. The leaning gables, with the latticed windows, nodded pleasantly in the afternoon sunlight to the whispering leaves that touched them. The inn was charmingly secluded, and, as a natural consequence, was very popular with many who travelled the rutted Dover Road. Mine

host, portly, white-headed and bland, was known far by his spotless blue shirt, white apron, russet-brown breeches and stockings, and thick, shining leather shoes. He was the favored recipient of many a whispered secret, proving that the brain behind the twinkling eyes had learned the wisdom of a controlled and prudent tongue, and of tolerantly regarding his guests' base interpretation of the decalogue. But he was an efficient host, and the morality of the times and the travellers mainly a matter of individual taste and conscience. He was doing very well in his secluded little inn, and the bright, rose-checked maids who served him were not the least attraction of the establishment.

From the road a track led into the inn yard through an arched gateway laden with jasmine and honeysuckle. The yard was partly cobbled where the stalls and drinking-troughs were situated and apparently was the stamping ground not only of the traveller's horse but of innumerable hens, geese, and turkeys.

Following the orthodox construction of the period, the gallery, supported by stout wooden posts, faced the yard and enabled anyone alighting from coach or horseback to gain their rooms without tramping through the tap-room, the dining-room, or the kitchen.

The inn was not large, but the rooms were comfortable, clean, and not cramped. The beds, with their snowy, lavender-scented sheets, were a delight to the weary. The food was good and plentiful, and the company that assembled in the dining-room was generally lighthearted, or at least appeared so.

Boniface was zealous in his attentive care, therefore, when his sharp eyes saw the limping leaders of a coach stumble into the yard, he instantly ordered a room to be placed at the disposal of the two tired travellers who presently stepped from the vehicle. He was before them, bowing and smiling, as their feet touched the ground.

"I give ye welcome, sirs," he said, beaming. "The plaguy road, I see, has added more horses to the long list. I remember ye both, of course, but just for the moment—"

Brill grinned at this polite lie.

"My name be William Bentley, planter of America. And this gentleman be Sir George Neville. Curse the horses! We be in a devilish hurry, and these be driven to a finish. The road gets worse and worse."

"Your room, sirs, be ready. Will ye first join me—"

"Room . . . ?" muttered Anne. She darted a swift look at Brill and shook her head slightly. "But we want no room. Fresh horses, landlord, and swiftly."

The landlord's apology was almost absent.

"Sir George, ye be out o' luck's way. There be no horses available—not a single beast. I never did see the demand so great. But, come an' sink a mazer o' brown ale."

He gave them a penetrating glance and then led the way.

"But—" began Anne in slight desperation. "A bowl of ale did not appeal to her in the least."

Brill's quick mind forestalled her.

"Tell me, landlord," he said before she could finish the sentence. "Has any from London come this way before us?"

The landlord chuckled and blew out his cheeks.

"Bless ye, yes, Master Bentley," he replied. "None less than one on urgent business of the King—"

"The King . . . ?" Anne and Brill schooled together. Then Brill laughed.

"Split me! But what was that?" he asked inquisitively.

"Sir Hasty demanded had I seen a man or a woman in flight. Ah, Sir George, that makes ye laugh—eh? It made me laugh, too. But, had I seen 'em I had been bound to tell the fellow. None but a fool flouts the King. But, come."

To Anne's horror, Brill for once looked nonplussed. He whispered to her:

"Ma'am, 'twill not do to alarm this fellow. An he smelt a reward 'twould go hard with us. Ye'll have to go through with this thing till I find a way out, for no cavalier ever walks the road afoot."

"Yes, but—" came her stammering whisper. "How long must we tarry here?"

"What's left o' the team couldn't pull the feathers from our hats. But a feed and an hour or so's rest may improve some o' them sufficient for us to ride. Hiss! Take care! Remember ye are a man, an if ye see a wench—smile!"

The landlord muttered to the pretty dark girl in the tap-room:

"BETSY, you an' me be in luck's way. 'Tis no other than young Sir George Neville—a ready purse, I be told. 'Tis shrewd never to have horses available, eh?"

"Oh!" murmured the pert, vivacious, pretty Betsy. She gazed with bright approval upon the handsome young Sir George, and her brown eyes flashed him a sparkling, provocative glance as she filled the two polished wooden mazers from the ale tap. She fairly exuded exuberance, and her sinuous movements were as calculated as her appealing, languishing glances.

Brill was so nervous that his hands shook as he raised the bowl to his lips. Then he saw that Anne's bowl was empty, and he whispered to himself: "Heaven! But a great need will drive both saint and sinner."

"Landlord, ye brew a stout ale," said Anne approvingly. "An ye serve it as pleasantly as I've seen it done."

Betsy blushed becomingly and shot out a daring message from under her drooping lashes.

"I thank ye, m'lad," she prattled prettily. "M'lad, ye be the handsomest, bravest gentleman I ever did see, m'lad. Here she dropped her voice and leaned towards Anne.

Anne surveyed her coolly.

"Faith, wench, ye lose no time," she retorted. Then memory surged to her rescue and she laughed.

Betsy smiled demurely and reached for the empty bowls. "I like ye better than any I've yet seen," she replied with charming modesty and restraint. "What . . . ? Will ye not tarry a little? Ye can tell a pretty tale, I vow."

"Split me, girl!" broke in Brill, his husky voice more husky than ever before. "Dye think a man's all eyes and no plaguy appetite? Tender though ye be Sir George cannot eat ye—"

"No . . . I suppose not," she sighed. Again she leaned forward invitingly. "But should Sir George care to taste these lips—?"

Anne felt herself growing very hot. Her hand itched to have the pleasure of smacking the minx's pretty face. Nevertheless she forced a smile and looked warmly at the dimpling Betsy.

"Later, ye temptress. 'Twill not harm with keeping," she said with a laugh, at the same time treating the girl to a sweeping bow.

Betsy was delighted and gratified and blew kisses after them as they followed the landlord from the tap-room.

"Later, it be, Sir George," she said, with an inflexion of tone.

Brill choked, and Anne's eyes glittered.

"Brill," she gasped. "Keep that woman away from me! And for Heaven's sake take me by the arm. My head—I'm dizzy with the ale and the talk of that baggage. She is an insolent piece."

"Aye, but she suits the men, ma'am," said Brill, not daring to look at her.

"Ah, yes! Men—of course!" she snapped. "But I would rather not see through the eyes of a man—an I won't! Oh, my—my limbs feel so strange, and my tongue has a mad desire to chatter—"

"'Tis the ale," he told her. "But, what could we do? A man ye are, an a man ye must remain, till we be safe, Lady Anne. But, I'll see, somehow, they don't force more ale on ye. 'Twould greatly upset ye. I fear."

They mounted the stairs after the landlord and stepped into a passage-way.

"Brill, we must get on—we must!" said Anne with vehemence. "'Tis cruel to waste time here like this—an to be forced to play the man. A man! My blood!"

"I know it, ma'am," he replied sympathetically. "But we can be thankful the cavaliers of to-day closely shave the face, an that ye be of fair complexion. Nothing else permitted flight an this masquerade. But as soon as opportunity offers we'll away—even though I carry ye. But, it cannot be done in the light. 'Twould betray all."

"Y—yes, I suppose so," she admitted. "But, keep them all away from me whilst we are here—especially that woman! I detest the smirking, ogling wench!"

"The landlord," whispered Brill warningly. Anne drew herself up haughtily.

"Ye may send our food up here. I desire privacy," she said.

Mine host showed them into the room, beamed, bowed, and departed, rubbing his hands together as though laying them with invisible soap. When Brill turned to leave Anne clutched at his arm.

"Brill—where are you going?"

"To speak with Andrew," he replied. "If he can't thieve horses he will. I'll not be long, ma'am."

"Oh, I am sorely afraid—"

"Nay, Lady Anne," he reassured her. "Rest ye quietly here. I'll not be far if ye need me—ah! Here's the wench with the hot water. I'll leave ye whilst ye refresh yourself."

Somewhat invigorated by the warm, soothing water she adjusted the doublet carefully. But the cravat presented difficulties to her slim fingers, and it was some time before the folds satisfied her critical eye. Then, from the window of the room, she peered out over the landscape at the sunset. Sombre-eyed, she stared unseeing into the dusk until Brill's return startled her.

"What have you done, Brill?" she asked. He shrugged his great shoulders and shook his head.

"There's not a horse to be got. Andrew an I've been round."

"But, man, what shall we do?" she demanded.

Brill looked savage.

"When it's dark we'll mount what's left of the horses."

Anne looked very disappointed and flung at ease, and was about to reply when a warning from Brill stopped her.

"Quiet, Lady Anne," he muttered. "I hear the landlord coming."

"This is driving me frantic! I can't stand much more of it—I can't. The vision of poor Richard in that cruel vault is torturing me. What have they done to him? Ah, what cruelty! What baseness!

But, who am I to throw a stone? Richard, now, too late, would I die for you—"

"Quiet, ma'am—please—!" implored Brill.

The landlord entered hurriedly with consternation and bewilderment written large on his ruddy, homely face. He looked hard, first at one and then at the other before he spoke.

"Faith, gentlemen," he growled. "But here be a pickle! In the name o' heaven how many Sir George Nevilles be there?" Anne and Brill exchanged swift, apprehensive glances.

"Why do ye ask such foolish questions, landlord?" Brill asked in well-stimulated anger and surprise.

"Because a young spark has just stepped from a coach an calmly announces himself as Sir George Neville—that's why!"

"My blood!" gasped Anne, stepping back a pace.

"Goodness," muttered Brill. But he faced the boniface squarely. "What means he by this insult—this plaguy imposition? Answer me, man!"

"Is—he alone?" asked Anne.

"Yes, y'honor!" The landlord's voice mounted higher and higher, and grew hard and indignant. "But, which—which, I say—be the true Sir George—ye, or the other one?"

"What means this insolence?" snapped Anne. She drew herself up coldly, and the muttering landlord dropped his blustering. "Where is the fellow?"

The landlord turned away.

"I'll bring him up, Sir George."

When he left the room Brill spoke quickly and earnestly.

"I must get Andrew to fix the horses, somehow. Wait till I whistle from the yard. Now, now, ye'll be all right, ma'am."

"Oh, I—I can't wait here—"

But he had gone.

She placed a trembling hand to her head. It had begun to ache and throb violently. However, she was not given time to think long about it. Again the door opened, and in walked the landlord and a foppish but fierce-eyed cavalier. Anne started to her feet and retreated a step, for the cold light in the stranger's eye was one of menace and hostility. The landlord nodded to each as they stood there.

"Now, sirs, ye may settle the matter. I'll leave ye, an later return to see which be the rightful Sir George Neville."

ANNE felt the keen eyes searching, probing, weighing her in a detached, coldly critical manner. When he spoke she met his eyes boldly and haughtily, hoping that every swift moment would bring Brill back to her assistance.

"I am told ye are posturing here as Sir George Neville. May I ask, sir, who gave ye the liberty of my name?"

Anne's thoughts were racing, and before he finished speaking her reply was ready. "Ah, an by what right do ye lay claim to my name, sir?" she asked with hauteur. The genuine Sir George creased his brows in astonishment and wrath.

"'Tis my name! And you—"

"Goodness! Then there must be two Sir George Nevilles—"

"Impossible! And if ye continue to assert it I fling the lie in your teeth, sir! Ye lie!"

Sir George, naturally, was not to be so easily imposed upon, and he stepped forward with uplifted hand. But, before it fell, Anne jumped back with alarm and dismay in her blue eyes.

"Oh, don't—I mean—"

Sir George lowered his hand and stared at his impersonator in silence. Slowly his eyes travelled over her from fair wavy hair to silk bejewelled shoes. A momentary perplexity showed in his eyes, and then, with a harsh laugh of contempt, he took off his doublet and loosened his shirt at the neck and wrists. His flexible blade sang as he tested it with a flourish or two.

"I am told Sir George is no mean hand with the steel. Ye can so prove yourself, sir," he said quietly, never taking his eyes from the beautiful, frightened ones before him. "There, upon the bed behind ye, is a blade. Off with your doublet, sir! Off with it—"

"Oh, yes—yes. But—but—yes, I see it—"

"Off with the doublet—"

"Oh, but I—I always keep it on—"

"But I repeat, sir, off with it," Sir George snarled.

Anne blanched, but her fumbling fingers at last removed the doublet.

Again Sir George stared at her, and he said something very softly under his breath. But his fierce expression did not alter. Anne shook as though with the ague when her hand limply grasped the hilt of her weapon.

He watched her with lynx-like eyes, his good-looking though arrogant features a perfect mask.

"On guard, sir!" he commanded curtly.

Anne dropped the blade and then picked it up.

"Yes—oh, yes—"

The firm, straight lips of the Baronet twitched as a nervous dangling blade touched his. With a harsh cry he forced it from her hand, and with a look of implacable ferocity drew back his rapier as though to plunge it through her body. This was just a little too much for Anne. Desperately she extended her hands to ward off the fatal thrust. Her dry, terrified voice could hardly whisper the words.

"Oh, please—don't—do that—"

Sir George lowered his rapier. A grim smile twisted his mouth. Then, with the blade under his left arm, he removed his wide feathered hat and bowed very low.

"Madam, your pardon. But your role was so nearly perfect I had to be sure. Forgive me, and, if you will, command me. I shall be happy and privileged to place myself at your service," he said, laughing lightly.

Because she simply could not help it Anne sat down and kept in silence and in shame. Then Brill, bristling like a mastiff, burst into the room with eyes hot with the menace of death. Sir George calmly looked him over and just as calmly spoke.

"CLOSE the door, man—close the door, ye plaguy fool! Are ye acquainted with this—er—gentleman?"

"That I be," rasped Brill, advancing a step.

"It appears," continued Sir George coolly, "that I was mistaken—"

Anne stood up weakly and looked tearfully at her husband's huge servant.

"Brill—B!ll! He knows—he knows!"

"Ah," said Brill. He looked at her and then back at the Baronet. Sir George's voice again steadied him.

"It would appear, madam, that ye are in grievous trouble," he said, addressing Anne and coldly ignoring Brill. "I again repeat that can I be of help to ye, I shall consider myself greatly honored. Will ye not command me?"

Anne's vision cleared a little. She looked at him.

"I—I was hurrying to Dover," she said slowly. "The team gave out, sir."

"Ah, an were ye fleeing from someone?"

"I was in haste to save a life—one very dear to me—"

"An could ye not procure horses?"

"No. We did not want to stop. And—and your name was just chanced upon."

"It has never been put to happier use, madam," Sir George replied courteously. "Now, if I may suggest it, my coach and team are entirely at your service."

Brill relaxed and breathed a little easier. It is not pleasant to have to kill a man. But he did not speak.

"You will permit us—"

Sir George's bow was a model of grace. "Madam, if you refuse it, I shall be the unhappiest man in England," he assured her. "But first resume your doublet—an for that discourtesy I again apologise. But I had to be sure."

Impulsively Anne stepped forward and placed a hand on his arm.

"You are very generous, Sir George. I do not know how to thank you. Brill, for heaven's sake let us go."

"Yes, Lady Anne—"

Sir George arched his brows.

"Will ye not tell me your name?" he asked. "I may never again have the pleasure of seeing ye, madam."

"Anne Somerset is my name."

Sir George was amazed.

"Somerset? Somerset? But are ye connected with Sir Richard Somerset, madam. A sister perhaps?"

"I—I am his wife."

"Well—stab me," breathed the Baronet. "Lady Somerset—Richard gave me my first real lesson with the blade. We quarrelled, an I forced the fight. But he was never the man to take advantage of another's weakness, and after disarming me, laughed me into being his friend. And to think I should hold my blade at the breast of his wife!"

For a moment he could think of nothing but the enormity of the thing he had done, then a smile flickered at the corners of his mouth.

"Still, ye can tell him his wife also defeated me," he said, with a whimsical laugh. "But come. Ye are troubled and impatient. Let us hasten to the coach."

Anne, with Sir George's assistance, put on the doublet.

"Ah, the kind of ye," she murmured gratefully. "When you stepped into the room I was almost paralyzed with fear."

"Pah!—I know it. Had ye not shown fear I might have killed ye, but I was the terror in your eyes that made me think to look closely at ye. Had I not done so—but I will not think of it—'tis too horrible. Ye are safe an will soon be on your way. Would ye like me to accompany ye—"

"Oh, no," said Anne with a little laugh. "Thank you, but I shall be all right once in the coach. I have good protection in Brill."

Sir George looked a little disappointed. They left the room, and while he walked beside her Brill raced to the tap-room to pay the score. The landlord's manner was a little abrupt.

"An which be Sir George?" he grunted. Brill laughed and gave him a playful slap on the shoulder that nearly broke it.

"Man, twas a family reunion," he chuckled, and then darted out.

Sir George removed his hat as the coach started. A new light flashed in his eyes as the lantern revealed Anne's beautiful face regarding him with a faint smile. He bowed and then stood motionless while the vehicle rattled over the cobbles and away.

For a long time after it had gone he stood very still. A sigh escaped his lips, and he turned and walked slowly into the taproom.

"Cognac, landlord—a full bottle," he said.

His eyes were thoughtful as the landlord placed the brandy before him, and his thoughts flew to the fast-travelling coach as he helped himself liberally. He drank it neat.

He sighed dolefully, reaching again for the bottle. "Tis ever my fate to lose the best. What a beauty! Had she been his sister, now. 'Tis all right, landlord! I have a face to remember—an a woman to forget."

CHARLES delayed his departure for three days. For reasons known only to his own whimsical mind he refused all advice and all supplication, and his evasive replies drove those who were shaping the great betrayal almost to despair.

His brother, James, irritable and anxious, repeatedly urged the necessity of immediate action. His confidential ministers, Clifford and Arlington, were gripped by the fear of defeat and the bitterness of intense disappointment. The Duke feared for his religion and the throne, and the ministers for their religion and their pockets, for the fruits of this treachery were money and power.

Although the three days seemed never-ending to those close to the King, they were an eternity to the prisoner in the vault. Down there, where the flickering lantern of the guards sent red rays through the dungeons, there was neither day nor night. Time flowed past like a silent unseen river in the deep blackness of an underground cavern, bearing ever nearer the shadowed, beckoning finger of death. A cruel death, a lingering death, a death cunningly contrived to give greater torture than the pains of the screws, the press, or the rack. At times memory can be more cruel than these.

And in the mind of Sir Richard Somerset there was sufficient agony to wither the very roots of reason. For the branded letters on his cheek—SS—two red, scorching scars denoting the stirrer up of Sedition—he cared nothing; for the pangs of hunger and thirst he had no thought; but when the memory of his failure, of England's terrible danger, and of the imminent bondage of his nation, surged through his mind the glare of madness leaped into his grey eyes. And then he would think of Anne, and he would pray.

It is not pleasant to gaze upon the naked, distracted soul of a man, and when he prayed, his knees upon the damp stones, his eyes uplifted as though looking up to Heaven, the smirking guards grew uneasy and turned away from his suffering.

It was not for himself he prayed.

Shortly before noon on the morning of the fourth day, the Duke of York, together with Clifford and Arlington, were closeted with the King. But now, however, they were all in high spirits, for his Majesty would presently begin his journey to Dover. And it was not until the weighty matter of the projected treaty had been discussed and dismissed that Charles startled his audience by beckoning to the guardman who was in attendance.

"Have Somerset brought to me," he commanded.

"Somerset? What now?" were the thoughts plainly to be read in the eyes of all. The Duke, of course, could not suppress his curiosity.

"What are you about to do with him, Charles?" he asked.

The King turned an amused face towards his brother.

"You'll never guess, James," he murmured, his eyes twinkling.

The Duke eyed him keenly.

"You are right," he replied. "I vow 'tis impossible to predict what you will do or say these last few days. Are you going to have him put away? It would be wiser, Charles. There is in England no man so dangerous to us."

The King rose from his chair and joined them.

"James," he said, smiling in anticipation. "I am about to free him—"

But, he was a little disappointed. There was no explosion. They looked at him in deep silence.

"Well," he chuckled. "I would seem, gentlemen, that you were expecting it."

"We should all be relieved, Charles, to be told the meaning of this madness," said the Duke slowly. "You would release the very man who can bring this thing to the people. And do not forget he has had no trial."

"How can he do that, now?" asked Charles quietly. "I have been giving it thought. At first, because of the danger, I thought as you do. But, what proof has Somerset got now? He did have proof when he held Louis' letter in his hand, but now there is but his word."

"But, sire, even that can be dangerous," purred Clifford. "He is well liked and well trusted. He is widely recognised as being a man of his word."

"STILL, Sire," said Arlington, softly. "We can see you are not freeing him merely to test his word."

"Tell us, Charles," implored the Duke.

"It is simple. You will see for yourselves," laughed the King. "Ah! Here he comes!"

Sir Richard walked into the room between two guards. Charles motioned them to retire as he stared coldly at the grimy, unshaven man before him. When they had gone he spoke in contemptuous tones.

"So, Sir Traitor, they have burnt upon your face the everlasting marks of your disgrace," he said.

Sir Richard did not reply.

"Have you lost your tongue, sirrah?" Charles demanded tollily.

"I have naught to say," was the calm reply.

"Ha! But a while ago your tongue clacked at a great rate. Reflection has evidently sobered your turbulent spirit. 'Tis well! It would appear, Sir Rascal, that even as you turned against your King, so has your wife turned against you. What think you of that?"

"Must even you, a king, sneer at a man through his wife? In all England, Charles Stuart, there be no man less entitled to sneer at virtue than yourself."

"Fool! And I had a mind to be lenient!" cried the king angrily. "But, I will be, for you do not understand. Would you join your wife?"

Sir Richard spoke slowly.

"Then she is dead?"

Charles threw back his head and laughed. "Faith, but they branded you well! I think she is very much alive, and, doubtless, so does the Chevalier de Toqueville. But, however I direct my policy regarding the nation, it must never be said that Charles Stuart gave an Englishman's wife to another. There is wine there—if you need it—"

Sir Richard had gone deathly pale, but he steadied himself.

"For three days and three nights I have not tasted food or drink. And I do not now care to taste the hospitality of the French King—"

"Ye daring dog!" Charles exploded. "Ye would insinuate that French money—bah! I will not discuss further with ye. This is what I say to ye! And ye will accept or reject! I am magnanimous in giving to ye this ray of hope and promise of life. For ye it means either freedom with your wife by your side—or, the vault and death. Will ye decide?"

"On the word of a Stuart?" Sir Richard smiled slightly as he asked the question. Those who listened stood aghast at his cool insolence. But the King, for the time being, was imperturbable.

"The word of a Stuart is supreme," he replied coldly.

Sir Richard gazed at him in silence. Then he looked at the others.

"What want ye of me? What must I do? Betray someone?"

Even Charles winced, but he passed it over. The Duke, white with passion, stepped forward. The King stayed him with outstretched hand.

"It will be proclaimed that you and your pirate crew are outlaws and ruffians whose lives are in any man's hand. Your estate is forfeit to the Crown. But you may sail away with them to the Americas, you and your wife, providing that I have your pledged word that you and they will never return. What say you? My vengeance shall not pursue you in the New World. There you shall be free. But you must never, on pain of instant death, return to England. Have you thought?"

"Where is my wife?"

"She is with Father Papin and the Chevalier de Toqueville in Dover. And with them she will cross to France—if you do not prevent it."

"You are suggesting I rejoin my ship, take my wife by force of arms, and then sail for America, there to live in peace?"

"That is what I propose to you. It is, of course, obvious to you that neither you nor your friends can now thwart me. You have not the evidence. And your word must have more than mere sound to support it. Besides, there is your pretty wife. You have lost all. I have won. Therefore I am generous. What will you?"

"On what vessel is my wife?"

"On the small merchant ship Europe. A mere morsel for your Falcon."

"Are ye speaking me fairly, Charles Stuart?"

Those listening gasped at this scandalous audacity.

"Heaven! You madman, can ye not see I'll be glad to see the last of ye and your crew of ruffians. But I warn ye this! The minute ye leave the palace ye are outlawed and fair prey. How ye get to your ship depends on yourself. Well, what say you?"

The letters S S flamed scarlet on the livid face.

"I accept. There is, now, naught else to do. But, God save England!"

"Well," laughed the King. "You do not seem very elated. Away! England is mine! Out of my sight for ever! If ever ye return I'll have ye pressed to death—slowly. Here, as ye are now a beggar—take this!"

With a smile of contempt the King flung a purse at the Baronet's feet. Sir Richard looked down at it, then lifted his eyes and gazed at the man who had thrown it. Then he quietly turned and walked from the room leaving the purse lying where it fell.

Charles laughed heartily, shrugged, kicked the purse towards a guardsman, and then ordered the man to withdraw. He looked expectantly at the Duke and the two ministers.

"Well, gentlemen, what think ye of that?"

James made a motion of disgust with his hand and sank down upon a chair. Amazement and resignation were depicted on his sullen face.

"Charles, I fear for your mind," he muttered. "And for many other things besides."

"And you, Clifford?"

"Sire, I should hint at a swift revenge," murmured Clifford.

"Arlington?"

Henry Bennet, Lord Arlington, smiled craftily.

"Your Majesty, I offer my congratulations. I see, now, the bottom of the well."

"Come, come, James!" said the King in gentle raillery. "Can you not see beneath the ripples on the surface?"

The Duke sneered and stretched out his legs. He gloomily contemplated the silken hose and beribboned shoes.

"I am no seer," he growled. "Why did you tell Somerset his wife is with Papin and de Toqueville when she has vanished from the sight of all? I think it likely she was drowned in the river."

"That, too, is possible. But Somerset imagines otherwise. I intended he should do so."

"But, in the name of Heaven—why?" James demanded wearily.

"So that he and his crew shall attack the ship Europe," said Charles.

James moved restlessly. He took a special interest in the Admiralty, the merchant ships, and all matters of maritime import.

"And he will sink a useful vessel, kill many of the crew, and then sail away a free man just for your amusement—"

"No!" was the sharp interjection. "Even now there are over two hundred fierce fighters concealed on the vessel. I arranged it. It will be the other way round, my dear James. They await Sir Richard and his rascally crew—"

"Charles, you mean—"

The gloom was slowly leaving the Duke's face.

"That once the battle is joined—and Somerset will board the ship to take his wife—he and all his men will be put to the sword. Not a single wagging tongue will be left to whisper tales. Do you see it now, my dear James?"

THE Duke rose to his feet and bowed. Then he walked to the window and looked down upon the coach, which, unpretentious and practically unattended, stood waiting.

"Charles," he said. "I extend my apologies and earnest congratulations. It is a masterpiece! The execution of the whole dangerous crew! There is satisfaction in that. Will you leave now for Dover? Henrietta will be ill with impatience. You know she is—"

Charles laughed lightly and accepted a brimming goblet of wine which the obsequious Arlington had poured for him.

"Yes! And there is satisfaction, too, in that," he chuckled, and drank eagerly. "Well, gentlemen, let us—"

An exclamation of astonishment and rage suddenly burst from the lips of the Duke. Startled, they looked at him.

"Charles—Charles!" he gasped. "Stop him—stop him—"

"James, what in the name of Heaven are you talking about?" the King demanded, the half-emptied goblet still at his lips.

James pointed downward. His hand trembled.

"Somerset—the dog! Cloaked to the eyes! He has calmly driven off in your coach—the fools—the fools!"

Charles himself broke the tension. His

finished the wine and placed the goblet on the table.

"Another coach, gentlemen," he said, with his whimsical laugh. "Tis amusing. A broken, branded rogue in the King's coach. Nay, do not fume so, my dear James. None knew it was for me. He deserves it!"

BANISHED! Where, to an Englishman of loyal heart, is a harder fate than that? Like an immense sedan chair between four wheels, with coachman in front and footman standing on the little raised platform behind, the coach rattled through the stone arch of the Great Gate and turned towards the Strand, bearing within it a man whose heart had died, whose lips had lost their laughter, and whose very soul had been bruised by the burden of its infiction. He had seen treachery triumphant in the eyes of his King. He had seen the tender flower of his love uprooted and trampled upon, laughingly spurned under the heel of one whose love had been dearer to him than life itself. Life? The burning letters on his right cheek stung him with the bitter remembrance of his father, his loss, and his shame.

Had he died, death would have tasted sweet, but he had paid, and would continue to pay with a price dearer than death, life? He pulled the cloak tighter across the shameful letters and stared out through the jolting window with eyes lighted with a cold flame, eyes that burned into the startled eyes of passing citizens as iron, frozen in the arctic wastes, burns into the naked flesh of the hand when touched. They were terrible in their icy, steadfast, penetrating stare, for they reflected death in life.

Yet in all the searing thoughts that roiled through his burning brain there was no thought of hatred or bitterness towards Anne. He loved her! He would always love her, even though she had shrunk from him in horror and had tossed the shreds of his honor to the winds. She had gone. Anne! How dreadful was the realisation of his irreparable loss, how cruel the pain of recalling her fragrant loveliness! Anne! His breath choked him, and he leaned back on the seat with dry, tearless, straining eyes.

Along the Strand, past Temple Bar, along Fleet Street and Ludgate Street went the coach. Passing St. Paul's its progress became slower, but the man within was unaware of it, unaware of the ribald urchin who sprang upon the step and peered within, unaware of the sudden shrinking of the intruder and his sharp cry of fear, unaware that the latticed figure was cringing back, pointing after the coach, and crying that the devil rode within. Anne! Anne! Anne! So echoed the beloved name through his brain like the pounding of gigantic hammers on the brazen gates of hell. Anne! And the sounding gates of brass flung back another name, a name that caused the staring eyes to flicker, and the muscles of his frame to contract to the rigidity of steel. "De Toqueville" came the mocking peal, and "de Toqueville" whispered the lips of the man in the coach.

The vehicle rumbled over the cobbles of Cannon Street and turned into Fish Street. Slowly it crawled through the traffic on London Bridge, over the lowered drawbridge, and past the fantastic houses looming high on either side until the grinning heads on Traitor's Gate saw it pass. Before the church of St. Mary Overy in Southwark, the Baronet stopped and dismounted the coach. The men looked at him from out of the corners of narrowed eyes, and quickly

turned the horses' heads towards the city. Sir Richard waited until the vehicle vanished, and then walked rapidly in the direction of the house that, a few nights before, had sheltered Anne and Brill for a brief period. As he approached he saw that the doors of the coachhouse were open and that it was empty.

"Brill," he muttered. "Pray Heaven he got away!"

In response to his summons the door was opened by the old mother of Andrew. She gave every sign of delight when she saw him. Her kindly old eyes brightened, her lips smiled, her withered hands closed over his, but her tongue was silent. Dumb!

"Heaven bless ye, dame," said Sir Richard sadly. "Did Brill get away?"

The old woman nodded and seemed about to speak. It was a pitiful effort.

"There, never mind, now. Was he all right?" He patted her hands gently and then turned away.

Another vigorous nod, and many urgent signs with dumb lips and quivering hands.

"There, old woman. I cannot understand ye like Andrew does. But, what made ye start so?"

Her eyes saw the branded letters as he removed his cloak, and the tears sprang to them and rolled down her creased, sunken cheeks.

"Ah—the brand! There, there, old faithful! Tis naught. Now, listen. I desire food and drink at once. Get them for me whilst I change and arm myself—ah, I wish I could grasp what ye want to tell me. But it matters not now. The food, for I am famished—never mind, dame! The food, the food—no, I cannot understand ye, good woman. The food—I'm starving—"

He changed and bathed while she prepared the meal. And for a long minute he stared into the glass at the red scars on his face. Then he carefully chose a periwig of curling dark hair that covered and hid the flaming letters.

"Twill do," he muttered, removing the wig so that he might shave the dark stubble from lips and chin.

But he was too wise to wholly satisfy his raging appetite. He ate and drank sparingly for one so famished. When he had finished he raised the old woman's hand to his lips and kissed it. "Tis good-bye, dame. Heaven bless ye and Andrew. Ye will both be safe—but for the rest . . . his banishment. Merciful Heaven! Do not utter such pitiful cries—ah, could I but understand ye. But I must go. Farewell to ye, old dame. I take the boat, for none there will question. Farewell, and may Heaven's blessing be with ye."

He strode quickly from the house. The old woman watched him go like one suddenly gone frantic. Then, with a strangled cry, she darted within, beating her head with her clenched fists. Dumb! Presently she reappeared and came to the door. Upon her arm were the garments left by Anne. With the silk gown now to speak for her she stared wildly this way and that. But he had gone. Sobbing, she closed the door. She had thought of it too late. She struggled down upon feeble knees, and with her tears dropping slowly on the gown, she bent her head in prayer to One who does not need the sound of the tongue to interpret the voice of the heart.

The doors of St. Mary Overy stood open, and Sir Richard carefully removed his hat and entered. Up to the altar he walked and knelt before the rail. A cavalier at prayer. So strange was the sight that the few within lifted wondering eyes to observe it. A cavalier kneeling devoutly before the confessional of God! Those who saw it

doubted their sight, yet there he was, his head bent, his sword beside him, his hands clasped until the knuckles showed white. Prayer! With each whispered word that left his lips his sorrow deepened, his dejection increased, for, although the heart implored protection for one beloved, the mind recoiled at the images it created. The prayer was unfinished. The sweat from his brow and lips left the salt of bitterness upon his tongue. With a stifled cry he walked rapidly out of the church and away. Prayer? Nay, there was no place for prayer in this thing.

His cold eyes lifted and saw the spiked heads on Traitor's Gate. His heart leaped to savage life and purpose. Were those pitiful, dreadful symbols pointing the path for his feet, the deed for his hand? But, his heart was stilled again, and a sigh escaped his lips. He walked on and jostled with the people on the Bridge. The trundling, covered market cart in the centreway, the galled beast with its burden of firewood, the impatient coach and the cautious sedan chair, the overdressed fops, the soberly-clad shopkeepers, the ragged, barefooted, spying cut-purse, the proud and humble, the swaggering bully, the mischievous apprentice, the sombre Puritan, and the maimed and the blind clutching at the iron rails, flowed on even as the swirling river beneath flowed endlessly to the sea. For him, punishment and poignant memory. For them—what? Where now would the finger of destiny point? England, or France? But of what avail was empty speech? Let them but see the brand upon his face and a howling, derisive, cursing mob would hurl him to the river below. He sadly shook his head and hurried on his way. Charles, for his cynical toleration of moral turpitude, his amiable manners, his delightful kindly camaraderie, and his laughing disregard for sects and schisms, was admired and greatly beloved by the selfish, the blindly loyal, the thoughtless, and the pleasure-loving, godless rabble. But there were still men in England. The Stuarts had ever found it so.

Sir Richard quickly descended the steps on the city side of the Bridge, stepped aboard a wherry, and in silence nodded to those who watched him keenly. The small craft shot out into the stream and pulled swiftly to where a yacht with a low, narrow, grey hull swung at anchor beyond the Tower.

He spoke curtly to the wiry, barefooted man who met him on the sloping deck.

"DOVER, my friend, with all the canvas she'll carry—no, I'll stay on the poop, but ye may get me a leather belt hung for sword and poniard. With all haste, good friend!"

"Aye, Sir Richard," was the respectful reply.

The man ran forward shouting crisp orders at the waiting, armed seaman, and in a very little time the captain had hauled the dripping anchor from the Thames mud. The yacht glided swiftly on its way down the river, the smooth, helpful tide chuckling at its sides as though happy to speed it along.

Then the wind dropped.

Throughout the long afternoon, while the yacht crept down the Thames, throughout the hour of glorious sunset while it drifted past the North Foreland, throughout the dusk, the night, and the early dawn, Sir Richard walked the tiny poop with tireless strides. Ceaselessly his eyes ranged out over the choppy, yellow-grey waves of the Channel searching for his ship. At the close of the calm, windless day he saw her and his

tall frame stiffened proudly. Into his tired eyes there flashed a vengeful, implacable light.

"There, my friend, is the Falcon, Heaven bless her!" he said to the man beside him. "Tis the last time ye shall seek her. Mark ye, even at this distance, how sweet she is to the eye, how comforting to the heart. That long grey ship, so swift, so bold, is a haven for brave hearts, English hearts cast out by a degraded king. Mark her well, for never again shall ye behold her."

The man glanced once at the scars on the Baronet's face. He slowly nodded.

"Aye, Sir Richard, 'Tis proud we have been," he replied in earnest tones. "An Matthew there—ye see him there with the piece of broken rope—told the singing soldier but three days ago they had better beware the Falcon."

"Soldier?"

"Aye, Sir Richard, There were nigh three hundred of 'em sailing down the river to join the ship Europe."

"What . . . ?" snarled the Baronet, grasping the man's arm in a grip that hurt even that tough flesh.

"We caught the whisper," was the surprised reply.

Sir Richard rocked on his heels with grim laughter.

"Well—by heaven!" he said. "I see it now. Heaven, 'tis neat!"

Under the shadow of the South Foreland, the grey ship, the fastest ship that ever floated down from Deptford, slipped smoothly across the oily swell that rolled gently from the North Sea. The sun, already hidden behind the rim of the looming cliffs, was sinking behind a marvellous screen of slaty, orange-tipped, apple-green cloud and sky, and shed a dying glow over darkening shore and leaden restless sea, and flamed the tall masts, the wide spars, and the flitting canvas with a dim light of pearl and silver-grey. The wind stirred lazily as though brought by a sigh from the lips of the sea. The ship's prow set even ripples smiling at the mermaid beneath the beak. On the poop the grizzled, weather-beaten, watchful master stamped to and fro between whistling and rail, pausing sometimes to rest a bare foot on the skylight of the cabin below.

"SHE slips through the sea like an eel in a pond, Thomas," he said to the man at the wheel.

"Aye, Master Culver, 'tis like no other craft she be. Like an eel through the water or the swift falcon through the air," was the hearty reply. "Be the wind but enough to lift a wench's petticoat she will move to it. An many's the time we've thanked Heaven for't."

"Tis so," said the master, staring down at the alert crews standing round the roped guns. Then his eyes lifted and narrowed as they focussed on the distant yacht. Like an uncoiling spring he straightened himself.

"Tis Sir Richard! he muttered, staring hard. "Gut me—it can be no other! Thomas, ye'll again soon see the devil dancing high. Hey—Oliver—Oliver!"

A squat, thick-shouldered seaman looked up at him from the deck, his grinning lips disclosing a toothless mounth. Oliver the gunner had guns like knives.

"Aye?" he croaked cheerfully.

"Till his lordship that Sir Richard comes—an then pack your guns w' powder so that they may belch red shot into the heart o' hell, if needs be—"

"Aye," came the croak again. "There be none like Sir Richard to twist Beezlebub's tail. But, the guns be crammed, an

need but the spark, I'll have ye know. Mind ye the ship—leave me the guns."

"Brill, this pretence is nauseous. I will end it," said Anne determinedly, tearfully, taking off the doublet and throwing it to the floor. "The day succeeds the night, and the night the day. We waste time in Dover, and the ship does not come. Have you lied to me?"

"Nay, Lady Anne—heaven forbid! 'Tis the truth I told ye," he replied sadly. "Where be the ship I know not. But, whatever the cause, necessity prompts it. We can do no more than wait, ma'am."

"Have you money?"

"Yes, Lady Anne."

"Then get one of the maids, one of my figure, to purchase clothes and shoes for me. And—" her voice softened and trembled, "let all the garments be of white silk."

"Yes, ma'am. But, please, Lady Anne—" "Don't—don't! Another word of sympathy and I scream," she cried. "The clothes—the clothes! Don't talk—don't talk—my brain is bursting—"

Even as he turned she tore at the silk shirt and ripped it from her. Aghast, he fled, racing from the room and cursing bitterly below his breath.

"Twill kill her," he swore savagely. "Where, in heaven's name, be the plaguy ship—"

Until the clothes were brought to her, Anne sat in her room like one stricken. Her blue eyes stared out glassily through the gathering gloom. Her hot, moist hands were clasped, and rested limply on her lap. Her tears, unchecked, glittered like diamonds on her long lashes. Drawn and distorted by pain was her pretty mouth, and the pallor of her cheek was like the magnolia in the dusk.

She clutched eagerly at the garments the maid brought, and, in feverish contrast to her former lassitude, dressed quickly. Through the habit and instinct of her sex, she glanced at her reflection in the glass, but it was too dark to see. She did not seem to notice it. Like an automaton she walked from the room.

"Brill, I must walk alone—alone—"

"But, Lady Anne, the black streets—'tis dangerous for women."

"I desire to be alone! I will be alone!" she said angrily, petulantly.

"But—but—ma'am," he stammered, greatly concerned at her rash decision.

She turned on him like an enraged tigress.

"Tis my wish you remain here!" she snapped, glaring at him with wide blazing eyes.

He bowed his head humbly. But under his breath he muttered sorrowfully: "Aye, I understand, ye poor distracted woman—"

She turned her back on him and walked swiftly away, and presently her white dress was swallowed by the dark mouth of the narrow cobbled street. Aimlessly she wandered on, unseeing, unhearing, uncaring, her mind upon a stone vault lighted by torchlight, upon a proud, tall figure gazing tenderly at her, a lover, a husband who was that lower, smiling bravely at her across the barrier of his doom. Her feet slowly tramped the streets, taking her nearer to the harbor front, nearer, by Heaven's will, to the ordeal that awaited her, a trial that would at last strip her of all shallow pretence and look for ever within her heart a true appreciation of human values. Men passed her, turned, stared, and then went on their ways again. Dimly she was conscious of men, bearing torches, approaching her. She stood and they passed. Drawn,

urged, impelled, she followed, and then she felt the cobbles give way to wood and the footsteps echoed on loose planks. The men descended the steps of the wharf and stepped on board a waiting barge. The light fell fair on the upturned face of a man. Numb, she sank to the planking of the wharf.

"The King," she whispered.

ALONE in the great cabin of her ship, Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, paced restlessly. Nervously she fingered the pale ropes of pearls that encircled her neck and drooped down on to her silver-embroidered gown of black velvet. Each time a step sounded beyond the closed doors of the cabin she paused, and an eager light flashed into her brilliant blue eyes. The cause of her agitation was the delay of Charles in arriving at Dover, a delay that was fraught with serious consequences. Favored though she was by Louis, she knew that for her the results of failure would be immediate and calamitous. She must not fail in her mission, for the whole ease and security of her future were at stake.

Upon the highly-polished table in the centre of the cabin were papers neatly arranged. Frequently she examined one in particular, a document whereon the French King's seal had been pressed. And beside the impress of the seal was the signature of Louis himself. The treaty wanted only the insertion of a few clauses endorsed by the seal and signature of Charles II of England. Beside the documents a tall candle stood brightly burning in a candlestick of dull gold. Steady and clear was the flame, as though anticipating the red wax that would splutter and hiss and melt at its hot kiss.

Then a little smile of confidence curved the scarlet lips of the Duchess. Was it likely that she, a beautiful woman of five and twenty years, the idolized sister of Charles and the personal favorite of Louis, would fail in this matter? Was it not in her power to offer those things for which the pious Charles would sell his very soul? At last she sounded the silver bell that stood beside the gold candlestick, and instantly the door opened to admit Father Papin. He closed the door and bowed.

"Father Papin, is there yet no sign of my Royal brother?"

The priest smiled slightly.

"His barge is touching the side of the ship, your Royal Highness, he replied.

Henrietta looked steadily into his black eyes.

"Father Papin, in this discussion I desire we shall be alone. I thought he had failed us."

"Madame," the priest murmured, "it is too late for him to fail us. Louis would punish him by publishing his letters to the world. Could Charles answer that? What then?"

"That is so. But, remember this! When I ring twice upon the bell, please send Louise de Queroualle here. I think you understand."

"I understand, madame," said Francois Papin softly.

"You may go."

The door had hardly closed when it opened again to admit the King, splendidly dressed in wine-shaded satin and brocade. Henrietta curtained low as the door closed, and then, with a little cry of affectionate delight, allowed herself to be clasped in his arms and kissed and caressed by the smiling Charles. After this pleasant greeting they drew apart and eyed each other fondly.

"Dear heart, you are still the most beautiful of women," he laughingly assured her. "And you are still the most charming of men, Charles. Are you as fond of me as ever?" she whispered.

"Could I be otherwise, dear Henrietta?" he said, a little more seriously. "I hold you the most precious thing in the world, my glorious sister."

She took the opportunity to rebuke him gently.

"Be seated, Charles. I began to think you either indifferent or dead, so long have you been in coming. Was the dear Nelly, or perhaps the charming Castlemaine, so attractive that you forgot your anxious, waiting sister? Already in my mind I have tasted the wrath of Louis, and you well know how implacable he can be. But, the strain is past. You are here, and Louis will be overjoyed when he learns of your gracious decision to support him."

Charles placed his plumed hat on the table, and, before he replied, drew from his pocket a diamond-encrusted box of gold. Within it a magnificent ruby glowed.

"For you, dear love," he said. "So that you may not be altogether disappointed."

Henrietta became pale and still. The meaning underlying his words was ominous. Then she smiled and took the box with an exclamation of joy.

"Oh, it is beautiful, Charles." She again kissed him. "But, what mean you?"

He made a gesture that plainly indicated weariness.

"Are we quite alone here?"

"None can overhear what is said."

Charles stared steadily into the candle-flame.

"HENRIETTA, this thing has not pleased me," he said slowly, the fingers of one hand tapping restlessly upon the table. "It prickles my honor as England's King."

"But, Charles—" she cried in dismay.

"It is not that I am indifferent to the kindly and generous overtures of Louis, but I feel it is all so futile, so impossible of achievement, that the theory will never become practical fact."

"Yes . . ." she murmured, very calmly. She studied him.

"I fear it will endanger the throne itself, and not even Louis could restore that to me. It is deeper than that, and I am not so blind as those who think this matter is like a bargain in a shop. England is more than a nation. She is a mighty moral force, a fortress impregnable against which the spray of intrigue and subterfuge spatters impotently. And she has ever a way of rewarding those who do not faithfully serve her. A way implacable and unpleasant. Yes, I fear for the throne."

Henrietta laughed delightfully, and reassuringly grasped the restless tapping hand in her cool slim one. Her manner was that of one who humors a willful yet apprehensive child.

"Oh, come, dear Charles! This is unlike you. Indeed, dear brother, it will be quite the opposite. You are gazing upon the drab, reverse side of the canvas, and are missing the glorious colors of the true picture, the picture of what the future holds for you. You fear for the throne if you support Louis. But, is not the throne even now slipping slowly from your grasp? Louis, if you agree to this thing, will place your throne upon a foundation of unshakable security. Who, then, will dictate to you? Who, then, in your Parliament, will have the courage to question you?"

"Charles, I could laugh at your fears. It is after all, merely an agreement between two powerful monarchs to support each other. And have you to crawl to your Parliament for permission to agree with your cousin? If you give your strength

to Louis so that he may conquer the States General, he will give you money and arms so that you shall be, like him, a monarch absolute in your own kingdom. Such a reciprocal matter is admirable, and better, I should think, than your present dependence upon a parcel of parasitical shopkeepers whose insolent tongues wag to some purpose in the Hall of Westminster. Presently, you will need more money, already you need more, and they will give you less—less, Charles! What then will you do? Will you actually beg of them—*you, the King?*"

"All that is very true, my dear Henrietta," said Charles with a wry smile. "But, after all, I am King of England. I do not like doing—"

She interrupted him with light scornful laughter.

"But why, my dear brother?"

"My conscience smites me."

She looked at him in wonderment.

"Then, it need not. And, my dear Charles, with Louis' money in your pocket you can well smite your conscience."

"What does he promise?" he asked, his tone betraying once more a change of purpose and a fresh awakening of interest.

Quickly she drew the document towards her, smiling happily as her slim white fingers smoothed it out.

"For your conversion to the Catholic faith, Louis will present you with two millions of livres—almost two hundred thousand of your English pounds—"

"That little enough," he murmured, eyeing the document keenly. "But 'tis comforting to think that for a sum any priest will produce the keys of heaven. I would I knew where they were kept."

"Faith, Charles," she laughed. "I fear you are too cynical to be anything long. 'Tis well James or Louis himself did not hear that. They would greatly doubt your sincerity. But, apart from other sums for gratifications to your supporters, Louis will supply you with three millions of livres for each year of the Dutch war. Charles, even that is but the beginning."

"Yes, I know. Those are the things I myself suggested in my letters to Louis. But—" he paused as though in doubt.

A flush of anger stained the cheeks of Henrietta. She rang the bell twice.

"Why did you do that?" he asked.

"There is another promise, but it is not written in the document," she said in low, clear tones.

He looked at her in some surprise.

"That is vastly interesting. But, tell me?"

She laughed lightly.

"Charles," she whispered, "Louis is mindful not only of your security, but of your comfort—ah! Here she is—"

He swung round as the door opened, and as his eyes met those of the beautiful young woman entering the cabin they flickered in astonished and silent admiration.

"Dear Charles, before you is Mademoiselle Louise de Queroualle, one of France's most beautiful maidens. She is—" her voice sank to an inaudible whisper.

"Heaven!" breathed the King delightedly. "She is superb."

He bowed before the young girl, who smiled, curtsied, and then stood with demure, innocent, downcast eyes.

"And she—"

"Louis is ever thoughtful for you, Charles," Henrietta said with a trace of mockery. She motioned to the girl to withdraw. "She is one of my maids of honor. If you sign the treaty—"

"Let me compare the two copies, so that I may be sure of this business—ah, yes, they agree. The English copy will be de-

posited with Sir Thomas Clifford, and I shall sign it in Dover to-morrow. The French copy, which I shall entrust to you—" He paused and looked keenly at her.

"It will never be discovered, Charles," she assured him. "Will you sign it now?"

He lifted her slim white hand to his lips and kissed it.

"I vow you are trembling with impatience, beautiful sister of mine," he said gaily.

"I suspect there is more on your mind than the treaty—"

With an impulsive cry, half-laughing, half-sobbing, she suddenly knelt beside him and looked up at him imploringly. The tears shone on her long lashes, and he was startled and alarmed at this obviously genuine revelation of deep emotion and distress.

"There is more than the treaty, Charles," she said earnestly, taking one of his hands and holding it tightly. "There is myself."

"Yourself, Henrietta?"

"Yes, Charles. I pray you grant me release from the cruel Philip. I fear him. I fear him even for my very life—"

"Philip? I do not understand," the King's voice hardened a little. Here was a fresh and unexpected danger.

"Charles, Charles, I would be divorced from him. I would live in England with you. Oh, he is cruel, cruel, cruel—"

But the eyes of Charles grew cold. A divorce! And then where would he obtain money? Surely not from the furious Louis! The matter must be dealt with instantly and with firmness. He looked sternly down at her.

"It has come to me that your conduct is the cause of Philip's jealous malice. What you ask is impossible! We will not again refer to it. Come, let me sign the French copy of the treaty."

Henrietta instantly controlled herself. Her features were impassive. Then she smiled a little.

"I permitted you to look upon the beautiful Louise too soon, Charles," she murmured. "Just a little too soon."

"Dear heart," sighed Charles. "I am sure the Queen will be gratified at the acquisition of such a pretty maid of honor."

"The queen, Charles?" she mocked him. He seated himself.

"HAND me the document, ye beautiful witch," he retorted with a happy laugh. "And I will sign and seal it."

Impulsively Henrietta threw her arms about him, and then released him, to watch with bated breath the quill and the seal recording the degradation of a king. It was done. Gaily she dusted the ink and blew upon the hot wax to cool it, laughing lightly and talking animatedly the while. But Charles, although amiable and kindly, kept repeatedly looking towards the door.

"She will return with you, Henrietta?"

"Yes, dear Charles. And then she will return to you," she laughed, carefully folding the signed treaty. "Ah, how pleased Louis will be. Have no fear, Charles, he will be greatly generous to you."

He smiled at her.

"'Tis a most admirable treaty," he said dryly. "A princely agreement. Louis has my cordial thanks and so, too, have you, my charming, thoughtful sister—ah! What now?"

Father Papin had knocked and hurriedly entered the cabin. He bowed very respectfully.

"Your pardon, your Majesty, but there is one come aboard who leaves an audience."

"Who is it?" Charles demanded impatiently.

"Sire, her name is Anne Somerset."

The King started to his feet.

"Anne Somerset? The wife of—admit her, Father Papin. This is most extraordinary," he said. "But what can this visit portend? Is she alone?"

"Yes, Sire, alone," the priest replied.

"I will speak with her."

When the priest had gone Henrietta looked inquiringly at her brother.

"Charles, what is the meaning of this?" she asked.

"I cannot be certain, but I think she has come to plead for her husband."

"Her husband?"

"Yes, dear life—the Falcon," he said with a laugh.

"Ah!" ejaculated the Duchess. "You trapped him, then?"

"Yes. But, here she is—"

The King drew himself erect as Anne entered. His face was composed and stern. For a little while she stood looking into his cold eyes, and in her own was a world of unuttered appeal. Then, with a little cry she walked forward and knelt at his feet. She no longer wore the garments of a cavalier, but was dressed all in white, and her fair hair coiled uncovered about her neck.

"So, Lady Somerset, again I have the pleasure of your company," he said harshly. "What want you, madam?"

For a moment she could not speak. She tried, but without avail.

"Arise, madam," said Charles, in more mollified tones.

But still she remained upon her knees. At last she spoke. It was little more than a whisper.

"Sire—Sire, I plead for my husband. I can no longer endure the thoughts of his great misery," she said haltingly.

"But he—ah!" Charles checked himself.

"What do you plead?"

"For five days and nights the vision of him in that cruel tomb has tortured me. I pray you release him, your gracious Majesty. Free him—and I will give myself for him—ah! Be merciful, Sire, for he is a brave gentleman—"

THEN Charles knew she was unaware of her husband's freedom. "Madam, how came you to Dover, and how knew you I was here?"

"I fled to Dover. I knew you were coming. For days I have waited and watched for my husband's ship. It has not come. Then, when I glimpsed you in the torchlight my heart broke. I ran after you—away from the inn—away from my husband's faithful servant—away from all I loved with you. Ah, Sire, do not turn me away—I pray—I pray—"

"Madam," he said sternly. "Sir Richard is a traitor. His father before him was a traitor. And a traitor must die! Madam, you weary me—"

"No—no! Please—I plead—I implore you be merciful! Do with me as you will—but free him—oh, free him! 'Tis cruel—'tis cruel—"

"Faith," interrupted Henrietta with a sneer. "So this is the pert lady who returned the Chevalier to me in a basket. I would have her soundly whipped. Out with her, Charles! Away with her, and let her rascally husband rot where he lies."

"Oh, please—please!" cried Anne brokenly. She sobbed, and then tried, chokingly, to control herself.

"You would offer yourself for him?" asked Charles coldly.

"Yes—oh, yes—" she gasped, looking up fearfully yet hopefully. "I must! I can still see him looking at me as he did when I turned from him—'tis killing me!"

"You realise fully what you propose, madam?"

She was silent for a brief space. Then she nodded.

"I do. I am satisfied. It is my atonement. An I can give him life—I care not."

"You know you will be confined in a convent in the Pyrenees until you die?"

Slowly she nodded. She could not speak.

"'Tis your own wish, your own desire, then. I will do as you request, but upon your own head be the consequences. Henrietta, summon Papin and de Toqueville."

Anne rose to her feet, swaying slightly. She stared blindly before her, but in her heart was a wild passion of exultation.

"You will now release him—free him, Sire?" she asked jerkily.

"I give my Kingly word upon it, madam."

"I thank you—and I thank Heaven," she whispered as Father Papin and the Chevalier entered.

The King addressed them briefly, lest the triumph in his eyes betray him.

"Gentlemen, to your care I commit Lady Somerset. She has expressed a desire to journey to the Convent of the Madonna in the Pyrenees. She will go at once, gentlemen."

Father Papin saw the sudden light that flared in the eyes of the Chevalier. The priest bowed, and stifled a sigh. But no trace of his thoughts showed on his face. And both Charles and Henrietta saw the grin, exultant expression on the face of de Toqueville, but neither cared to notice it.

Anne spoke once again.

"I thank your Majesty," she said.

Then, cold and composed, she walked from the cabin followed by the elated de Toqueville and Father Papin.

"There is a ship leaving for France within the hour," chuckled the Chevalier. "A French ship at that. I will see to it that the master shapes his course for Bayonne far down the west coast of France. Lady Somerset, I rejoice in this renewal of our friendship."

The Jesuit's face was grim and cold. "Lady Somerset is now under the cloak of the Church," he said icily. "Do not forget it, Chevalier."

The closing door shut off the Chevalier's laughter.

Charles, too, surprised his sister by laughing heartily.

"I will return to-morrow," said Charles. He carefully adjusted his hat.

"But, Charles—" Henrietta tried not to show her satisfaction. It pleased her well that he should not linger.

He patted her affectionately on the shoulder and then gaily kissed her.

"And to-morrow I shall become acquainted with the fascinating Louise de Queroualle," he murmured. "But not to-night. Buckingham waits. You will guard the treaty?"

"With my life," she replied grimly. "But, you were wise to put the Somerset woman away—"

"I have been thinking about that. It was not necessary. 'Twas a poor reward for true love—and she cannot harm us. None, now, thank Heaven, can do that—"

Henrietta knew her brother's changing moods. She eyed him narrowly, but smilingly.

"But, dear Charles, it is done," she purred.

"So it is," he replied thoughtfully. Then he laughed shortly.

"Until to-morrow, dear heart," he said, the old whimsical, baffling light in his eyes. He bowed very low to her.

She dropped him a pretty curtsy.

"Until to-morrow, my dear Charles," she replied.

It was unfortunate for the Chevalier that the French ship, *Ville de Paris*, lay fast at the wharf, for it was from there that the gigantic Brill, sweating with anxiety after a fruitless search for his mistress, saw her white-clad figure walk slowly between Father Papin and the Chevalier towards the main cabin under the poop. The lanterns shone dimly on her face as she turned and gazed back at the looming shadows of the town. She did not see Brill in the darkness, did not hear his soft, bitter cry of despair as he turned and raced towards the street, did not see the red light that flashed from the topmost window of the Dover Inn, nor, far out across the dark water of the Channel, an answering pin-point of red light, a point so tiny and dim that it seemed but a trick of the imagination. But Brill knew better.

"Thank Heaven they have come," he muttered.

By the time he again came to the wharf the *Ville de Paris* had warped from the pier, and was gliding under a freshening wind towards the open Channel. He leaped down the steps like one possessed, his roaring voice a blend of menace and command.

"A boat—a boat!" he raved. "Ah—aye! Twill do! Now, ye scum, bend those oars—make 'em curl—bite deep! Ah, that be better—faster—faster—"

THE Duke of Buckingham, naturally, was curious. The King's silent, pensive mood rather irritated him, and why his Majesty should stand and stare after a departing French ship was altogether beyond him. He tried to read the well-known features, but they baffled him. At least a little alarmed at the King's immobility, he spoke.

"Sire; it would seem you are not wholly pleased," he said.

Charles turned, and for the first time since stepping on the wharf a little smile twitched his lips.

"You were ever infernally inquisitive, George," he laughed. "But, you speak unwittingly, I allow the truth. I am somewhat amazed to think that I am no longer wholly King of England—"

"Charles—" the Duke gasped.

"The thing is done," was the soft response. "But there is one thing that can, and will, be undone. 'Twas unworthy of a Stuart, Buckingham, when we return—may, let it be done now. Here are torches to melt the wax. There, in the dispatch roll you carry is blank parchment, a quill, and ink. Word it so that my seal and signature shall freely pardon Sir Richard Somerset, but word it so that he shall never again come to my Court. England, yes, but Whitehall—no!"

"But, Charles—"

"'Tis my firm command. I vow you would all sap the courage and justice from my heart. Have done, and prepare, and dispatch it instantly. And his wife shall be restored. It is our Royal command!"

The Duke's ironical bow was exquisite. His brilliant mind rocked with silent laughter at this heroic posture of Charles Stuart. But his features were grave, and gave no hint at the verbal dart about to leave his tongue.

"Amazing Charles," he said solemnly. "But I knew you were in love again as soon as I saw the marvellous Louise—"

"You saw her?" the King asked sharply.

Then Buckingham laughed. He speedily made the document ready for the seal and signature.

"Heaven!" sighed Charles. "But how she inspired me—and I will tell her so. My mind is not fit to dwell upon her until all severity is banished from it."

"Amazing Charles," said the Duke again.

THE Falcon and the yacht drifted side by side. In the darkness of the night the great ship looked not unlike a grotesque marine monster with its cub huddled close for protection. The only lights burning were those in the cabin of the larger vessel, and these were carefully masked by the shutters of the cabin windows so that the rays would not be caught by watchful unfriendly eyes. Even the glowing hatches of the gunners were shaded in empty barrels. No word was spoken by the crouching gun crews on the main and lower decks, the seamen of the yacht, or the master on the poop. Because of the drift, Master Culver set a course slightly towards the French coast.

The night was quiet, soundless. The rigging whispered softly in reply to the gentle caress of the wind. But overhead, gathering, were the ominous clouds of a threatening storm. Master Culver looked up at them, nodded knowingly, and then peered up through the darkness at the lazy canvas. On they slowly drifted, dark, silent, a menacing shadow grim and alert, ready to strike red death on the instant, or to shatter the silence of the night in swift defence. Ahead, about three miles away, the decoy ship, Europe, waited with ruddy lanterns on masts and poop blazing an innocent welcome.

In the large, comfortable cabin of the Falcon, Sir Richard talked earnestly with the man and the woman who sat with him at the stained mahogany table. They watched him quietly, intently, while he spoke. Occasionally their eyes would meet, telling each other silently how changed, how different, how subtly apart was the warm heart they had known. Chilled, hard. His words, though warm, vibrant, faintly recalling his old charm, were without the inflection and tone so well known, so well beloved.

"Martin, Margaret, 'tis a pleasant thing ye both tell me. So . . . ye got married in Fokstone . . . my truest wishes for your future happiness. Heaven bless ye both, dear hearts, and preserve ye for long years in your great love. But it could never have been otherwise. For each other ye were born, true, courageous, faithful unto death. Again Heaven guard your love and bless ye. Now . . . to this matter! Martin, ye will command the yacht. Margaret will accompany ye . . . and when this thing is done neither ye nor she will ever return to this ship."

The Earl leaped to his feet, his demeanor expressive of his shocked amazement. This, then, had been the thing his friend had been morosely contemplating. He looked swiftly at his wife. She, too, sat white and startled.

"Richard! What is this ye are saying?" he demanded huskily. "Heaven! But . . . ye cannot mean it—"

The Barones looked up at him for a moment in silence. Could they not see how this thing tortured him? How it had stripped him of love, of country, and now of his friends?

"Martin, my friend, the end of this

matter is at hand—and I am leader to the end. I know, my dear friend, I know. But the banishment of the Falcon does not mean the banishment of yourself and Margaret. Nay, hear me, stout heart! I cannot remain in England. 'Tis now impossible! But, your connection with the matter is unknown, unsuspected. Ye have been travelling the Continent for the past year—that, none will deny. When ye return to the Court, Martin, ye can, for England's sake, still watch this plot—"

Margaret gently interrupted him. Her grey eyes, now troubled, reflected the light of pity.

"Richard, we will remain with you—" she began.

He stopped her. "Margaret, 'tis your generous concern for me in my loneliness to come that makes ye say that. I cannot thank ye enough. But, this thing still demands of us a duty that knows not kin or comradeship. I cannot remain, ye can and must. I am outlawed, ye will be received with open arms by Charles. 'Tis well."

"Richard—Richard—they burnt your soul with the accursed iron—" cried Martin in sorrow.

"Nay, 'twas not the iron that burnt my soul—but, no matter about that. We will not speak of it. 'Tis done."

The Earl looked at his wife hopelessly. Words would not stab at a heart beloved by both of them. Sir Richard continued:

"Whether the pact shall ever be signed, we shall never know. None will know unless it be done and Louis closes his iron hand. We have, now, nothing to show the perfidy of Charles. But, Martin, should that sad day ever come, ye will be able to tell Parliament much. 'Tis useless to speak now. Where is the proof? So monstrous is the charge, that to speak without it the accuser would forfeit his head amid derisive laughter. After we have done with the ship that waits to annihilate us, the Falcon will dip its beak in the waters of the western world. There, we shall see what the day holds for us."

Martin's dark, bloodshot eyes probed the cold grey ones of his friend.

"Richard . . . ?"

"Yes, Martin?"

"What of Anne?"

"Ah, what of Anne! How can I tell? How, in Heaven's name, can I answer ye—"

"You—you still love her, Richard?" asked Margaret timidly.

He looked at her, and then quickly turned away his eyes.

"I have always loved Anne. But, dear Margaret, she does not love me. Of that there is nothing more to be said."

"Do you think she is on the Europe, Richard?" Martin asked him.

"I do not know. I dare not think! But, because I would die before I hurt her, so this attack is being planned. The King said she is there. Can I, then, launch about her head a hellish storm of shot and burning steel? Nay, I could not do that. If go she will . . . then go in peace she shall. But, I shall want to hear the word."

"You would let de Toqueville—"

"Ah, have done—for Heaven's sake! If go she will—then go in peace she shall."

"But, Richard—she is your wife—" burst out Martin.

"She has my name. She has never been my wife. And what, now, is my name? I am the Falcon—no more. Ah, here is Culver. What is it, Master Culver?"

The ship's master did not waste words. He ducked his head as he spoke.

"Answer it, and mask it from the ship head. 'Tis Brill calling, and I will not forsake him."

Master Culver ducked his grizzled head and left the room.

"Now, to this thing, my friends. Martin, ye and Margaret will board the yacht. Stand a mile away from the Europe and light the mast and poop lanterns. The single brass piece on the fore-castle will hold their attention. Give us time to drift close to them, then fire the gun again and again, but not at the Europe. They will mistake ye for the Falcon, and, being small, will think ye much farther off. Their eyes will be strained at your lights and the flashing of your gun."

"And then, Richard?"

"I doubt they'll be expecting anything from the other side. If it be Heaven's will, we'll take the ship without blood."

"And when ye take it?"

"I am no butcher, Martin. We will overcome them first, and then overwhelm them with ridicule. 'Tis sometimes worse than death. Now . . . away with ye both, my dear friends."

"Oh . . . Richard!"

"Margaret, I'm amazed at ye—ye who laughed at the menace of France. Heaven bless ye, dear girl, and ye, Martin, and give ye both the happiness of life. Away now! We be drifting closer, and time does not wait."

In silence they left the cabin. At the ladder that led down to the yacht the Earl and his wife both embraced the Baronet. Their voices were dry, strained, and even in the darkness their eyes glistened with their tears.

"Heaven be for ever with ye, Richard," said Martin.

"And—and—bring ye peace," stammered Margaret.

HE could not reply. The shameful letters on his cheek seemed alive, burning, glowing, stinging, mocking. Abruptly he turned from them and strode on to the poop. The yacht fell away from the ship's side and disappeared in the darkness. Then, across the black space, came a faint low call.

"Good-bye, old friend, good-bye—"

They were gone, brave hearts, true hearts, friends of old. Although he knew it could not be seen, he raised his arm in farewell. Slowly it dropped to his side. He turned to the master.

"Call the men aft, Master Culver," he said, his voice cold, hard, metallic.

A soft whistle echoed over the ship. It was barely heard by those on the fore-castle. Quietly, immediately, all came trooping towards the high poop. Up through the hatches streamed the men from the gun-deck below. Massed, their white faces an indistinct blur in the darkness, they waited. Sir Richard spoke to them.

"Ye cannot see me, but my voice is known to each of ye. I bid ye listen. It has come about that every man on this ship is marked for destruction. I, too, have been outlawed—"

A low murmur came from the men, a rumbling sound of anger and of sympathy, a subdued chorus of resentment.

"Therefore, ye will all understand me when I tell ye that the lighted ship ahead is crammed with waiting soldiers, nigh three hundred of them. These men wait for us so that each man of this ship shall be put to the sword. 'Tis a trap, and they think 'tis unknown."

There came a huge sigh, then silence again.

"Heaven willing, we shall take that ship. Master Culver, have your mate select fifty of the strongest swimmers. Strip naked except for the belt of sword and poniard, I will lead. We can climb to her gallery from the rudder. There must be no outcry. First the poop and cabin, then the deck to fasten the hatches on the soldiers. Oliver—Oliver!"

"Aye?" came the laconic reply.

"To-night we test your skill, my gunner. Select the best, at Master Culver's whistle, blow every light off the ship as ye glide past. Can ye do it?"

"Aye," and Oliver actually chuckled.

"Culver, that whistle will be blown when we are swimming under the Europe's gallery. We climb aboard in the dark. Is it all understood?"

"Aye, Sir Richard," came softly from a hundred throats.

TO it, then. The swimmers, Master Mate. Come ye alongside, Culver, when the torches blaze on the captured ship."

"Aye, Sir Richard," said Culver, with a grin. There was warm approval in his tone, a tone that showed his satisfaction and confidence in his leader, a leader whose amazing courage and cool insolence had time and again laughed creeping fear from the hearts of his men and sent them leaping at their adversaries with maddened ferocity. Master Culver was a little surprised at his own audacity when he asked: "Ye will sink the ship, Sir Richard?"

"No, I have a better plan. I'll send it back to Dover—"

"To Dover—?" choked the amazed master.

Sir Richard laughed a little.

"Ye'll see, man. We are not butchers."

"Aye, that be true," Master Culver admitted. "But they do not think it."

"We'll show them. On the poop with you, and I'll strip for the swim. All very quietly, now."

The lights of the Europe were very close, when, from a mile away, the yacht's gun flashed and her lanterns were lighted.

Sir Richard, stripped, and standing beside the armed, naked men, laughed softly at the result of the shot. As though the shot were the signal for preconceived action, music instead of roaring cannon-shot burst from the lighted cabin of the Europe. But the Baronet and his men knew that in the bowels of the ship were armed, desperate, picked fighters, waiting for the sound of the grappling iron to send them swarming to the deck to begin their work of extermination. A grim smile curved his lips as he visualised the scene below the Europe's main deck. Dark, silent. Hot with the breathing of packed soldiery. Hands clenched on sabre hilts, pistols cocked and ready primed. Bodies tense, listening, listening. And above, a strained nonchalance, a wondering group of fierce-eyed officers staring across at the yacht, speculating how long it would take the pirate to swoop and board.

Just beyond the radius of the Europe's lights the naked men swarmed down the ropes and took quietly to the water. It was not a long swim. Sir Richard took the lead with powerful strokes, and in a short time the fifty men bunched about the rudder like a school of fish, gently treading water and waiting. The faint white gleam of their floating bodies was unseen under the bulging timbers and the jutting platform of the gallery. The Europe was practically stationary, a tempting bait, and it was this fact that aided the swimmers, and also accounted for the remarkable shooting of Oliver the gunner and his picked

men. Barely were the swimmers in position beneath the gallery when the first shot screamed above and shattered two of the three stern lanterns. Then, although so close, came the splitting roar of the gun. The shots came fast and true. Even as Sir Richard swung himself on to the gallery, the last of the mast-head lights were blown into the sea by the amused, sardonic Oliver. But then, as he modestly acknowledged afterwards, even a novice at the guns could not miss at such point-blank range.

Ludicrous, indeed, were the expressions on the faces of the Europe's officers and skeleton crew. The attack was so swift that the dull, dripping white bodies flashed almost simultaneously on poop and fore-castle. The hatches were slammed and bolted securely, and the gasping crew seized and their mouths roughly smothered by hard clawing hands. The startled captain of the captured ship could only gape and obey when a cool voice demanded his sword.

"Tis unused ye are to the sea, Sir Soldier," laughed the Baronet, taking the weapon before the man had recovered his breath. "Ye never walked the deck in Oliver's time, I vow."

The officer bowed stiffly, his face crimson with mortification in the darkness.

"He was the devil, sir. And so are you," he said coldly.

"Well, faith, ye would have sent me to the devil had ye had time to unloose the butchers ye have leashed below—"

"Ah!" came the soft interjection. "Ye are plagu'y well informed, sir. Are ye the Falcon?"

"I would return your bow, sir, but my sense of the ridiculous restrains me. Ye see, I am naked. I am the Falcon!"

With the hatches battened down, the captured men above disarmed, Sir Richard quickly had his laughing men making torches. These flaming beacons soon lighted the deck and poop as though it were day, and from the watching crew of the Falcon there came a roar of derisive laughter and wild triumph that made the captured listeners prickly with sudden sweat. They could not, of course, even hope for mercy. The trap had been too cold-blooded. Some of them, white-faced, stilled chattering teeth. Others, in the red light, stared disdainfully, contemptuously at the pirate crew. They had no word to say when they were all bunched together on the main deck. In silence they awaited inevitable death, listening to the pandemonium that now raged below the hatches. Death.

"Strip them naked, and fling their clothes and arms into the sea," came the command.

The clothes were torn from the prisoners with great shouts of gusty laughter. And, when it was done:

"Bind each man securely to masts and bulwarks, so that he cannot unloose himself."

Even the sour-faced captain's face went ashy pale. What terrible thing did these bloody fiends contemplate?

"And now, Sir Soldier Captain, and ye, my good ship's master, I shall relieve ye of your fears—"

"Fears—?" rasped the livid soldier furiously. "Ye insolent pirate. 'Tis amusing to think I fear ye—"

"Softly, softly . . . but I'm inclined to believe ye," was the retort. "But we will not discuss the matter. Bound as ye are, with the torches flaring so that all Dover may see ye, ye'll be towed into the harbor, there to lie till released—"

"You are not going to kill—or—or torture us?" a voice gasped.

"In spite of all ye have heard to the contrary, I'll have ye know—" he broke off when he glanced at the prisoner who had spoken. "Why, ye are but a boy. I wonder not ye were terrified."

"You lie, sir—you lie!" shouted the captain, writhing in his bonds. He was incensed at his impending ridicule.

"Softly, softly, my captain . . . another outburst like that an' I may not be so lenient with ye," said Sir Richard coldly.

"I repeat it, ye filthy pirate—ye lie!" the man screamed.

The Baronet's eyes glinted. The words snapped out like whip cracks.

"Unloose that man!"

"Ah, ye would fight me—"

"Ye fool! Fight ye? I doubt ye know one end of the blade from the other." He turned to his men. "Swing him high by ropes under his armpits so that all Dover shall see the dangling fool!"

The captain almost collapsed.

"No—no!" he shouted hoarsely. "Not that—"

"Yes, just that! Now, up to the cross-yard with him!"

Almost convulsed with laughter, the Falcon's men hoisted the raging, naked captain high in the air. He spun round and round. The curses and threats that floated down to them were both bitter and voluble. Sir Richard looked up at him and laughed.

"Ye're a strange weather-cock, I vow," he said to the accompaniment of roars of laughter. "Now, sir, we'll return to our vessel. I bid ye convey my compliments to your master—Charles Stuart. He will appreciate them."

But Sir Richard did not depart at once. He made a thorough search of the vessel. It was not necessary to look below. There was no sign of Anne, or of the Chevalier de Toqueville and Father Papin.

"The word of a Stuart," he laughed bitterly as he walked across the plank between the two vessels. "I might have known it. The word of a Stuart. She is lost."

The first man to greet him when he stepped down on to the deck was Brill.

ON both sides of the main cabin of the Ville de Paris were two smaller cabins, each about ten feet by eight. In these cabins the furnishings were very crude, consisting of a couch, or bed, low, and built out from the wall, a rough narrow table without toilet facilities, and greasy brackets for candles. Through the main cabin itself, in the centre, the mizen mast went down to the keel. The room was little larger than the other cabins, was uncarpeted, cheerless, bare of ornamentation, and was altogether an uninviting room wherein to eat or to while away the tedious hours of travel. Above the round table, stained with the liquor of many a carousal, swung a hanging candelabrum. But the Ville de Paris was not designed to give comfort to travellers. The ship's business was commerce, and anyone who sailed on it must perforce accept with fortitude the conditions as they existed.

The Ville de Paris was, of course, an armed vessel, though not so happily armed as the two-decker and three-decker fighting ships which sometimes condescended to carry cargoes and passengers in safety for a fat commission. On the fore-castle were two long brass cannon, gaping, one on each side of

the beak. Below, on the main deck, were two batteries of sakers, roped, and peering through the slotted screen of the stout bulwarks. On the high poop, directly above the cabins, were four heavy, long iron cannon, and a number of smaller culverins of very limited range. The foremast and the mainmast were square-rigged, but the mizen trembled under the pressure of a huge, slanting, lateen sail.

The ship was very dirty, and infested with vermin. The cabins swarmed with cockroaches, and the hatches and holds with sleek rats which held high revels in the quiet watches of the night. As a mark of respect to the passengers who came aboard at Dover, the master had the cabins swilled with boiling water by an almost mutinous section of the crew whose bare feet danced merrily to avoid the scalding deluge.

When Anne saw the vermin lying about like shrivelled brown autumn leaves, she succumbed to the combined effect of nausea and fear. Father Papin was very sympathetic and ministered to her comfort and peace of mind, but the Chevalier laughed heartily and left her with the priest while he strode on to the swaying poop to talk to the master whose shadowy bulk loomed large under the flickering, wind-torn lanterns on the stern rail.

But on the evening of the second day of the voyage the cabins were ready, and Anne entered the one allotted to her and sank nervously down on to the very doubtful bunk that was to be her bed. Father Papin's words gave her comfort.

"Sleep well, madame," he murmured as she glanced up at him. "Both Heaven and Francois Papin will guard you."

She slept.

A little after midnight the Chevalier staggered jauntily into the main cabin, barred the stout door behind him, and then seated himself opposite the priest at the round table. He glanced furtively at the closed door of Anne's cabin, and then laughingly addressed the Jesuit. He was very elegant in his grey satin doublet, breeches and stockings, and under the spluttering, swinging candles the jewels clanking the drooping feathers of his wide black hat glittered with a light as hard and as mocking as the light in his narrowed blue eyes. For the sake of ease he placed his rapier and baldric on the table between them.

"THE fascinating Anne has retired?" he asked lightly, smiling agreeably and crossing his legs so that the delicate lace would not be crushed.

The Jesuit nodded. His black unwinking eyes bored into the Chevalier, searching, probing beneath this sudden assumption of amiability.

"She is exhausted," he said shortly. "Chevalier," he went on quietly, "you are mistaken. She is not for you! Let me speak plainly now, so that this thing shall be understood. Lady Somerset, to free her husband—"

"Charles will never free him—"

"... gave herself to the Church. Do not forget that!"

The Chevalier's lips curled in an evil sneer.

"Francois, you amaze me—more than that, you amuse me. Do not think I am so unfamiliar with your priestcraft as to imagine it concerns itself with the protection of a woman—"

"De Toqueville! Bridle that loose tongue

of yours! You tilt at a power great enough to crush you to powder if it so willed."

De Toqueville's features expressed his contempt.

"You are a fool, Papin," he said harshly. "You have not the power. So do not play the hypocrite with me. It sickens me."

The face of the priest was bloodless. His black eyes burned with the fury that raged within him. But he mastered himself, and his voice was level as he replied.

"The policy of my Order is written by the finger of God," he said with terrible coldness and intensity. "And it is also written by the same finger that this woman, this Anne Somerset shall not be given to you, Chevalier, you venture at your dire peril—"

"Peril . . . ?" the Chevalier laughed heartily. He was not at all impressed by the priest's stern manner. "Why waste your breath trying to frighten me with your priestly nonsense! Bah! If you were not a man of sense, I should utterly despise you. So now be a man of sense, and meddle not in this matter of the Somerset woman."

"I will not permit it!"

The Chevalier stared at him from under frowning brows while the *Ville de Paris* made a sickening dive between the deepening waves. The candelabrum above swung crazily and scattered a shower of hot waxen drops over table and floor. Groaning, staggering, the ship climbed again, and the mast that ran down through the cabin creaked in protest as the huge lateen sail above belled to the wind.

Over the dripping, dark forecabin a trembling mountain of water broke and gushed along the deck, flooding and sweeping a foot deep over the guns, smashing against the thick door of the cabin, and spilling under it to spread slowly over the quivering floor. For a moment the *Ville de Paris* paused as though gripped by a hidden hand, then she swayed and broke from the grip of the sea with a shudder. On the poop the drenched master and his mates peered into the blackness ahead. They could not see the ship. Only the white froth of the surge was visible to them, and when they sank into the vast troughs of the waves the dark walls of water towering above the heavily burning lanterns on the stern rails threatened each moment to engulf them. The storm was wild, tumultuous, and its booming diapason thundered and shrieked in a fiendish concert of sound. The Chevalier's hard eyes had not left the priest's face.

"So you will not permit it! Reflect, Francois. I know you are a priest, but is there any other on this ship who knows that?"

"That is beside the question. It matters not."

"No . . . ?" drawled the Chevalier.

The Jesuit drew in a sharp breath. Not for nothing had he read the secret thoughts of men for several decades.

Father Papin rose to his feet. His features were grave and drawn in sharp lines. He looked at the Chevalier and walked to Anne's door. From beneath his silken shirt he drew a gold chain supporting a crucifix. The cross, which was of a shining black wood, with the figure of Christ in white ivory upon it, was about four to six inches long, and was plainly visible to the startled de Toqueville when the priest hung it upon the door. Then, standing aside, Father Papin pointed to it.

"Chevalier, there is one greater than any priest to guard this threshold. Observe

the Christ, vain boaster. Now, get you gone."

"Ah, so!" breathed the Chevalier, half-rising from the table and staring from the priest to the Cross. "Papin, you are a fool. I have but to throw that image into the sea, and you with it, to be rid of your priestly posturing. And any priest would afterwards absolve me for a generous hat-trick of lives—"

"What are you about to do?" Father Papin's voice grew a little hoarse. What he saw in the other's eyes made him tremble.

"Amuse myself, Papin, and give my answer to you at the same time—"

"Ah!" came very softly. "How . . . ?"

"With this blade I shall pin that image to the door—"

The Jesuit's eyes flashed fire.

"De Toqueville—are you mad?" he gasped, his color at last forsaking him.

"Mad?" came a grunt from the Chevalier. "I know not! But I will have my way. Watch this poniard—I learned to throw the knife from a Sicilian. Watch it—"

FATHER PAPIN, white and shaken, stepped closer to the image. His hands shook as he stretched them out.

"Chevalier, have thought, have pity!" he cried at last.

De Toqueville snarled and raised his blade above his head. With a laugh he launched it. It flashed in the candle-light, and then sank deep into the flesh of the priest as he stepped in its glittering path. He reeled and fell, and his fingers were red as he plucked the knife from his breast. And red, also, was the froth that suddenly flecked his lips. The Chevalier was no longer human. His lips were bared over white teeth as he stepped forward and touched the fallen priest with his shoe.

"So, you fool," he rasped. "You would cost me a hatful of lives, after all. You will die, so much for your authority, priest."

With a laugh he threw off his doublet and kicked off his shoes and shrugged his shoulders disdainfully as he opened the door of Anne's cabin and passed through. Francois Papin struggled to his knees, gasping. His clasped hands were raised to the image for which he had lain down his life.

"In me there is no shadow of the Christ," he whispered. "Merciful Mother of God, stretch out thine arm—"

A startled cry, piercing as the knife that had entered his breast, cut across his prayer. He raised himself to his feet, his hands to his ears to shut out the appeal of shrill despair, and then lurched across the cabin. But, even as he unbarred the door, his senses fled. He fell. How long he remained there he did not know, but the Chevalier's laugh came to his ears with the return of consciousness. The candles had burned lower. He could not hear Anne's voice.

The ship was steadier, yet the cabin seemed to rock before his eyes, and the pain in his breast was increasing. Another great wave sent a laxy froth surging over the cabin floor. Its coldness soothed his burning cheek as it swirled round him, and saturated his hair and clothing. But he could not move, could not even raise a hand. "The dog is dead," he heard the Chevalier say. Dead? How could that be?

Then a terrific shock that shook the ship to her keel sent him slithering across the wet, slippery floor. It partly turned him over, and he saw de Toqueville reeling towards the table. Peel after peel of laughter rang from his lips. He was convulsed with mirth.

A roar echoed above the wind, a sound that was not of the storm, and the Chevalier straightened himself, and the triumphant light that still burned in his eyes gave place to amazement, incredulity, and stark fear. The door of the cabin was flung open, and asked feet raced past the prostrate priest. De Toqueville made a futile attempt to grasp his rapier, but strong hands held him before he could reach it. Father Papin heard English voices say: "Bring him to Sir Richard. Never mind the other, he be dead—no, by Heaven, he lives—!" Again his senses left him, and the dawn came and brightened into day before they returned to show him he had been lifted on to the poop and placed on an improvised couch of rugs. He quietly looked round him. Beside the *Ville de Paris*, and looked to her, was the grey Falcon. The Chevalier, clad only in shirt, breeches, and stockings, was hatched to the rail of the poop, his white face set in a defiant sneer. He had now adjusted himself to the shock of this swift retribution. Standing beside the couch of rugs, and looking down at him, was Sir Richard Somerset. The gigantic Brill waited beside the Chevalier. The Baronet spoke.

"Can ye find strength to speak to me, Father Papin?" he asked.

Though his mind was fast losing its perceptive powers, the priest instantly became aware of the icy quality of the Englishman's voice. It was the coldest voice he had ever heard, and the grey eyes that looked down at him were like two pin-points of flame, yet they, too, were cold, like the bright flame of the arctic that lights the blue ice.

Father Papin's lips moved in a whisper.

"Yes," he replied. "What—what would you know?"

"I would know whether de Toqueville speaks the truth."

The priest's eyes drooped towards the Chevalier.

"I know what he has said. He lies—to taunt you. Hear me whilst you may, Sir Richard. Lady Somerset is on this ship—"

"So de Toqueville told me."

"But did he tell you why—"

Sir Richard's breath caught in his throat. "In Heaven's name, priest, would you tear out my heart—"

"YOUR wife implored Charles and Henrietta to send her away conditional upon your release from the dungeons of Whitehall."

"Heaven! You mean . . . ?"

"That is the truth. De Toqueville lies, he lies! He would have—would have—but you came too quickly. Lady . . . Somerset. A courageous woman . . . and for your liberty gladly sacrificed herself to banishment . . . for you . . ."

"Ye mean, Father Papin, that my wife deliberately gave herself for me in bargain for my liberty?"

"I do. That is the truth. Her own words to your King were: 'I care not . . . what you do . . . with me, so long as . . . you give him . . . liberty.' You have seen her?"

Father Papin coughed up a crimson froth. His tired, panting voice spoke once again.

"By my Order I swear! That is God's . . . truth! Go to her . . . comfort her . . . give her the full measure of your . . . love for what she has . . . done for you. She thinks you . . . dead. Sweet Mother of God . . . I cannot see . . . de Toqueville lies . . . I swear it . . ."

The whispering voice ceased. Brill came

across and looked down at the face of the priest.

"He be dead, Sir Richard," he said.

The Baronet nodded and sighed.

"Aye, Brill, and the Jesuit was greater in death than ever he was in life."

"Shall I go down and bring—"

"No! Not yet! There is yet de Toqueville. It must be decided. We cannot both live."

"In Heaven's name, Sir Richard, ye will not give the rogue the chance to fight—"

cried Brill in anger and protest. "Have done! Is the honor of a gentleman of no account? The storm is past. Already the sea is down a little. Bring him before me. Give me your pistols. To it, now!"

Shaking his head in impotent disapproval, Brill untied the Chevalier and roughly thrust him across the heaving deck.

"Stand before Sir Richard, ye dog," he snarled. "An I had my way, I'd snap your spine like a rotten stick—"

AGAIN Sir Richard and the Chevalier stood face to face. The Baronet's features were dispassionate, set. The lips of the Frenchman curled. A sardonic light flared in his eyes. He waited in silence for the Englishman to speak.

"De Toqueville," said the Baronet, "it is past your power to hurt me with your evil tongue. The dead priest has sworn before his God you lie! Ye were ever my inferior with the blade, so we will test the pistols. Take this one, and stand there by the rail. I will stand here by the lantern, and across the priest's body we shall decide it. When Brill drops the poniard, ye may fire."

"And if I kill you, I shall then be butchered, I presume," the Chevalier said with a short mocking laugh.

"If ye kill me, I cannot say what will happen to ye. I shall be dead. To your post, ye dog!"

The Chevalier took the pistol with a shrug. Was the Englishman quite crazy to throw away his life when he might with perfect safety keep it? At the rail by the steps that led down to the deck below the Frenchman turned, examined and cocked the pistol, and so held it that at the drop he could swiftly level it and fire. Sir Richard did likewise. And none in all the company that crowded the rigging and stared down at this drama of the sea knew that in the Englishman's heart was a prayer for death.

"Are ye both ready?" asked Brill, looking from one to the other.

The poniard dropped, and stuck, quivering, in the deck. The Chevalier's pistol flashed fire, and from Sir Richard's cheek, just where the branded letters had been, the blood gushed forth with a spurt. The Frenchman's ball had neatly cut away the letters, leaving a red furrow in which a finger could be laid. But it had not given death. Sir Richard stood a moment, and then tossed his unfired weapon into the sea. On both ships there was no human sound. Then he spoke.

"Chevalier," he said quietly, "you had your chance. Brill, seize him, bind his hands behind him, and then strap him in a sitting posture across that gun. The Chevalier is about to leave us."

"So you would kill me?"

"Do you look for mercy—from me?"

For all his affected nonchalance the Chevalier's face was now ghastly.

"Ah! And how will you kill me?" he asked, his voice still steady. "You English dog! I would I had killed you."

"Ye asked me how I would kill ye? I have been told ye are an accomplished horseman. Well, now ye shall have an

iron steed that will quickly take ye to the devil. Ye will ride that gun over the ship's side, and in the dark mud of the sea floor, a mile down, ye can comfort yourself with thoughts of your revenge—"

The Chevalier's nerve broke.

"A mile down—not that!" he cried suddenly. "Shoot me—"

"Across the gun with him—"

When they had roped him to the gun and cut away the bulwarks in front of it, de Toqueville stared before him in frozen horror. A mile down! His lips moved in audible prayer. He prayed. A sudden deep slant of the deck rolled the gun through the gap. Still praying, de Toqueville vanished with it, and so quickly did it sink that half the ship's company did not even see the stream of bubbles that marked its swift descent.

Master Culver whispered to Brill.

"A mile down! What woman is worth that?"

Brill's reply was a stamp of the foot that sent the indiscreet one limping away in agony.

Sir Richard turned from the rail and looked at the priest.

"Brill, I bid ye see the priest is given Christian burial now! Though he be a Catholic, 'tis Christian men who shall pray for his soul. When it be done, call. The fenders of rope are already crushed to fibre, and the timber is stripping in long splinters."

He bent and crossed the priest's hands, and then turned and walked swiftly from the poop. At the door of Anne's cabin he paused for a long time, his eyes intent upon the crucifix, his heart voicing wordless thanks to the dead priest above. Then he went in. Only the woman standing so still before him saw his widespread arms and heard his soft, caressing voice. She stared wildly at him, trembling, terrified, and then, with a little cry of poignant distress, shrank from him. He smiled at her.

"Anne," he said, very softly. "Dear heart! Dear life, I dearly love ye. Nay, do not blanch, do not tremble so. It is all past, the terror, the danger, the crushing of the heart, and life and love are before us. Anne—"

"Richard . . ." she whispered.

"Will ye not now come to me, Anne? Come, and together we will pass from out the shadow of Whitehall for ever—"

Wide-eyed, she still watched him. White-faced, she did not move. She said but two words.

"De Toqueville—!" she gasped.

Again he smiled at her.

"The storm took him even as our feet touched the deck, dear love. We did not even hear his voice. Sweet Anne, Father Papin told me of your wonderful love, of your sacrifice, of your purity . . . may God rest his soul."

For a little while she stood there, and then she swayed towards him, her eyes, bright as the stars, shining with her soul's unuttered appeal.

"Dear love . . . dear love . . ." she panted. "How . . . I prayed for you. Oh, Richard . . ."

Gently his arms went around her.

"Nay, do not speak. Rest ye in my arms a little while. Beloved heart of mine, I dearly love ye—"

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

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